

1888.

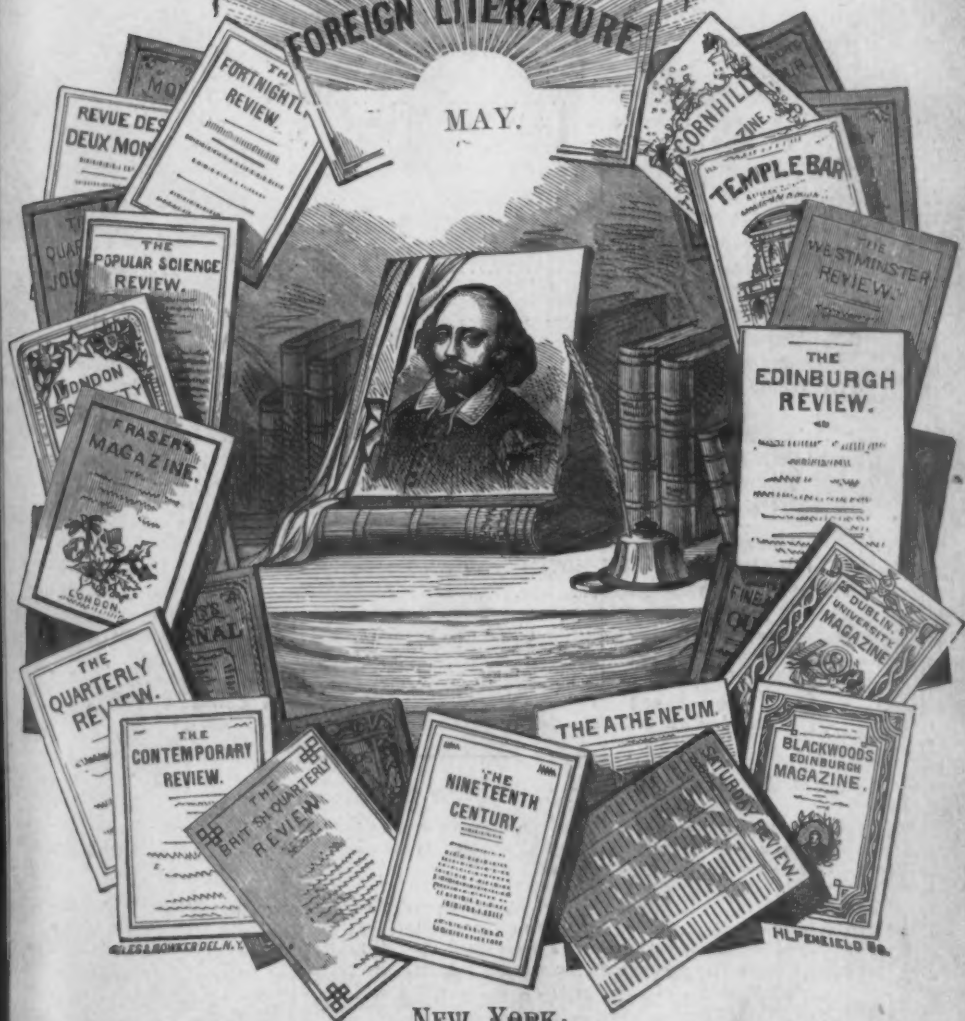
New Series.

Vol. XXXVII.—No. 5.

THE
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MAGAZINE

OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE

MAY.



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ASSETS \$97,661,317.72.

Annuity Account.

	No.	ANN. PAY'BLE.		No.	ANN. PAY'BLE.
Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1882.	58	\$21,139 81	Annuities in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	55	\$19,300 91
Premium Annuities.....		4,338 20	Premium Annuities.....		3,712 44
Annuities Issued.....	9	480 68	Annuities Terminated.....	5	3,045 34
	60	\$25,958 69		60	\$25,958 69

Insurance Account.

	No.	AMOUNT.		No.	AMOUNT.
Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1882.	101,400	\$315,900,137	Policies in force, Jan. 1st, 1883.	105,214	\$329,554,174
Risks Assumed.....	11,416	37,734,458	Risks Terminated.....	6,692	23,580,421
	112,906	\$353,134,395		112,906	\$353,134,595

Dr.

Revenue Account.

Cr.

To	Balance from last account...	\$90,618,413 97	By	paid	Death Claims.....	\$4,743,153 40
"	Premiums received.....	12,845,598 86	"	"	Matured Endowments.....	1,888,759 80
"	Interest and Rents.....	5,078,765 79			Total claims—	
					\$6,031,913 20	
			"	"	Annuities.....	24,046 55
			"	"	Dividends.....	3,139,320 83
			"	"	Surrendered Policies and Additions.....	3,653,554 66
					Total paid Policy-holders—	
					\$12,848,835 24	
			"	"	Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future).....	842,322 92
			"	"	Contingent Guarantee Acc't.	29,793 77
			"	"	Taxes and Assessments.....	243,059 06
			"	"	Expenses.....	797,865 56
			"	"	Balance to New Account....	92,782,986 08
		\$107,542,772 62				\$107,542,772 62

Dr.

Balance Sheet.

Cr.

To Reserve at four per cent.....	\$92,469,059 00	By Bonds Secured by Mortgages on	
" Claims by death not yet due.....	850,120 00	Real Estate.....	\$47,350,317 82
" Premiums paid in advance.....	19,795 55	" United States and other Bonds....	20,618,635 00
" Agents' Balances.....	10,988 31	" Loans on Collaterals.....	27,099,960 00
" Surplus and Contingent Guarantee		Real Estate.....	7,851,516 39
Fund.....	4,611,414 86	Cash in Banks and Trust Com-	
		panies at interest.....	2,729,386 87
		" Interest accrued.....	1,236,731 63
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and	
		semi-annual.....	959,243 61
		" Premiums in transit, principally	
		for December.....	115,527 40
	\$97,961,317 72		\$97,961,317 72

NOTE.—If the New York Standard of four and a half per cent Interest be used, the Surplus is over \$12,000,000.

From the Surplus, as appears in the Balance Sheet, a dividend will be apportioned to each participating Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1883.

THE PREMIUM RATES CHARGED FOR INSURANCE IN THIS COMPANY WERE REDUCED IN 1879 ABOUT 15 PER CENT ON ORDINARY LIFE POLICIES.

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New York, January 18, 1883.

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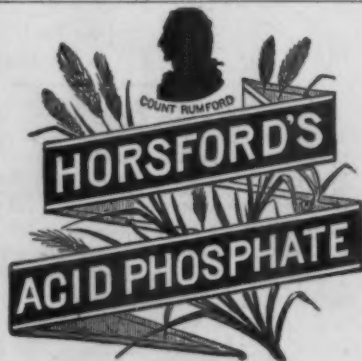
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Eclectic Magazine

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

New Series,
Vol. XXXVII., No. 5.

MAY, 1883.

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JONATHAN SWIFT.

IN the controversy which Swift's life and character have provoked, it has been extremely difficult hitherto, to arrive at any quite satisfactory conclusion. Biographical criticism, like biblical, is a progressive science. The critical method, which we have brought to comparative perfection, was almost unknown to our forefathers. Johnson's "Lives of the English Poets" is one of the best books of the time, for his arbitrary dogmatism was controlled and informed by an admirable common-sense; but even Johnson often misleads. We do not speak of his criticism of poetry, for the canon of taste has changed since his day—as it may change again; but the genuine spirit of inquiry is conspicuous by its absence. Even the lives of the men who might almost be called contemporary are treated as if the gossip of the club and the tittle-tattle of the coffee-house were the only available sources of information. Thus, until Walter Scott's memoirs were published,

the real Swift was almost unknown. The growth of the Swift legend was indeed unusually rapid; and if an exacter criticism had not been brought to bear upon it in time, there is no saying to what proportions it might not have attained. The great Dean of St. Patrick's was becoming a grotesque and gigantic shadow. Scott was not a critic in the modern sense of the word; but his judgment, upon the whole, was sound and just, and his large humanity enabled him to read into the story much that a stricter scrutiny has since approved. The creative sympathy of genius is seldom at fault; for it works in obedience to the larger laws which govern human conduct, and if its methods are sometimes unscientific, its conclusions are generally reliable.

Scott has been followed by diligent students, and the researches of Mr. Mason, Mr. Forster, and Mr. Henry Craik may be considered exhaustive. All the documents that have any real bearing upon the controversy have been

made accessible ; and Mr. Craik's masterly Life, in particular, leaves little to be desired.* Much new matter has been recovered ; much that was irrelevant has been set aside ; and we think that a portrait, credible and consistent in its main lines, may now be constructed. After all deductions have been made, Jonathan Swift remains a great and imposing personality—as unique in that century as Benjamin Disraeli has been in ours.

The Dean himself is to some extent responsible for the gross caricature which has been commonly accepted as a faithful portrait by his countrymen. The intense force of his genius gave a vital energy to the merest trifles. His casual sayings have branded themselves upon the language. *Only a woman's hair—die like a poisoned rat in a hole—I am what I am—ubi sæva indignatio cor ulterius lacerare nequit*—these letters of fire may be read through the darkness which has engulfed so much. But a true and complete estimate of a man's disposition and temper cannot be constructed out of scattered and isolated phrases. We must take these for what they are worth—compare them, weigh them, find out their proper place and relative value in the narrative. The subtler lights and shades of character are necessarily missed in a sketch which busies itself exclusively with the occasional outburst—however vivid and impressive—of passion or remorse. Mr. Thackeray seldom hurts our sense of the becoming ; but his slight and unconscientious treatment of one of the greatest satirists of the world is, it must be sorrowfully admitted, a wellnigh unpardonable offence.

The leading events of Swift's life fall naturally into four main divisions : 1st, His school and college life ; 2d, His residence with Sir William Temple ; 3d, His London career, with its social, liter-

ary, and political triumphs ; 4th, His Irish banishment. He was born in 1667 ; he died in 1745 : so that his life may be said to cover nearly the whole period between the Restoration of Charles II. and the last Jacobite rebellion.

Oliver Cromwell had been only a few years in his grave when Jonathan Swift was born. Swift was an Irishman, in so far as the place of birth determines nationality ; but except for the accident that he was born in Dublin, he was, by extraction and temperament, an Englishman. He came of a good Hereford stock, and he was proud of his ancestry. "My birth, although from a family not undistinguished in its time, is many degrees inferior to yours," he says to Bolingbroke—an admission which he might safely make, for St. John had a strain of Tudor blood in his veins. The Dean's grandfather had been vicar of Goodrich, and had been distinguished during the Civil War for the heartiness and obstinacy of his loyalty. But loyalty was a losing game in England at the time. So it came about that several of the vicar's sons were forced to cross the Irish Channel, and try their luck in the Irish capital. The eldest, Godwin, through his connection with the Ormond family, was fairly successful ; but the younger brother, Jonathan, when he married Abigail Erick, had still his fortune to make. He died a year or two afterward, leaving his widow wellnigh penniless. So that when Jonathan the second made his appearance in this bad world on the last day of November 1667, the outlook was by no means bright.

The widow contrived, however, to struggle on hopefully, and indeed remained to the end a bright, keen, thrifty, uncomplaining, capable sort of woman, much regarded by her son. In course of time she was able to get away from Dublin, to her native country, where the Ericks had been known more or less since the days of that Eadric the forester from whom they claimed descent, and settled herself in Leicester, where she seems to have been well esteemed, and to have led the easy, blameless, unexciting life of a provincial town for many years. Her son had become famous before she died ; but he was always loyal and affectionate to the

* Mr. Forster had only completed the first volume of the Dean's biography before his death ; but the materials which he had accumulated, as well as those in the possession of Mr. John Murray and others, have been put at Mr. Craik's disposal, and his elaborate "Life of Swift" (London—John Murray : 1882) must for the future be regarded as the standard work on the subject. Mr. Leslie Stephen's "Swift," published last year, is an acute though somewhat unsympathetic study, in which Swift's great qualities are rather minimized.

cheery old lady, though their relations perhaps, were never so intimate and endearing as those which united his mother to Pope—

“Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Græcian story tells.”

But he frequently went to see her—walking the whole way, as was his habit; and on her death he recorded his sorrow in words so direct and simple that they cling to the memory: “*I have now lost my barrier between me and death. God grant I may live to be as well prepared for it as I confidently believe her to have been. If the way to heaven be through piety, truth, justice and charity, she is there.*”

Swift was thus cast upon the charity of his friends from his earliest infancy. When barely a year old, indeed, he was secretly taken to Whitehaven by his nurse, who belonged to that part of the country, and who could not bring herself to part from her charge. The little fellow appears to have thriven in that homely companionship. He remained with her for three years; and before he was brought back to Ireland, he could read, he tells us, any chapter of the Bible. Soon after his return to Dublin he was sent by his uncle Godwin to the grammar school at Kilkenny—the famous academy where Swift and Congreve and Berkeley received their early training. From Kilkenny the lad went to Trinity College—but his university career was undistinguished: he failed to accommodate himself to the traditional course of study, and it was with some difficulty that he obtained his degree. The sense of dependence pressed heavily upon him; he was moody and ill at ease—at war with the world, which had treated him scurvily, as he thought; and more than once he threatened to break into open revolt.

The Celtic rebellion of 1688 drove him, with a host of English fugitives, across the Channel—not unwillingly, we may believe. He joined his mother at Leicester; but before the close of 1689, he had obtained a post in the household of Sir William Temple. Sir William was living at Moor Park, near Farnham, in Surrey—a wild and romantic district even now, and which two centuries ago was a natural wilderness of heath and

furze. In the centre of this wilderness Sir William had created a sort of Dutch paradise—had planted his tulips, had dug his canals, had filled his fish-pond. The somewhat ponderous affability of the retired diplomatist was looked upon as rather old-fashioned, even by his contemporaries; and it is not difficult to believe that the relations between him and the raw and inexperienced Irish secretary must have been, at first at least, a trifle strained and difficult. But we are rather inclined to think that the residence with Temple was not the least happy period of Swift's life. He was in his early manhood; he spent much of his time in the open air; he had a plentiful store of books to fall back upon during rainy weather; the first promptings of genius and ambition were making themselves felt; he saw on occasion the great men who were moving the world; and after some inevitable misunderstandings he became indispensable to Temple, who “often trusted him,” as he says, “with affairs of great importance.” Then there was little Esther Johnson—the delicate pupil who had already found a soft place in her master's heart, and whose childish prattle has been immortalized in words that are as fresh and sweet to-day as the day they were written. If it is true that “*A Tale of a Tub*” as well as “*The Battle of the Books*” was composed at Moor Park, the stories of his vulgar servitude and wearing misery are finally disposed of. The glow, the animation, the brightness of the narrative, are characteristic of a period of fine and true happiness—the happiness of the creative intellect in its earliest and least mechanical exercise.

When Swift left Moor Park in 1699, his education was complete. He was fitted by nature to play a great part in great affairs; and besides his unique natural gifts, he was now in every sense a man of culture and accomplishment. The discipline at Moor Park had been altogether salutary; and we have no reason to suppose that he felt himself degraded by the position which he had occupied and the duties he had discharged. A bitter and dreary childhood had been succeeded by years of dependence and privation; but at Moor Park, for the first time, he entered a

secure haven, where, released from the stress of the storm, he had leisure to look about him, and to prepare himself for action.

It was not for some years after Temple's death that Swift became a noticeable figure in the metropolis. He was mostly in Ireland. He had become a clergyman before he finally left Moor Park; and he now held one or two inconsiderable livings in the Irish Church. The congregations were small; the duties were light; and he had a good deal of spare time on his hands. All his life he was a great walker (Mr. Leslie Stephen, himself an eminent mountaineer, is ready to fraternize with this possible member of the Alpine Club)—the sound mind in the sound body being with Swift largely dependent upon constant and even violent exercise. At this period—indeed during his whole career, but more especially at this time—these long solitary rambles are a noticeable feature in Swift's life. He walks from London to Leicester, from Leicester to Holyhead, from Dublin to Laracor—sleeping at roadside taverns, hobnobbing with wandering tinkers and incurious rustics, watching the men at their work, the women at their cottage-doors. He had a great liking for this kind of life, and he loved the country after a fashion of his own: he recalls through the smoke of London the willows of Laracor, and when he is too moody in spirit to consort with his fellow-mortals, he goes down to the vicarage and shuts himself up in his garden.

It was in London, however, that his true life was passed. There the great game was being played in which he longed to join. He soon acquired celebrity—celebrity that in one sense cost him dear. From the day that "A Tale of a Tub" was published, he was a famous man. But it was a fame that rather scandalized Queen Anne and the orthodox school of Churchmen; and Swift could never get himself made a bishop—a dignity which he mainly coveted, it is probable, because it implied secular and political as well as spiritual lordship. There is no doubt that Swift was a sincere believer in what he held to be the main truths of Christianity;* but his

ridicule was terribly keen, and the mere trappings of religion fared ill at his hands. There is no saying now how far his destructive logic might have been carried; there seems indeed to be a general consent among experts that it would have spared little. For our own part, we are not prepared to admit that the corruptions of religion—superstition and fanaticism—cannot be assailed except by the sceptic or the unbeliever. Swift did not attack the Church of England; but *that*, it is said, was only an accident. "Martin is not ridiculed; but with the attacks on Peter and John before us, it is impossible not to see that the same sort of things might be said of him as are said of them, and with the same sort of justice. What a chapter Swift might have written on the way in which Martin made his fortune by bribing the lawyers to divorce the Squire, when he wanted to marry his wife's maid; how he might have revelled in description of the skill with which Martin forged a new will in thirty-nine clauses, and tried to trip up Peter, and actually did crop Jack's ears, because they each preferred their own forgery to his!" Well, but suppose Swift had said all this—would he have said anything more than Pusey, Keble, and a crowd of Church of England dignitaries have been saying now for many years past, without any suspicion of irreligion, or scepticism, or even of dangerous logical insight? In short, the substance of religion is independent of its accidents, which are often mean and grotesque; and the mean and the grotesque, in whatever shape, are fit subjects for satire—which in the hands of a Cervantes, a Rabelais, an Erasmus, or a Swift, may undoubtedly become the most effective of all weapons in the cause of truth and common-sense. "A Tale of a Tub," Sir Walter Scott remarked very truly, "succeeded in rendering the High Church party most important services; for what is so important to a party in Britain as to gain the laughs to their side?" Mr. Leslie Stephen, with unlooked-for and unac-

teresting in this connection, and should be read attentively. They seem to us to show, along with much else, that whatever speculative difficulties he may have experienced, he had accepted Christianity, as a rule of life and faith, with sincere and even intense conviction.

* The prayers composed by Swift for Mrs. Esther Johnson on her deathbed are very in-

customed timidity, replies—"The condition of having the laughers on your side is to be on the side of the laughers. Advocates of any serious cause feel that there is danger in accepting such an alliance." But Erasmus, who contrived to get the laughers on his side, had nearly as much to do with the Reformation of ecclesiastical abuses in the sixteenth century as Luther or Calvin had. Swift's ridicule may have had a wider sweep, and may have involved even graver issues; but we do not see that it was *destructive*—that is, inimical to and inconsistent with a rational conception of Christianity—in the sense at least that David Hume's was destructive.

Addison's *Travels* were published in 1705 and he sent a copy to Swift with these words written upon the fly-leaf: "To Dr. Jonathan Swift, The most Agreeable Companion, the Truest Friend, and the Greatest Genius of his Age, This Book is presented by his most Humble Servant, the Author." So that even thus early Swift's literary pre-eminence must have been freely recognized—at least among the Whigs, of whom Addison was the mouthpiece. Swift at this time was held to be a Whig; but in truth he cared little for party. He had, indeed, a passionate and deeply-rooted love of liberty—

"Better we all were in our graves,
Than live in slavery to slaves!"—

but the right divine of the oligarchy to govern England was a claim that could not evoke much enthusiasm. The principles for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold were getting somewhat threadbare; and Swift was too clear-sighted to be in favor of popular rule. "The people is a lying sort of beast, and I think in Leicester above all other parts that ever I was in." At Moor Park, however, he had been under the roof of a statesman who was closely identified with the Revolution Settlement. The king himself had been a not unfrequent visitor; and it was natural that Swift, when he went out into the world, should take with him the politics of his patron. But they always sat loosely upon him. He did not love to see personal resentment mix with public affairs. So he said at a later period of life; and his earliest pamphlet

was an earnest and spirited protest against the bitterness of faction. It recommended him to the Whig chiefs, who were then in the minority, and who were ready to welcome an ally who could prove from classical antiquity that their impeachment was a blunder. But when the victories of Marlborough had restored them to office, it cannot be said that Somers and Halifax exerted themselves very strenuously in behalf of their *protégé*. So late as the spring of 1709 he was able to tell the latter, that the copy of the "*Poésies Chrétiennes*" which he had begged of him on parting was the only favor he ever received from him or his party. There were obstacles in the way, no doubt; but it is difficult to suppose that if they had pressed his claims, they could not have made him an Irish bishop or an English dean. The rewards of letters in that age were splendid; and Swift's fame was rivalled only by Addison's. But the truth is, that there was from the first little sympathy between the oligarchy which governed England and this strong and trenchant intellect. Swift, moreover, was an ardent Churchman, who hated fanaticism and the fanatical sects; whereas the Whigs were lukewarm Churchmen, and rather addicted to Dissent. Macaulay says that when Harley and St. John succeeded in displacing Godolphin, Swift "rattled." The charge appears to us to be unfounded. Swift had shaken the dust of Whiggery off his feet before the prosecution of Sacheverell had been commenced. The alienation was even then virtually if not nominally complete. The leaders of the party had treated him badly, and were ready, he believed, to treat the Church badly if they dared. So that for some time before the Tories returned to office in 1710, he had been slowly but surely drifting into Toryism. Harley and St. John were resolved to have him at any price—he was the only man they feared; but they would hardly have ventured to approach him if his Whiggery had been very pronounced. The unconventional habits of the new Ministers were delightful to one who detested convention. They were weighted with great affairs; but he always found them, he declared, as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on a holiday. He was charmed by the easy familiarity of the

Lord Treasurer; he was captivated by the adventurous genius of the Secretary; * and affection and admiration completed what the *sava indignatio* may have begun. The ill-concealed antagonisms, the long-suppressed resentments, burst out with full force in *The Examiner*. Nowhere have the narrow traditions of the Whigs been more trenchantly exposed. "They impose a hundred tests; they narrow the terms of communion; they pronounce nine parts in ten of the country heretics, and shut them out of the pale of their Church. These very men, who talk so much of a comprehension in religion among us, how come they to allow so little of it in politics, which is their sole religion?" "They come," he exclaims in another place—"they come with the spirits of shopkeepers to frame rules for the administration of kingdoms; as if they thought the whole art of government consisted in the importation of nutmegs and the curing of herrings. But God be thanked," he adds, "they and their schemes are vanished, and their place shall know them no more." This is not the language of a deserter who, from interested motives, has gone over to the enemy: there is, on the contrary, the energy of entire conviction.

From 1710 to 1714 St. John and Harley were in office. These were Swift's golden years. He enjoyed the consciousness of power; and now he had the substance of it, if not the show. He was by nature a ruler of men; and now his authority was acknowledged and undisputed. It must be confessed—as even Dr. Johnson is forced to confess—that during these years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation.

He was still in his prime. When

* "I think Mr. St. John the greatest young man I ever knew: wit, capacity, beauty, quickness of apprehension, good learning, and an excellent taste; the best orator in the House of Commons, admirable conversation, good-nature, and good manners; generous, and a despiser of money."—*Swift to Stella*. We do not enter here into the merits of the political measures advocated by Swift, and carried out by St. John and Harley; but we cannot say that Mr. Craik does anything like justice to St. John, whose immense capacity has extorted the admiration of his bitterest critics—whose foreign policy was approved by Macaulay, and whose "free and noble style" was praised by Jeffrey.

Harley became Lord Treasurer, Swift had not completed his forty-third year, and his bodily and mental vigor was unimpaired. The man who had hitherto led a life of penury and dependence, had found himself of a sudden in possession of a most wonderful weapon—the sword of sharpness or the coat of darkness of the fairy tale—which made him a match for the greatest and the strongest. It was an intoxicating position; but upon the whole, he bore himself not ignobly. That there was always a certain masterfulness about him need not be doubted; but the roughness of his manner and the brusqueness of his humor have certainly been exaggerated. The reports come to us from those who saw him in later and evil days, when he was suffering from bodily pain and the irritability of incipient madness. But in 1710 the "imperious and moody exile" was the most delightful company in the world. The "conjured spirit" had been exorcised by the spell of congenial work, and its owner was bright, ardent, and unwearied in the pursuit of business and pleasure. Swift had unquestionably that personal charm which is so potent in public life. Men were drawn to him as by a magnet; for women—for more than one woman at least—he had an irresistible attraction. He was not tall; but his figure was certainly not "ungainly," and his face was at once powerful and refined. There was a delicate curve of scorn about the lips; though he was never known to laugh, his eyes were bright with mirth and mockery—"azure as the heavens," says Pope, "and with a charming archness in them." Poor Vanessa found that there was something awful in them besides; but that was later. Altogether he must have been, so far as we can figure him now, a very noticeable man—the blue eyes shining archly under the black and bushy eyebrows—the massive forehead—the dimpled chin—the aquiline nose—the easy and confident address—the flow of ready mother-wit—the force of a most trenchant logic: except St. John, there was probably no man in England at the time who, taken all round, was quite a match for the famous Irish vicar.

The death of Queen Anne was nearly as mortal a blow to Swift as to St. John. It meant banishment for both. Yet the

great qualities of the men were accentuated by evil fortune. "What a world is this, and how does fortune banter us!" St. John exclaimed on the day he fell; and a week later he wrote to Swift—"Adieu; love me, and love me better, because after a greater blow than most men ever felt I keep up my spirit—am neither dejected at what is past, nor apprehensive at what is to come. *Mea virtute me involvo.*" "Swift," said Arbuthnot, "keeps up his noble spirit; and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries."

Swift returned to Ireland in 1714. He had been appointed to the Deanery of St. Patrick's by his Tory friends; and he applied himself, on his return, with zeal and assiduity to the duties of his charge. But though he bore himself stoutly, he was in truth a soured and disappointed man. The company of great friends had been scattered. He was remote from St. John, Pope, and Gay. He detested Ireland—"Thou wilt not leave my soul in *hell*," he had said to Oxford not long before. But the irony of fate had been too strong for him, and the rest of his life was to be spent among a people whom he despised. He came back under a cloud of unpopularity. He was mobbed more than once in the streets of Dublin. But nature had made him a ruler of men—in Ireland as elsewhere. Soon he rose to be its foremost citizen. The English Whigs had treated Ireland with gross injustice; and the wrongs of Ireland was a ready theme for the patriot and the satirist. The Irish people were not ungrateful. "Come over to us," he had once written in his grand way to Addison, "and we will raise an army, and make you king of Ireland." He himself for many years was its virtual ruler. "When they ask me," said the accomplished Carteret, who had been Lord-Lieutenant, "how I governed Ireland, I say that I pleased Dr. Swift. Walpole would have been glad more than once to punish the audacious Churchman, but the risk was too great. During the prosecution of the printer of the "Drapier Letters," the popular determination found appropriate expression in a well-known passage of Holy Writ: "Shall JONATHAN die, who

hath wrought this great salvation in Israel? God forbid: as the Lord liveth, there shall not one hair of his head fall to the ground; for he hath wrought with God this day. So the people rescued JONATHAN, that he died not." And when, at a later period, exasperated by a peculiarly bitter taunt, the Minister threatened to arrest the Dean, he was dissuaded by prudent friends. The messengers of the law would require to be protected by the military—could he spare ten thousand men for the purpose? "Had I held up my little finger," Swift said to Walpole's ally, the Primate Boulter, who had been expostulating with him on his violence—"had I held up my little finger, they would have torn you to pieces."* Bonfires blazed on his birthday. In every town of Ireland that he visited, he was received "as a sovereign prince." When he went from Dublin to the provinces, it was like a royal progress. On his return in 1727 from the last visit he paid to England, the vessel in which he crossed the Channel was signalled in Dublin Bay. "The corporation met the ship in wherries, the quays were decked with bunting, the bells were rung, and the city received in gala fashion her most beloved citizen."

But all was unavailing. The gloomy shadows gathered more closely round him. Vanessa was dead; Stella was dead; one by one the great friends had dropped away. He was tortured by a profound misanthropy—the misanthropy of the man who sees too clearly and feels too keenly. For many years before his death he read on his birthday that chapter of Job in which the patriarch curses the day on which it was said in his father's house that a man child was born. "Gulliver" is one of the great books of the world; but the hopeless rage against the race of mortals in the closing chapters is almost too terrible. For many years Swift was one of the most wretched of men. The gloom never lightened—the clouds never broke. It must have been almost a relief when total darkness came—if such it was. But that is the

* On another occasion, a great crowd having assembled to witness an eclipse of the sun, Swift sent round the bell-man to intimate that the eclipse had been postponed by the Dean's orders, and the crowd forthwith dispersed.

worst of madness—we cannot tell if the unconsciousness, the oblivion, is absolute. Behind the veil the tortured spirit may prey upon itself. He had asked to be taken away from the evil to come; but his prayer was not granted. He would have rejoiced exceedingly to find the grave; but he was forced to drink the cup to the dregs. *For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me, and that which I was afraid of is come unto me.** During the last four years of his life this famous wit, this prodigious intellect, was utterly prostrated. Only a broken sentence came at long intervals from his lips. "Go, go!" "Poor old man!" "I am what I am." The picture is darker than any he has drawn—it is a more bitter commentary on the irony of human life than anything that Gulliver witnessed in all his travels. The end came on the 19th of October 1745.

Such is a brief sketch of the chief incidents of Swift's life—brief, but sufficient perhaps to enable us to follow with sympathy and understanding some of the questions on which controversy has arisen. "Without sympathy," as Mr. Craik has well said, "few passages of Swift's life are fairly to be judged." There are a good many side issues that come up incidentally for judgment; but the main controversy, out of which the others emerge, is concerned with the relations which the Dean maintained with Stella and Vanessa.

If we examine with any care the indictment that has been prepared by Jeffrey, Macaulay, Thackeray, and others, we find that the charges against Swift may be stated somewhat thus: He was parsimonious and avaricious, a self-seeker and a cynic, brutal to the weak and abject to the strong, a factious churchman, a faithless politician, coarse in language and overbearing in manner. Some of these allegations have been disposed of by what has been already said: that there was an essential consistency, for instance, in his political opinions, that he did not "rat" in any base or vulgar sense, seems to us to be incontestable; and it will be found, we think, that most of the other charges rest on an equally slender basis of fact, on equally

palpable misconstructions. Indeed, the more we examine the Dean's life, the more obvious does it become that his vices leaned to virtue's side, and that the greatness of his nature asserted itself strongly and unequivocally in his very weaknesses.

One initial difficulty there is—Swift had a habit of putting his worst foot foremost. He detested hypocritical pretence of every kind; and in speaking of himself he often went to the other extreme. A subtle vein of self-mockery runs through his letters, which incapacity and dulness may easily misconstrue. Pope understood it; Bolingbroke understood it; but the solemn badinage of his own actions and motives, in which he liked to indulge, when taken as a serious element by serious biographers, has been apt to lead them astray. Swift, in short, was a singularly reticent man, who spoke as little as possible about his deeper convictions, and who, when taxed with amiability, or kind-heartedness, or generosity, or piety, preferred to reply with an ambiguous jest.

The Dean's alleged meanness in money matters is easily explained. The iron had entered into his soul. He had known at school and college what penury meant; and he deliberately resolved that by no act of his own would he again expose himself to the miseries of dependence. But he was not avaricious—from a very early period he gave away one tenth of his narrow income in charity. He saved, as some one has said, not that he might be rich, but that he might be liberal. Such thrift cannot be condemned; on the contrary, it is virtue of a high order—the virtue which the strenuous Roman extolled. *Magnum vectigal est parsimonia*. He went out of his way to help others. His temper was naturally generous. It may be said, quite truly, that he valued power mainly because it enabled him to push the fortunes of his friends. He excused himself indeed in his characteristic fashion. To help his friends was to him so much of a pleasure, that it could not be a virtue.

The charge that he was ready to push his own fortunes by any means however base, seems to us to be capable of even more emphatic refutation. Thackeray says that Swift was abject to a lord. The

* Job iii. 25.

truth is, that no man was ever more independent. The moment that Harley hurt his sense of self-respect by an injudicious gift, he broke with him. The Treasurer had taken an unpardonable liberty, and must apologize. "If we let these great Ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them," he wrote to Stella. He recognized true greatness cordially wherever he found it, and real kindness subdued him at once. But the mere trappings of greatness—the stars and garters and ribbons—had no effect upon his imagination:

"Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower."

He loved Oxford; he loved Bowling-broke; but he did not love them better than he loved Pope and Gay and Arbuthnot. He left Somers and Halifax when he thought they were playing the Church false; but the Tory chiefs who had been kind to him, though one was in exile and the other in the Tower, were never mentioned by him without emotion. He offered to share Oxford's imprisonment; and nothing would induce him to bow the knee to Walpole. He was anxious, indeed, to obtain promotion; he would have been well pleased if his friends had made him a bishop; but the anxiety was quite natural. If there had been any show of neglect, if the men for whom he had fought so gallantly had affected to underrate his services and to overlook his claims, his self-respect would have been wounded. The feeling was precisely similar to that of the soldier who fails to receive the ribbon or the medal which he has earned. But Swift was not *greedy* either of riches or of fame—so long as he was able to keep the wolf from the door, the most modest competence was all that he asked. He had none of the irritable vanity of the author; all his works were published anonymously; and he manifested a curious indifference to that posthumous reputation—"the echo of a hollow vault"—which is so eagerly and vainly prized by aspiring mortals. Nor did he give a thought to the money value of his work—Pope, Mrs. Barber, the booksellers, might have it, and welcome. What he really valued was the excitement of the campaign: in the ardor of the fight he sought and found compensation.

"A person of great honor in Ireland used to tell me that my mind was like a conjured spirit, that would do mischief if I would not give it employment." And he says elsewhere—"I myself was never very miserable while my thoughts were in a ferment, for I imagine a dead calm is the troublesomest part of our voyage through the world." These and similar avowals are very characteristic. The cool poetic woodland was not for this man. He could not go and lie down on the grass, and listen to the birds, and be happy like his innocent rustics. One may pity him, but censure surely is stupidly unjust. Not only were his faculties in finest working order at the supreme and critical juncture, when the fortune of battle was poised in the balance, but the noise of the guns and the shouts of the combatants drove away the evil spirit which haunted him. Absorbed in the great game, he forgot himself and the misery which at times was wellnigh intolerable. For all his life a dark shadow hung over him, and only when drinking "delight of battle with his peers" might he escape into the sunshine. It must never be forgotten that Swift suffered not merely from almost constant bodily discomfort, but from those dismal forebodings of mental decay which are even more trying than the reality.

We need not wonder that such a man should have been cynical. The profound melancholy of his later years was unrelieved by any break of light; but even in his gayest time the gloom must have been often excessive. The scorn of fools—

"Hated by fools and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate"—

is the burden of his earliest as of his latest poetry.

"My hate, whose lash just heaven has long decreed
Shall on a day make sin and folly bleed!"

Alas! it hurt himself as much as, or even more than, the fools and sinners; so that at the end, when his hand had lost its cunning, as he thought, and the curtain was about to drop, he entreated Pope to give them one more lash at his request. "Life is not a farce," he adds—"it is a ridiculous tragedy, which is

the worst kind of composition ;" and then (it belongs to the same period, and certainly shows no failure of power) he proceeds to draw that tremendous picture of the day of judgment, which, if he had left nothing more, would alone prove to us that Swift's intense satirical imagination was of the highest order :

" While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens and said—

* Offending race of human kind,
By reason, nature, learning, blind,
You who through frailty stepp'd aside,
And you who never fell—through pride ;
You who in different sects were sham'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's designs than you),
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent these pranks no more,
I to such blockheads set my wit !
I damn such fools !—Go, go, you're *bit*."

Strange as it may appear to some, the man who wrote these terrible lines was a man whose heart was intensely sensitive, whose affections were morbidly acute, who could not bear to see his friends in pain. His cynicism melted into pity at a word. "I hate life," he exclaims, when he hears that Lady Ashburnham is dead—"I hate life, when I think it exposed to such accidents ; and to see so many wretches burdening the earth, when such as her die, makes me think God did never intend life to be a blessing." Little Harrison, in whom he had interested himself, is taken dangerously ill, and he has not the courage to knock at the "poor lad's" door to inquire: "I told Parnell I was afraid to knock at the door ; my mind misgave me. I knocked, and his man in tears told me his master was dead an hour before. Think what grief this is to me ! I did not dine with Lord Treasurer, or anywhere else, but got a bit of meat toward evening." When the letter came telling him that Gay was dead, he knew by instinct—"an impulse foreboding some misfortune"—what it contained, and could not open it for days. And when Stella was ill, his anguish was greater than he could bear. "What am I to do in this world ? I am able to hold up my sorry head no longer."

And yet at times—it cannot be denied—Swift could be simply brutal. When his passion was roused he was merciless.

He struck out like a blind man—in a sort of frantic rage. He raved—he stormed—he lost self-control—he was taken possession of by his devil. The demoniac element was at times strong in Swift : somewhere or other in that mighty mind there was a congenital flaw which no medicine could heal. The lamentable coarseness of much that he wrote is likewise symptomatic of disease. But, as we have said, it is unfair to judge him by the incidents of his closing years. The profound misanthropy grew upon him. At first it was clearness of vision—at last it was bitterness of soul. But it did not overpower him till he had passed middle life, till his ambition had been foiled, till he had been driven into exile, till Stella was dead, till he was tortured by almost constant pain, till the shadows of a yet deeper darkness were closing round him.

The story of Swift's relations with Stella and Vanessa is one of those somewhat mysterious episodes in literary history which continue to baffle criticism. The undisputed facts are briefly these : That Swift became acquainted with Esther Johnson (Stella) at Sir William Temple's ; that he directed the girl's studies ; that a romantic friendship sprang up between them ; that soon after Sir William's death she went, on Swift's advice, to reside in Ireland, where she had a small estate, and where living was relatively cheaper than in England ; that though they always lived apart, the early attachment became closer and more intimate ; that about 1708 he was introduced to the Vanhomrigh family in London ; that Hester Vanhomrigh (Vanessa) fell violently in love with him ; that she followed him to Ireland ; that she died in 1723, soon after a passionate scene with the man she loved ; and that Stella died in 1728, and was buried in the cathedral—close to the grave where the Dean was afterward laid. These are the bare facts, which have been very variously construed by critics, and of which we now proceed to offer the explanation which appears to fit them most nearly. But, in doing so, it is necessary to dismiss at the outset the common assumption that relations of close friendship between a man and woman are abnormal and unaccountable unless they end in mar-

riage. What we assert is, that the devotion of Swift to Esther Johnson was the devotion of friendship, not of love; and that from this point of view only does the riddle admit of even approximate solution.

Swift, as we have seen, had resolved early in life that no temptation would induce him to barter his independence. With the object of securing a modest competence, he practised the most rigid economy. He had no fortune of his own, and his beggarly Irish livings afforded him at most a bare subsistence. A heavy burden of debt—more than a thousand pounds—attached to the deanery on his appointment. Thus he was growing old before, with the views which he entertained, he was in a position to marry. And he was not a man to whom "love in a cottage" could have offered any attractions. "He is covetous as hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it," he said of Marlborough. Swift was not mercenary as the Duke was mercenary; but the last infirmity of noble minds was probably his ruling passion. The oracle of a country town, tied to a dull and exacting wife, he would have fretted himself to death in a year. He needed the pressure of action to prevent him from growing gloomy and morose. Nor was mere irritability, or even the *sæva indignatio*, the worst that he had to apprehend. His health was indifferent; he suffered much from deafness and giddiness—caused, it is asserted, by some early imprudence, a surfeit of ripe fruit or the like, but more or less closely connected, it is probable, with the mental disease which seems to have run in the family—his uncle Godwin having died in a madhouse. "I shall be like that tree," he is reported to have said many years before his own death, pointing to an elm whose upper branches had been withered by lightning; "I shall die at the top." Even in early manhood he had confessed that he was of a "cold temper;" and he spoke of love—the absurd passion of play-books and romances—only to ridicule it. His opinion of marriage, in so far as he himself was interested, may be gathered from a letter written when he was five-and-twenty: "The very ordinary observations I made, without going half a

mile from the university, have taught me experience enough not to think of marriage till I settle my fortune in the world, which I am sure will not be in some years; and even then I am so hard to please myself, that *I suppose I shall put it off to the next world.*" This may have been said partly in jest; but a man so situated, and with such antecedents, may very reasonably have asked himself whether he was entitled to marry. Friendship, on the other hand, was a noble emotion; he never wearied of singing its praise. And he acted up to his persuasion: if Swift was a bitter foe, he was at least a constant and magnanimous friend.

Yet, by some curious perversity, the man to whom love was a by-word was forced to sound the deeps and to explore the mysteries of passion.

One of Swift's resolutions, recorded in the curious paper of 1699, "When I come to be old," was, "not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly." Esther Johnson, the only child who up to that time had come very close to him, was then just leaving her childhood behind her—she was seventeen years old. The delicate girl had matured or was maturing into a bright and charming woman. It is admitted on all hands that Stella was worthy of Swift's—indeed of any man's—regard. She had great good sense; her conversation was keen and sprightly; and though latterly inclining to stoutness, her figure was then extremely fine. The face was somewhat pale; but the pallor served to heighten the effect of her brilliantly dark eyes and unusually black hair. "Hair of a raven black," says Mrs. Delaney; "her hair was blacker than a raven," says Swift. In society she was much esteemed; she had a touch of Addison's courteous and caressing manner, though later on, among her Irish friends, she rose to be a sort of queen, and became possibly a little peremptory and dictatorial. But she seems at all times (in spite of a brief fit of jealous passion now and again) to have been a true, honest, sound-hearted, modest woman. She herself attributes her superiority to the common foibles of her sex to Swift's early influence; and in one of the latest birthday poems he sent her, he does ample justice to

her candor, her generosity, and her courage :

" Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress ;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain :
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ? "

There can be no doubt that for Stella, Swift had a great compassion, a true tenderness. The innocent child had been, as it were, thrown upon his care ; she grew up to girlhood at his side ; he was her guardian, her schoolmaster, her nearest friend. But so far as he was concerned, there never was any thought of love between them—a schoolmaster might address a favorite pupil, a father a beloved child, in precisely the same language that Swift addressed to Stella. It was friendship—friendship of the closest and most endearing character, but friendship only—that united them. His tone throughout, from first to last, was perfectly consistent :

" Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts ;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest. " *

This was the language that he held to Tisdale in 1704, soon after Esther had gone to Ireland ; this was the language he held to Stopford when she was dying. If he had ever thought of marriage, he would have chosen Stella : but " his fortunes and his humor " had put matrimony out of the question ; and his experience had been, that violent friendship was as much engaging and more lasting than violent love. Every care was taken to make the nature of the relation clear to the world ; and in point of fact, no scandal came of it.

The " little language " in which so many of the letters and journals are written, seems to us to point to the same conclusion. Swift dwells upon Esther's charming babyhood with the

sweetness and tenderness of parental reminiscence. That innocent babble the babble of our children before they have quite mastered the difficulties of speech—had a perennial charm for him, as—through him—it has for us. " I assure zu it um velly late now ; but zis goes to morrow. Nite, darling rogues. " He has as many pet names for Stella as a fond father has for a pet daughter. She is Saucebox, and Sluttakins, and dear roguish impudent pretty MD., and politic Madame Poppet with her two eggs a-penny. How lightly, how delicately touched ! *That* is the gayer mood ; the more sombre is hardly less striking. In his darkest hours, her pure devotion to him is like light from heaven: She is his better angel—the saint in the little niche overhead who intercedes for him. " Much better. Thank God and MD's prayers. " " Giddy fit and swimming in head. MD and God help me. " Nothing can be more touching. Some critics maintain that Swift never wrote poetry. It would be truer, we think, to affirm that whenever he uses the poetical form to express (sometimes to hide) intense feeling, he writes better poetry than any of his contemporaries. When, for instance, he urges Stella—who had come from her own sick-bed to nurse him in his sickness—not to injure her health, the lines seem to us to reach a very high altitude indeed :

" Best pattern of true friends, beware ;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours ;
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed. "

How did Stella accept this life-long friendship, this playful homage, this tender reverence ? What did she think of it ? It seems to us that a great deal of quite unnecessary pity has been wasted on Esther Johnson. It may be that Swift did not recognize the extent of the sacrifice he demanded ; but in truth, was the sacrifice so hard ? Is there any proof that Stella was an unwilling victim ; or, indeed, a victim at all ? She mixed freely in society ; she occupied a quite assured position ; she was the comforter and confidant of the

* Written in 1720—three or four years after the alleged marriage.

greatest man of the age. Is there any reason whatever to hold that she was unhappy? On the contrary, did she not declare to the last that she had been amply repaid?

"Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying, may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow."

Vanessa (Hester Vanhomrigh) was a woman cast in quite a different mould. Her vehement and unruly nature had never been disciplined; and when her passion was roused, she was careless of her good name. There can, we think, be little doubt that Swift was for some time really interested in her. She was an apt and docile pupil; and if not strictly handsome, she appears to have possessed a certain power of fascination—the "strong toil of grace," which is often more potent than mere beauty. It cannot be said, indeed, that Swift was in love with Hester; but she certainly charmed his fancy and appealed successfully to his sympathies. Stella was absent in Dublin; and the Dean was a man who enjoyed the society of women who were pretty and witty and accomplished, and who accepted with entire submission his despotic and whimsical decrees. Vanessa was such a woman; and he does not, for some time at least, appear to have appreciated the almost tropical passion and vehemence of her nature—dangerous and devastating as a thunderstorm in the tropics—appears, on the contrary, to have been in utter ignorance of what was coming, till she threw herself into his arms. He had had no serious thought; but the acuteness of the crisis into which their intimacy had suddenly developed, alarmed and disquieted him. Here was a flood-tide of passion of which he had had no experience—fierce, uncontrollable, intolerant of prudential restraints. "Can't we touch these bubbles, then, but they break?" some one asks in one of Robert Browning's plays; and Swift regarded the situation with the same uneasiness and perplexity. He was sorely dismayed—utterly put about—when he discovered how matters stood. It is easy to say that he should have left her at once, and avoided any further inti-

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her candor, her generosity, and her courage :

" Your generous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage which can make you just
To merit humbled in the dust ;
The detestation you express
For vice in all its glittering dress ;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain :
Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ? "

There can be no doubt that for Stella, Swift had a great compassion, a true tenderness. The innocent child had been, as it were, thrown upon his care ; she grew up to girlhood at his side ; he was her guardian, her schoolmaster, her nearest friend. But so far as he was concerned, there never was any thought of love between them—a schoolmaster might address a favorite pupil, a father a beloved child, in precisely the same language that Swift addressed to Stella. It was friendship—friendship of the closest and most endearing character, but friendship only—that united them. His tone throughout, from first to last, was perfectly consistent :

" Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts ;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted love a guest. " *

This was the language that he held to Tisdale in 1704, soon after Esther had gone to Ireland ; this was the language he held to Stopford when she was dying. If he had ever thought of marriage, he would have chosen Stella : but " his fortunes and his humor " had put matrimony out of the question ; and his experience had been, that violent friendship was as much engaging and more lasting than violent love. Every care was taken to make the nature of the relation clear to the world ; and in point of fact, no scandal came of it.

The " little language " in which so many of the letters and journals are written, seems to us to point to the same conclusion. Swift dwells upon Esther's charming babyhood with the

sweetness and tenderness of parental reminiscence. That innocent babble the babble of our children before they have quite mastered the difficulties of speech—had a perennial charm for him, as—through him—it has for us. " I assure *zu it um velly late now* ; but *zis goes to morrow*. Nite, darling rogues. " He has as many pet names for Stella as a fond father has for a pet daughter. She is Saucebox, and Sluttakins, and dear roguish impudent pretty MD., and politic Madame Poppet with her two eggs a-penny. How lightly, how delicately touched ! *That* is the gayer mood ; the more sombre is hardly less striking. In his darkest hours, her pure devotion to him is like light from heaven. She is his better angel—the saint in the little niche overhead who intercedes for him. " Much better. Thank God and MD's prayers. " " Giddy fit and swimming in head. MD and God help me. " Nothing can be more touching. Some critics maintain that Swift never wrote poetry. It would be truer, we think, to affirm that whenever he uses the poetical form to express (sometimes to hide) intense feeling, he writes better poetry than any of his contemporaries. When, for instance, he urges Stella—who had come from her own sick-bed to nurse him in his sickness—not to injure her health, the lines seem to us to reach a very high altitude indeed :

" Best pattern of true friends, beware ;
You pay too dearly for your care,
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours ;
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed. "

How did Stella accept this life-long friendship, this playful homage, this tender reverence ? What did she think of it ? It seems to us that a great deal of quite unnecessary pity has been wasted on Esther Johnson. It may be that Swift did not recognize the extent of the sacrifice he demanded ; but in truth, was the sacrifice so hard ? Is there any proof that Stella was an unwilling victim ; or, indeed, a victim at all ? She mixed freely in society ; she occupied a quite assured position ; she was the comforter and confidant of the

* Written in 1720—three or four years after the alleged marriage.

greatest man of the age. Is there any reason whatever to hold that she was unhappy? On the contrary, did she not declare to the last that she had been amply repaid?

"Long be the day that gave you birth
Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
Late dying, may you cast a shred
Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
To bear with dignity my sorrow,
One day alone, then die to-morrow."

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Carlyle's remarkable account of his father, in very solemn circumstances—it was written mainly during the hours that elapsed between the day she died and the day she was buried. "This day, being Sunday, January 28th, 1727-28, about eight o'clock at night a servant brought me a note with an account of the death of the truest, most virtuous, and valuable *friend* that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." "This is the night of her funeral," he adds two days later, "which my sickness will not suffer me to attend. It is now nine at night; and I am removed into another apartment that I may not see the light in the church, which is just over against the window of my bedchamber." No record was ever penned in circumstances more calculated to make a deep impression on the mind, and to induce the writer to speak with the most perfect frankness, sincerity, and unreserve; but here, as elsewhere, it is the irreparable loss of her "friendship" that is deplored. Not a word of marriage. Then there is no proof that Stella at any time asserted that she was his wife—the stories of the meeting with Vanessa, and of the death-bed declaration, being manifest inventions. Mr. Craik fairly admits that the latter of these is incredible; yet the evidence which he discards in connection with the declaration is almost precisely identical with that which he accepts in connection with the marriage. Nor is there any evidence to show that they were held to be married persons during their lives—they had both been dead and buried for years before the rumor of their union obtained publicity. There may be in some contemporary lampoon an allusion to the alleged ceremony: we have not met with it—nor, so far as we know, has it been met with by any of the biographers. Nor can any plausible motive for the marriage be assigned. There was no scandal to silence; the relations between them, which had subsisted for nearly twenty years, appear to have been sufficiently understood. But assuming that there had been scandal, how was it to be silenced by a ceremony, the secret of which, during life and after death, was to be jealously guarded? Was it performed to satisfy Stella? But

there is no proof that she was dissatisfied—she had cheerfully acquiesced in, had loyally accepted the relation as it stood. It could not have been for the satisfaction of her conscience; her conscience was in no way involved: it was never asserted, even by bitterest partisans, that the connection was immoral. Can it be supposed that for some reason or other (to prevent, for instance, any risk of subsequent misconstruction) it was done at the Dean's desire? But if the story is true that it was the Dean himself who insisted that the secret should never be published, what good did he expect it to effect? how could it avail, either directly or indirectly, to avert possible misconstructions? If a ceremony did take place, we are thus entitled to maintain that it was an *utterly unreasonable and unaccountable act—opposed to all the probabilities of the case*. Still, if it were proved by (let us say) an entry in a register, the marriage "lines," a letter from Stella, a letter from Swift, a certificate under the bishop's hands—anything approaching either legal or moral proof—we might be bound to disregard the antecedent improbabilities. Nay, even if a friend like Dr. Delaney had said plainly that he had the information from Swift himself, then (subject to observation on the too frequent misunderstandings of verbal confidences) it might be reasonable to accept it. But the direct evidence does not amount even to this. It consists of a passage in Lord Orrery's "Remarks" (much that Lord Orrery said about Swift must be accepted with reserve), where, after stating in a loose incidental way that Stella was Swift's concealed but undoubted wife, he goes on—"If my *informations are right*, she was married to Dr. Swift in the year 1716, by Dr. Ashe, then Bishop of Clogher." On this Dr. Delaney, in his "Observations," remarks—"Your lordship's account of the marriage is, *I am satisfied*, true." Mr. Monck Mason's contention that this is a statement of opinion or belief only, is vigorously combated by Mr. Craik. Mr. Craik argues that the words "*I am satisfied*" apply not to the fact of a marriage, which was "*undoubted*," but to the circumstances of the ceremony. Mr. Craik's argument does not appear to us to be successful. 1st.

If the ceremony did not take place *then*, it did not take place at all. The belief in any ceremony rests exclusively upon the allegation that a ceremony was performed in the garden of the deanery in 1716; and if that allegation is not somehow substantiated, the case for the marriage must break down. So that it is really of no consequence to which of Lord Orrery's statements Dr. Delaney's words apply. 2d. The words "I am satisfied" are unequivocal, and clearly imply that the writer was led to his conclusion by the evidence submitted to him—that is to say, Dr. Delaney's was only inferential and circumstantial belief—not direct knowledge. He had not received his information from headquarters—from Swift or from Stella; he was putting this and that together, and drawing an inference; and as he nowhere asserts that he had recovered or was in possession of any really direct evidence, Mr. Mason's conclusion, that even in the case of so familiar an intimate as Dr. Delaney the marriage was matter of opinion or conjecture only, seems to be justified.

Lord Orrery's "Remarks" were published in 1752, seven years after Swift's death; and it was not till 1789 that the story received any further corroboration. In that year Mr. George Monck Berkeley asserted in his "Literary Relics" that "Swift and Stella were married by the Bishop of Clogher, who himself related the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." This bit of evidence certainly comes to us in a very circuitous and roundabout fashion. Mr. Berkeley was told by Bishop Berkeley's widow, who had it from her husband, who had it from Bishop Ashe. Any one familiar with the proceedings of courts of law knows that evidence of this kind is of no value whatever. The gossip is handed down from one to another—often in perfect good faith—yet he who builds upon it builds upon the sand. And when closely examined, it is seen that the narrative is in itself highly suspicious, and open to serious observation. The ceremony was celebrated in 1716; Berkeley was abroad at the time, and did not return till after Bishop Ashe's death, which took place in 1717. Mr. Craik insists that when it

is stated that Bishop Ashe "*related* the circumstances to Bishop Berkeley," it is not implied that he did it "by word of mouth." But is there the least likelihood, from what we know of the Bishop, that he would have been guilty of so grave an indiscretion? It cannot be doubted that he had been bound over to inviolable secrecy; and though such a secret might be incautiously betrayed or accidentally ooze out during familiar talk, is it conceivable that a man of honor and prudence could have deliberately, and in cold blood, made it—within a few weeks or months—the subject of a letter to an absent friend?

This is really the whole evidence of the slightest relevancy that has been recovered—the loose gossip of Sheridan (of whom it will be recollected Dr. Johnson said, "Why, sir, Sherry is dull, naturally dull; but it must have taken him a great deal of pains to become what we see him now. Such an excess of stupidity, sir, is not in nature") being very naturally pooh-poohed by the biographers in general, and even by Mr. Craik. On the other hand, all those who were closely connected with Swift and Stella in their latter years—Dr. Lyon, Mrs. Dingley, Mrs. Brent, Mrs. Ridgeway, and others—deny that any ceremony took place; and almost the last writing which Stella subscribed opens with the significant words—"I, *Esther Johnson*, of the city of Dublin, *spinster*." It is maintained, indeed, that these words are of no consequence, seeing that she had bound herself not to disclose that she was a married woman. Still there is this to be said, that *if* she was married, the introduction of the word "*spinster*" was a quite unnecessary falsehood—the testatrix being quite sufficiently described as "*Esther Johnson*, of the city of Dublin." And when we consider that this can have been only one (though the last) of a long succession of humiliating embarrassments, the question again suggests itself with irresistible force, Why should they have loaded their lives with such a burden of deceit? Where are we to look for the motive that will in any measure account for it? Upon the whole, it seems to us almost inevitable that some such story as Lord Orrery's (however unfounded) should have got abroad. The relations of

Swift to Stella were certainly exceptional, and not easily intelligible to the outside world; yet Stella's character was irreproachable, and calumny itself did not venture to assail her. What more natural than that the surmise of a secret union should have been entertained by many, should have been whispered about among their friends even during Swift's life, and should after his death have gradually assumed substance and shape?

After all is said, a certain amount of mystery and ambiguity must attach to the connection—as to much else in the Dean's life. He survived Stella for nearly twenty years, yet those who assert that a marriage took place, search the records of all these years in vain for any avowal, however slight. "Only a woman's hair"—scrawled on the envelope in which a tress of the raven-black hair was preserved—affords a slender cue to conjecture, and is as enigmatical as the rest. Only a woman's hair—only the remembrance of the irrevocable past—only the joy, the sorrow, the devotion of a lifetime, only that—nothing more.

"Pudor et Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas." *

Whatever interpretation each of us may be disposed to give them, we shall all admit that there must have been something transcendent in the genius and the despair which could invest these four quite commonplace words with an immortality of passion.†

* "Honor, truth, liberality, good-nature, and modesty were the virtues she chiefly possessed and most valued in her acquaintance. It was not safe nor prudent in her presence to offend in the least word against modesty. She was the most disinterested mortal I ever knew or heard of."—*The character of Mrs. Johnson by Swift.*

† Since this article was in type, an acute writer in *The Pall Mall Gazette* has arrived, by a somewhat similar course of reasoning, at a verdict of "Not Proven." He is prevented from going a step farther by attaching a certain amount of credit to what we have called Stella's death-bed declaration. That story appears to us, as to Mr. Craik, intrinsically incredible: but we need not discuss it here. The real issue, when divested of all irrelevancies, comes to this—There being no direct evidence of any weight on either side, which view is most natural, most explanatory, most easily recon-

And this—the most vivid of the Dean's many vivid sayings—leads us, in conclusion, to add a word or two on Swift's literary faculty. These, however, must be very brief; and were it not that a vigorous effort has been recently made to show that, judged by his writings, Swift was not a great, but "essentially a small, and in some respects a bad man," might at this time of day have been altogether dispensed with. For there is "finality" in literature if not in politics. The writer who undertakes to demonstrate that Homer, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare, and Rabelais, and Swift were essentially small men, cannot be treated seriously. To say that he is airing a paradox is to put it very mildly; and, indeed, the offence might properly be described in much sharper language. A scientific writer who in the year 1883 attacks the law of gravitation is guilty of a scientific impertinence which all scientific men whose time is of value are entitled to resent. Swift's position in letters is equally assured, and as little matter for argument. "A Tale of a Tub," "Gulliver's Travels," the argument against abolishing Christianity, the verses on poetry and on his own death, are among the imperishable possessions of the world. The entry has been duly recorded in the National Register, and cannot now be impeached. And "the clash of the country" is not in this case a mere vague general impression, but is instructed by the evidence of the most skilful experts. To take the most recent. Scott, Macaulay, Froude, and Leslie Stephen—each in his own department—have acknowledged the supremacy of Swift. Scott regards him as the painter of character, Macaulay as the literary artist, Froude as the politician, Leslie Stephen as the moralist and the philosopher. Scott has pointed out that Lemuel Gulliver the traveller, Isaac Bickerstaff the astrologer, the Frenchman who writes the new Journey to Paris, Mrs. Harris, Mary the cookmaid, the grave projector who proposes a plan for relieving the poor by eating their children, and the vehement Whig politi-

cled with the undisputed facts, with the character of Swift on the one hand and of Stella on the other?

cian who remonstrates against the enormities of the Dublin signs, are all persons as distinct from each other as from the Dean himself, and in all their surroundings absolutely true to the life.* Mr. Froude remarks that Swift, who was in the best and noblest sense an Irish patriot, poured out tract after tract denouncing Irish misgovernment, each of them composed with supreme literary power, a just and burning indignation showing through the most finished irony. "In these tracts, in colors which will never fade, lies the picture of Ireland, as England, half in ignorance, half in wilful despair of her amendment, had willed that she should be."† Mr. Leslie Stephen, after admitting that Swift is the keenest satirist as well as the acutest critic in the English language, adds that his imagination was fervid enough to give such forcible utterance to his feelings as has scarcely been rivalled in our literature.‡ Lord Macaulay's testimony is even more valuable. Macaulay disliked Swift with his habitual energy of dislike. It must be confessed that the complex characters where heroism and weakness are subtly interwoven—Bacon, Dryden, Swift—did not lend themselves readily to the manipulation of that brilliant master.§ Yet in spite of his repugnance to the man, his admiration of the magnificent faculty of the satirist is emphatic and unstinted. Under that plain garb and ungainly deportment were concealed, he tells us, some of the choicest gifts that have ever been bestowed on the children of men—rare powers of observation; brilliant wit; grotesque invention; humor of the most austere flavor, yet exquisitely delicious; eloquence singularly pure,

manly, and perspicuous.* We need not multiply authorities. It must now be conceded, for all practical purposes, that the consent of the learned world to Swift's intellectual pre-eminence has been deliberately and finally given.

It is asserted by the same critic that Swift's reputation has been gained "by a less degree of effort than that of almost any other writer"—his writings, in point of *length*, being altogether insignificant. To this curious complaint we might be content to reply in Mr. Leslie Stephen's words: "A modern journalist who could prove that he had written as little in six months would deserve a testimonial." An age of which Mr. Gladstone is the prophet is tender to, if not vain of, verbosity; but the great books of the world are not to be measured by their *size*. Hume's "Essay on Miracles," which may be said to have revolutionized the whole course of modern thought, is compressed into some twenty pages. "A Tale of a Tub" is shorter than a Budget speech which will be forgotten to-morrow; but then—how far-reaching is the argument; the interest—how world-wide; the scorn—how consummate! Brief as Swift is, he makes it abundantly clear, before he is done, that there are no limits to his capacity. He has looked all round our globe—as from another star. It is true that with the most lucid intelligence he united the most lurid scorn. Though he saw them as from a remote planet, he hated the pigmies—the little odious vermin—with the intensity of a next-door neighbor. Yet this keenness of feeling was in a measure perhaps the secret of his power—it gave that amazing air of reality to his narrative which makes us feel, when we return from Brobdingnag, that human beings are ridiculously and unaccountably small. Swift was a great master of the idiomatic—one of the greatest; but his intellectual lucidity was not less noticeable than his verbal. His eye was indeed *too* keen, *too* penetrating: he did not see through shams and plausibilities only; he saw through the essential decencies of life as well. Thus he spoke with appalling plainness of many things which nature has wisely hidden; and he

* Memoirs of Jonathan Swift, D.D., p. 439.

† The English in Ireland. By J. A. Froude. Vol. i. pp. 501-503.

‡ English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, vol. i. p. 209, vol. ii. p. 375.

§ Addison was his literary hero; but surely, in spite of exquisite urbanity and a charming style, Addison, both as man and writer, has been prodigiously overrated by Macaulay. The others had sounded depths which his plummet could not reach, had scaled heights on which he had never adventured. This, to be sure, may have been his attraction for Macaulay, to whom the difficult subtleties of the imagination and the ardent aspirations of the spiritual life were enigmatical and antipathetic—a riddle and a byword.

* History of England, vol. iv. p. 369.

became at times in consequence outrageously coarse.

Swift, it is said, never laughed; but when he unbent himself intellectually, he was, we think, at his best. The serious biographer complains of the rough horse-play of his humor—of his weakness for puns and practical jokes. The puns, however, were often very fair; and the humorous perception that could meet William's favorite *Recepit non rapuit*, with the apt retort, The receiver is as bad as the thief—or could apply on the instant to the lady whose mantua had swept down a Cremona fiddle, *Mantua, vae miserae nimium vicina Cremona*!—must have been nimble and adroit. Even the practical joking was good in its way. The dearly beloved Roger is probably apocryphal—borrowed from some older jest-book; but the praying and fasting story, as told by Sir Walter, is certainly very comical, and seems to be authentic.* Mr. Bickerstaff's controversy with Partridge the almanac-maker is, however, Swift's highest achievement in this line. His mirth (when not moody and ferocious) was of the gayest kind—the freest and finest play of the mind. It is not mere trifling; there is strenuous logic as well as deft wit: so that even Partridge has his serious side. Whately's Historic Doubts regarding Napoleon Buonaparte are now nearly forgotten; but they suggest to us what may have been in Swift's mind when he assured the unlucky astrologer

that logically he was dead (if not buried), and that he need not think to persuade the world that he was still alive. The futility of human testimony upon the plainest matter-of-fact has never been more ludicrously yet vividly exposed.

The grave conduct of an absurd proposition is of course one of the most striking characteristics of Swift's style; but the unaffected simplicity and stolid unconsciousness with which he looks the reader in the face when relating the most astonishing fictions, is, it seems to us, an even higher reach of his art. It is quite impossible to doubt the good faith of the narrator; and when we are told that "the author was so distinguished for his veracity, that it became a sort of proverb among his neighbors at Redriff, when any one affirmed a thing, that it was as true as if Mr. Gulliver had spoken it," we are not surprised at the seaman who swore that he knew Mr. Gulliver very well, but that he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. How admirable is the parenthetical, "being little for her age," in the account of Glumdalclitch—"She was very good-natured, and not above forty feet high, being little for her age;" or the description of the queen's dwarf—"Nothing angered and mortified me so much as the queen's dwarf, who being of the lowest stature that was ever in that country (for I verily think he was not full thirty feet high), became so insolent at seeing a creature so much beneath him, that he would always affect to swagger and look big as he passed by me in the queen's ante-chamber!" One cannot believe that Swift was so unutterably miserable when he was engaged on "Gulliver," or that he wrote his "travels"—the earlier voyages at least—not to amuse the world, but to vex it. This consummate artist was a great satirist as well as a great story-teller; but it is the art of the delightful story-teller, not of the wicked satirist, that makes Gulliver immortal.

Swift's verse, like his prose, was mainly remarkable for its resolute homeliness; but when the scorn or the indignation or the pity becomes intense, it sometimes attains, as we have seen, a very high level indeed. The "Jolly Beggars" of Burns is scarcely superior in idiomatic pith and picturesqueness to

* Scott's Life of Swift, p. 381. The whole note is worth quoting, as containing some characteristic details of manner, etc. "There is another well-attested anecdote, communicated by the late Mr. William Waller of Allans-town, near Kells, to Mr. Theophilus Swift. Mr. Waller, while a youth, was riding near his father's house, when he met a gentleman on horseback reading. A little surprised, he asked the servant, who followed him at some distance, where they came from? 'From the Black Lion,' answered the man. 'And where are you going?' 'To heaven, I believe,' rejoined the servant, 'for my master's praying and I am fasting.' On further inquiry it proved that the Dean, who was then going to Laracor, had rebuked the man for presenting him in the morning with dirty boots. 'Were they clean,' answered the fellow, 'they would soon be dirty again.' 'And if you eat your breakfast,' retorted the Dean, 'you will be hungry again, so you shall proceed without it,' which circumstance gave rise to the man's *bon-mot*."

the opening stanzas of the "Rhapsody on Poetry :—"

"Not empire to the rising sun,
By valor, conduct, fortune won ;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern States ;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round—
Such heavenly influence require
As how to strike the muses' lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot ;
Not bastard of a peddler Scot ;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews ;
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies lit'ring under hedges—
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in Church, or law, or State,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire."

Yet the impeachment of Swift as the *writer* has, after all, a basis of fact. His influence was largely personal. He was greater than his books. It is easy to take up one of his pamphlets now, and criticise the style, which is sometimes loose and slovenly, at our leisure. *But it did its work.* It struck home. *That*, after all, is the true standard by which the Dean should be judged. He was a ruler of men, and he knew how to rule. If he had been bred to politics, if he had occupied a recognized

place, not in the Church, but in the House of Commons, he would have been one of our greatest statesmen. The sheer personal ascendancy of his character was as marked in political as in private life. Friend and foe alike admitted that his influence, when fairly exerted, was irresistible. He was one of those potent elementary forces which occasionally appear in the world, and which, when happily circumstanced—when not chained as Prometheus was, or tortured as Swift was—revolutionize society. The unfriendly Johnson, as we have seen, was forced to confess that for several years Swift formed the political opinions of the English nation ; and Carteret frankly admitted that he had succeeded in governing Ireland because he pleased Dr. Swift. "Dr. Swift had commanded him," said Lord Rivers, "and he durst not refuse it." And Lord Bathurst remarked, that by an hour's work in his study an Irish parson had often "made three kingdoms drunk at once." We cannot be induced to believe by any criticism, however trenchant, that the man who could do all this was not only "bad" but "small."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE LIMITS OF SCIENCE.

BY REV. GEORGE EDMUNDSON.

In his lately-published work upon *Ants, Bees, and Wasps*, Sir John Lubbock observes : "It is, I think generally assumed not only that the world really exists as we see it, but that it appears to other animals pretty much as it does to us. A little consideration is, however, sufficient to show that this is very far from being certain or even probable" (p. 182). In fact, he has established, by elaborate and careful observations, that animal organs of sense have a different range and are differently affected by external causes than the corresponding organs in human beings. He has proved, for instance, that while ants are wholly insensible to sounds which strike the human ear as being extremely loud, they appear to be furnished with organs of hearing so delicate as to be sensitive to those rapid vibrations

which are inaudible to us. Now it appears to me that this observation of Sir John Lubbock is a very suggestive one, and has an important bearing upon the question as to how far the human mind, which derives *all its information* about external Nature by means of instruments of observation confessedly coarse, imperfect, and faulty, can venture, with any hope of success, upon the task which modern science has set before it, as the ultimate aim and object of its researches and discoveries—the task of unravelling and explaining all the secrets of the universe. In plain words, Is there not a definite boundary, set on this side and on that, beyond which the utmost powers of the human intellect, *by their very nature*, cannot pass ? Is there not an unattainable to which the speculations of the human imagination

cannot reach? Are there not problems too abstruse for human reason to comprehend, too refined for human ingenuity to solve?

I hope to be able to show, in the course of this article, that the answer to these queries must be in the affirmative.

The qualifications of man, as an observer of Nature, are limited—first, by his position in the universe; second, by the imperfection of his senses. Let us discuss these points in the order indicated.

The researches of astronomers have shown that the earth which we inhabit is but a mere speck of dust, as it were, in the immensity of the universe. It is one of the smaller planets of the solar system, which is itself but one among countless myriads of similar systems scattered through infinite space. Man himself, too, according to the most recent theories of his origin by those who speak with the greatest show of authority upon the subject, is not, as was once supposed a being of special endowment, created in the image of God, but a mere natural product of the material world he inhabits; a being gradually developed, through a vast gradation of ascending orders of existence, from those lowest forms of animated substance which are still represented to us by the infusoria and the rhizopods. Now, if the true position of man in the universe be thus indicated, even with modified correctness—if the theories of astronomer and biologist stand on no insecure basis—is it not, on the face of it, preposterous that such a being should dare to imagine that he can discover and know the why and the wherefore, the laws and the causes, of all that he sees around him—that he should aspire to comprehend all the wondrous working of that infinite whole of which he forms such an infinitely insignificant atom? It would scarcely seem more supremely ridiculous were one of Sir John Lubbock's more intelligent ants, drawing its conclusions from its limited field of experience, to deliver its views upon Physical Geography. The truth, plainly stated, amounts to this: That man, by no conceivable exertion of his limited faculties, can ever penetrate beyond that minute portion of the universe to

which alone he has access, and will only be able to acquire a crude and fragmentary acquaintance with that. Facts he may tabulate, analyze and classify; he may even, after centuries of guesses and conjectures, at length hit upon certain approximate formulæ of relation between groups of observed phenomena, which he proudly labels Laws of Nature. But causes lie outside his cognizance, and he tries to veil his ignorance by the specious use of abstract terms, which, however convenient for practical purposes, are purely fictitious. A few instances will suffice. We are accustomed to find in scientific works a very free use of such terms as mass, matter, space, time, force, energy, etc. It is needless to point out that all these, and many other similar abstract terms, are not objective realities, but merely useful fictions of the human mind. For example, take abstract inert matter: such matter could not be in any way perceived by our senses, for it would, being inert, be devoid of color, light, heat, electricity, and chemical action, all of which are modes of motion. It would, in fact, be to us non-existent.

Or if we take space, are we quite clear that we have any complete cognition of the meaning of this term? Our conceptions of space are strictly three-dimensional. But mathematically there is no such limitation. By using the methods of Algebraic Geometry an equation in two variables can be shown to represent a plane curve, and an equation in three variables a surface. But then comes a pause. According to the principle of continuity there can be no valid reason why equations, involving any number of variables, should not be similarly capable of translation from Algebra to Geometry. The only assignable reason is, that n -dimensional space is inconceivable to human faculties, where n has a higher value than three. Distinguished mathematicians, such as Riemann, Helmholtz, Sylvester, and Clifford, have carefully examined into this difficult question, with the result that they think it possible that space may not everywhere have the same properties throughout the universe; and Professor Tait endeavors to explain our inability to conceive such properties by the analogy of the sensations of a book-

worm in a piece of crumpled paper.* The comparison may be described as rather apt than complimentary. Professor Zöllner has gone so far as to imagine that these unknown properties of space may account for the tricks and delusions effected by spiritualists.† Such an explanation has at least this merit, that it cannot be disproved, as is generally the case when we interpret "ignotum per ignotius."

Enough upon this head: let us proceed. Assuming that it is with but a minute superficial portion of the universe that man has power and opportunity of dealing at all, let us next inquire what are the implements by means of which he is enabled to conduct his researches even in this limited sphere of inquiry. It is plain that all perceptions of external things come through the agency of the senses (principally by the sense of seeing), which convey the impressions made upon them by special nerve-conductors to the centre of nervous action, the brain, where by some wondrous process these nerve messages are transmuted into intelligent thoughts and ideas. It is commonly asserted that the human mind is an instrument of marvellous flexibility and power, and is endowed with extraordinary capacities for invention, for discovery, and for research. But surely in connection with the subject under discussion, it is necessary to inquire *who* make these assertions? An answer is ready at once—all the greatest thinkers and philosophers, and men of learning and science. Yes; but I reply, may not all these learned men, philosophic, scientific, and otherwise, form a kind of gigantic human Mutual Admiration Society? What criterion have these to go by in estimating the intrinsic value of the human mind as a thinking machine, but themselves and their fellows? It is a universally received maxim that no man is a competent judge of his own capabilities, that no man can speak with impartiality upon the customs of his own country, as compared with those of foreign

countries; is it then to be supposed that human beings, however eminent for sagacity and wisdom, can form any fair and unprejudiced assessment of the relative range and amplitude of their own intellectual powers? Sir John Lubbock, in his above-mentioned work, points out many resemblances between human and formic nature. Both men and ants are social creatures, both make slaves, and domesticate animals. Yet who can doubt that a Treatise upon Formic Nature, written by a learned ant, would be filled with the most exalted assumptions of formic superiority? Let the parallel stand for what it is worth, it is needless to point the moral.

I will now proceed one step farther. The human brain, whatever its capabilities, can only receive its knowledge of the appearance of external Nature through the agency of the eye. The stars, for instance, would not exist to us if we did not see them; and it is by means of contrivances to enlarge and extend the power of the eye that the most important advances have been made in our acquaintance with the universe. It is clearly, then, vitally important before all things, that our eye should be a perfect contrivance, a faultless instrument. To show how far this is from being the case, it is only necessary to quote the words of the greatest authority upon the subject, Professor Helmholtz. "I need not call to mind," he says, in his address at Innspruck,* "the startling and unexpected results of ophthalmometry and optical research which have proved the eye to be a by no means more perfect instrument of research than those constructed by human hands, but on the contrary to exhibit, in addition to the faults inseparable from any dioptric instrument, others that in an artificial instrument we should severely condemn," etc. The faultiness and coarseness of construction, then, of the medium, by which alone visual impressions can be conveyed to the brain, of itself constitutes a natural limit to our powers of observation, an inherent defect, which skill and experience may diminish, but cannot eradicate. And that which has been

* See Tait, "Recent Advances in Physical Science," p. 5.

† On this read a curious passage in "A Philosophy of Immortality," by Hon. R. Noel, p. 35.

* See also his Lecture on the Eye as an Optical Instrument, *passim*.

said of the eye, applies in a greater or less degree to all the senses.

We find, then, from all these causes, that there must be a very circumscribed area to all the empirical knowledge which can be acquired by man. He may form bold hypotheses, he may devise startling theories, which in a rough and ready way fall in with and account for certain facts; but the progress of research and fresh accumulations of experiments will generally in the end tend to prove that even those theories, which are sufficiently established to be inscribed as laws of Nature, are but crude and inaccurate approximations to truth. That such has been the case with many theories which once enjoyed a considerable reputation we know. Stahl's theory of phlogiston, Prout's hypothesis that the atomic weights of elementary substances were simple multiples of hydrogen, the corpuscular theory of light, the one-fluid theory of electricity, among those of more modern times, have had their day, have been found wanting, and are discarded. Bode's law, which led to the discovery of the asteroids, has been confuted by the discovery of Neptune; and even the plausible nebular hypothesis of the origin of the universe, as conceived by Kant and worked out by Laplace, is at length threatened with discredit through the awkward discovery that one of the newly found satellites of Mars revolves round its primary in a third of the time in which the latter turns on its axis. These and other failures equally conspicuous should teach us to receive even the most confidently asserted and universally received theories of our own time with suspicious reserve.

"Chi non sa niente, non dubita di niente."

Popular scientific lecturers and writers have acquired in these days a very unpleasant habit of dogmatism. They assume an air of infallibility, and express in no measured language their mean opinion of those who do not swallow a new-fangled doctrine, however unpalatable or distasteful, without making one wry face. Science is declared to be the unerring guide to all truth, and its teachers—well, "New professor is but old prophet writ large." Not such is the spirit of truly great discoverers and

thinkers, men of the stamp of Newton and of Darwin; such men are always modest and reserved in their assertions, but the mantle of the master does not always descend upon the disciple.

All the past history of scientific progress conspires to invalidate any such infallible claims. What it teaches us is, that every hypothesis, which successfully accounts for many complicated phenomena, probably contains some, possibly a very large element of truth, almost certainly not the whole truth. Even the law of gravitation extraordinary though the confirmations be which it has received, notably by the discovery of Neptune, is perhaps only a very near approximation to the actual attracting force, which may be of a much less simple character than the product of the masses divided by the inverse square of the distance, and involve minute terms of higher orders. The complex spectra, again, of the so-called elementary bodies seems to suggest that there are many of them at any rate compound and not simple substances. In fact, what are our grounds for calling them simple substances? Why, because under the very limited conditions of pressure and temperature to which we can subject them, they refuse to be decomposed. Who knows what might be the result of applying to them the utterly different pressures and temperatures existing in other parts of the universe?

Or take the doctrine of the Conservation of Energy, a doctrine which is now received as a kind of scientific axiom, and which is certainly supported by much direct proof and powerful argument. But surely it will be time for this doctrine to claim our *unreserved* assent, when at least some attempt has been made to explain the cause and the nature of known forces, a subject of which we know absolutely nothing.

The theory, too, of Dissipation of Energy, put forth by Sir W. Thomson, is a curious corollary upon the main theory. According to Thomson all forms of energy are continually dissipating themselves throughout space in the form of heat; so that ultimately all energy would be represented by a uniform temperature, henceforth changeless and eternal, because incapable of transformation. Is it impertinent to ask

whether energy, thus perfectly stagnant, can be said to be existent at all?

Let us pass on. No branch of science has during the past half century advanced with more rapid strides than geology, and none has based upon its discoveries a more imposing structure of inference and deduction. Now, the greatest authorities upon this subject require us to believe, as a cardinal doctrine, that the ordinary slowly working forces of degradation, now in operation upon the earth, are sufficient to account for the immense geological changes that have taken place in past ages, and consequently assign countless millions of years for their gradual accomplishment. Yet Professor Tait points out that this assumption is in irreconcilable conflict with the conclusions of physical science, and that "a limit of something like ten million" years is the utmost that can be given to geologists for the speculations as to the history even of the lowest orders of fossils. "But I daresay," he adds, "many of you are acquainted with the speculations of Lyell and others, especially of Darwin, who tell us that even for a comparatively brief portion of recent geological history three hundred million years will not suffice. We say, So much the worse for geology as interpreted at present by its chief authorities."*

"Non nostrum tantas componere lites."

It is sufficient for our purpose to point out such a yawning discrepancy between rival theories of equal authority.

There are many other subjects which invite criticism. Let us select the undulatory theory of light. This theory has not only been successful in accounting for known optical facts, but has actually predicted such intricate and unexpected phenomena as conical refraction and circular polarization after two reflections in a rhomb. But, in addition to many minor points of difficulty in its path, this favored theory has encountered an obstacle of the first order. It has not been able satisfactorily to explain the "dispersion of light." Yet, if it cannot, it fails to satisfy a crucial test. To account for the "dispersion

of light," it is necessary to assume that rays of different colors are propagated with different velocities. Now, not only is such an assumption contrary to the analogy presented by sounds different in pitch, which are heard simultaneously, but is opposed to astronomical experience. When one of Jupiter's satellites, to take one instance, suddenly emerges from eclipse, it should rapidly assume in succession the different spectral colors, if the several chromatic rays travel with different velocities. Such, however, is confessedly not the case. Now a physical theory differs from a rule of syntax—it admits of no exceptions. A single discrepancy with proved fact is sufficient to condemn it:

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all."

It is scarcely worth while to examine seriously those more fanciful hypotheses by which the mind of man at once exhibits its ingenuity and its helplessness in the presence of the more recondite problems of Nature. The human imagination struggles in vain to account for the phenomena of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and chemical action, by inventing supposititious media of action. Despite inconceivable attributes and contradictory characteristics, these fictitious æthers remain proof against professorial jugglery, and refuse to perform the impossible feats required from them. Such ingenious conceptions as the "vortex-ring" theory of Thomson, or the "ultra-mundane corpuscles" of Le Sage, justly excite our admiration, simply as intellectual achievements, although the one fails to show that gaseous molecules can be considered perfectly elastic, and the other to explain action at a distance, for the simple reason that the primary assumptions in either case are inconceivable.

It is not necessary for me to proceed further with my argument, or to enter into greater detail. To do so would require more space than is at my disposal. My object in writing has not been to criticise scientific theories in any unfriendly spirit. Far be it from me to disparage the extraordinary advances that have been made in these our own days, whether we look at them from an

* Tait, "Recent Advances in Physical Science," p. 167.

intellectual or material point of view. Such undoubted progress, however, renders it the less excusable that mere conjectures and guesses at truth should be presented to the unscientific public by men of authority, who themselves know

better, or ought to know better, as doctrines established by positive and irrefutable evidence. Such conduct can only end in throwing discredit, not upon science, but upon its interpreters.—*Contemporary Review.*

THE HUMOROUS IN LITERATURE.

BY J. HENRY SHORTHOUSE.

Was Hamlet a fluke? Is the highest attainment possible to the human intellect "to roll joyously about on a dunghill, thinking no evil? as was said of Rabelais. Is all consciousness and intention fatal to the highest literature? and is design, driven from theology, to be allowed no resting-place in letters either? Is the quality we call humor the only salt that will keep the memory of a writer fresh for centuries? and, if so, what are the essentials of this surprising quality? Who are the masters in the science of it? Who is the chief priest of its ritual? Is it another name for human life, or is it something apart and partial? Is it a modern faculty and of recent birth, or has mankind always possessed and valued it? Had Shakespeare humor? What was the origin of the word? Did it originate with the surgeons? Did . . . but—Have you any more questions? the startled reader may reasonably ask; and seeing that we may never be able to answer those already propounded, it may be as well, at least for the present, not to ask any more.

Some people probably would make very short work of some of these questions. It is *not* the highest result of the intellect to roll about on a dunghill, joyously or otherwise. Humor is *not* human life, but only a certain aspect of it, and that not a very elevated one. If I believed this last assertion I should not go on with this paper, but if the sources of this work lie so deep in the realities of life that the highest genius cannot exist without the recognition of its meaning; if, as the race grows more intellectual, it may be expected to grow more sensitive to the influence of this quality, though its power of achieving it may possibly become less, then it may

be worth while to try to clear our minds a little concerning this word, and to settle to our own satisfaction, if possible, what we mean by it.

For it would seem that beneath the masque of the comic actor lie the issues of great controversies, and that the opponents have recognized in the jester's laugh the truest test of what lies at the root of human existence. On the one hand we are asked lugubriously * "whether the greatest men," those of deepest and widest outlook—Sophocles, Dante, Shakespeare, Beethoven—have found the world a merry place, or "have been much pleased with life?" No one is so, we are charitably informed, but "children and grown-up children, some of the selfish rich, and a few peculiarly happy natures." On the other hand we hear, "if the great humorist Circumstance proves to be so fond of fun, he must be a benevolent king, and therefore all is well;" we have nothing to do but roll joyously about upon our dunghill. Can it be that Touchstone's motley garb is the emblem of a solution which will deliver us from these extremes—for extremes are always wrong?

Have men always possessed and valued the quality of humor, and how long have they called it by this word? I have some difficulty in deciding which of these questions to take first, they are both so important. The word is yet scarcely fitted to the quality, yet if the latter be such as we believe it to be, it must have been the most ancient possession of the race. I think we shall find it such, for the humor of Aristophanes is as pure as that of later days and runs upon the same lines—man's folly and

* "Macmillan's Magazine," December, 1882, p. 159.

far-reaching thought, his littleness and his lofty dreams, his weakness and his power. In the *Plutus* is the germ of Don Quixote and Sancho. In the *Birds* and *Frogs*, human life is played with; amid graceful rhythm and music, with as delicate and genial a touch as Addison's, and with a melody as perfect as Mr. Matthew Arnold's. Much the same may be said for Terence, but the distinguishing quality is not so marked; it is more of the unconscious sort; nor is the medium so delicate and graceful; for it does not follow that because man had not yet learned to use the word, that there was not even then conscious and unconscious humor.

Now, I think, we must go back again to our first question—Was Hamlet a fluke? for this brings us at once face to face with a question which we must answer—Is genius conscious or unconscious? Speaking of *Werther*, Goethe, said that there was an old prejudice that a book must have a didactic purpose: "a true exhibition of life," he says, "has no such purpose. It neither justifies nor blames, but unfolds ideas and actions in their relations, and thereby teaches and enlightens." In other words, is genius so infinite that intention is contrary to its nature and shows that it is not genius? or, to put it another way, human life is so infinite in its incongruities, in its pathos, in its meanings, and its hopes, that to describe it with the intention and puny vision of a finite being is to destroy its infiniteness and to confuse its delicate lines; whereas, if the artist copies unconsciously the life which is about and before him, he cannot err—the lesson must be read aright.

If this be so, then, the paltriest fact of human existence, the stupidest life of the veriest clown, is more pregnant of truth, more full of teaching, than the maturest thought of the greatest genius, and we cannot shrink from the climax reached in the modern paradox—that the humor of Cervantes, which has to do largely with the unseen and the divine, is *terrene*, while that of Sterne, which never recognizes aught save the exigencies of the moment—including an insistent exigence called Death—is derived from the eternal order of things.

But may we not oppose to this brill-

iant theory, with some show of reason, that intention is necessary to art; that if life be a lesson so easily read by him that runs, wherein is the advantage of letters at all? The careless do not read the lesson of life; it is the function of the true artist, whom we take to be the humorist, to point the moral, and we say that by the manner in which he does so he shows his skill.

The greatest genius, *qua* genius, that ever wrote, undoubtedly lends a vast support to the theory which I am opposing. Indeed it would probably never have been propounded had Shakespeare never lived; for in Shakespeare we find neither consciousness nor intention, nothing but life in infinite variety, fed from the well-springs of human feeling, and ruled by the inevitable forces that keep the issues of life and death. That, when he began *Hamlet*, Shakespeare had no intention of doing more than dramatizing a bald story out of Saxo Grammaticus, is probably true; but it surely is a poor compliment to creative genius to assert that it is too stupid to understand a character as it grows under its touch. It will be admitted, I think, by those who have attempted such things, that the most delightful part of their experience is the way in which characters do grow and develop, as it seems, independently of the author. They form their own story, and pursue their own course; but is the author the only person concerned who is not allowed to see this? *Hamlet* became a lesson for all time because Shakespeare, having set himself to write a story with a tragic ending, had the sense to let his character work itself out upon those lines, and those alone, which lead to tragic issues. "It is a text," says Dr. Gervinus, "from true life, and therefore a mine of the profoundest wisdom." That Shakespeare understood the character of Hamlet, and also that such meaning grew upon him, we seem to have positive proof, from the additions which he afterward made to the first cast of the play; every one of which, as Dr. Gervinus also says, "assist to a more true understanding of the piece."

But whatever we may say of *Hamlet*, it is certain that the *Quixote* was not a fluke. The one thing which in this, the great masterpiece of humor, is kept be-

fore the reader from the first page to the last, is the nobility of this crazed Spanish gentleman, and, what is more, the humor is not only recognized by the author, it is perceived by the characters themselves, as, in real life, people understand the humor of the situation. With an exquisite truth all the *gentlemen* are made to recognize it. There is not a gentleman in the book but, the moment he comes across Don Quixote, recognizes not only his worth but the humor of his craze. "Para aquellos que la tenían del humor de Don Quixote era todo esto materia de grandissima risa." "For all those who understood the humor of Don Quixote all this was a matter of infinite laughter." And even those who were not gentlemen, but who as servants were accustomed to associate with gentlemen, saw it. "If this be not a concerted jest," said one of the servants of Don Lewis, "I cannot persuade myself that men of such good understanding as all these are or seem to be, can venture to affirm" such things. The crass stupidity which talked of "laughing Spain's chivalry away," has been, I should hope, sufficiently exposed. On the contrary, "most of his hearers being gentlemen, to whom the use of arms properly belongs, they listened to him gladly." "Antes como todos los mas eran Cavalleros, á quien son anexas las armas, le escuchiavan de muy buena gana."

I do not contend that Cervantes realized the full extent of his conception, to do so would have been to limit its applicability. He could not, for instance, see the force of the allegory, which grows in import and truth as the years go on, which underlies the story of the liberation of the galley slaves, and it is possible that he may have been unaware of the perfect ending of the whole matter which his genius led him to adopt. He may have pandered to what he supposed was the popular opinion of his hero by making him die repentant and false to the ideal of his life; but by doing so he did but point with supreme force the allegory and lesson of his wonderful book. Whatever Cervantes may not have intended, or have been conscious of, it is certain that he intended to point out the incongruity of human existence—the contrast of man's

highest aspirations with his possibilities—and not, as has been asserted, his "ludicrous futility in his relations to his fellow-men." Man is not futile in such relations; he is most helpful and competent. It is when he comes into contact with the "universal harmony" that the futility manifests itself. From the first the *Quixote* has been read from these different points of view; is it possible that some inquiry into the origin of the faculty of humor will enable us to reconcile them?

The word must have had its birth in Europe, for we have seen that Cervantes uses it in precisely the same sense that Ben Jonson understands by it.

What does the author of *Every Man out of his Humor* say?

"Why Humour . . . we thus define it
To be a quality of ayre or water
And in itself holds these two qualities
Moisture and fluxure : as, for demonstration,
Powre water on this floor, 'twill wet and
run,
Likewise the ayre (forc't through a horn, or
trumpet)
Floues instantly away, and leaves behind
A kind of dew ; and hence we may conclude
That whatsoe'er hath fluxure, and humiditie,
As wanting power to contain itself
Is Humour. So in every humane body
The Choller, melancholy, flegme, and blood,
By reason that they flow continually
In some one part, and are not continent,
Receive the name of humours. Now thus
far
It may, by metaphor, apply itself
Unto the general disposition :
As when some one peculiar quality
Doth so possess a man, that it doth draw
All his affects, his spirits, and his powers,
In their confusions, all to run one way,
This may be truly said to be a Humour."

No inking of the modern sense here. Asper, farther on, says—

"I go
To turn an actor and a Humourist ;"

but he means nothing more than that he will represent the humors of other men. He charges indeed—

. . . "these ignorant well-spoken days"
with

"abuse of this word Humour ;"
so that—

. . . "if an Idiot
Have but an apish, or phantastic strain,
It is his Humour."

And it may be possible to find a germ of

future growth in these last words, for these quotations seem to me of chief value as pointing out that the condition of true humorous thought is individuality.

This assertion receives confirmation from the time when humor began to be consciously talked of, especially in Italy, where Cervantes had lived.

In the middle ages, life was too serious for the individual to grow. Thought was epic; its theme was man's greatness, rather than his littleness. It occupied itself with those qualities in which he resembles the gods, not with those in which he resembles nothing save a creature as complex as himself, if such there be. In an age of great ideals the individual is crushed: where all men are of one mind there is no room for humorous eccentricity. The surroundings are stern and oppressive, and the result is a simple character and singleness of eye. The force which was afterward developed as humor acted in other ways. It spoke out in the arising of chivalry. Europe was regenerated by the enthusiasm for women which was a passion, a humor, of the Germanic tribes. This vital force was overpowered by superstition and the priesthood, and once again it broke out, in very different form, in the Renaissance. There is always this blessed quality in superstition—it stupefies itself. Life is crippled, defaced, caricatured, a mere torso of humanity as in Rabelais. Then superstition loses its power, and life breaks out once more. The Renaissance was a peculiar manifestation of this force: its ideal was humanity, it developed a new science, humanism, and it culminated in humor.

Human life became individual at the Renaissance, for it was then that man began to realize the certainties of his state and dwelling-place. To this sympathy with, and understanding of humanity as it is, was added an inheritance which the classic times knew nothing of—the lurid glow of the infinite—a world of emotion and of hope, and of unspeakable possibilities. Men could not forget altogether the ideals of the past centuries. When this new force—this principle of humanism—awoke, with new-born delight, in a world of color and of form and the recollections of the

old humanity, it found itself also in contact with these awful realities, these great beliefs, which once conceived could never be forgotten. Then humanity was seen for the first time in relation to its eternal environment, the unswerving realities of existence by which it is conditioned; humanity as complete as in the pagan times—the eternal existences as the pagan never saw them. The antithesis was complete, the incongruities of life flashed upon the human consciousness, and humor became a conscious faculty of the brain.

This great brain-wave passed over into England, where the vibration of its note found strings of perfect accord. The sadness and melancholy of the English humor, vivified and warmed by this brilliant sunbreak from the lands of color and of pleasure, formed a setting of surpassing mellowness, and elevated and purified the wildness and license of the original birth into a work of perfect, if fantastic, tone. There is something of wonderful grace in this development of the Renaissance spirit in the Shakespearian drama. In Jacques and Touchstone—in *Love's Labor's Lost*, and in Oliver and the Duke in *Twelfth Night*, there is something of Italian courtliness, mingling with the sad rough phlegm of the English humor, which is peculiarly charming and very curious, especially when found in Shakespeare, usually so reckless in projecting the habits and thought of England into all countries and times. The mere masques and pantomimes which, in the preceding reigns, had wandered over into England by the medium of the French wars, culminate here, in the Elizabethan culture, in this combination of perfect humor, wherein

"The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring glances of the fool."

But our insular dulness was too gross. The English genius kept the humor, but, except for a moment in Addison, lost the grace. The superiority of the English genius, however, is shown by comparing this combination, while it lasted, with the humor of Scarron and Le Sage. The nearest approach to it in these latter writers will be found, I think, in *Le Diable Boiteux* elevated and relieved as this admirable picture

of a great city is, by the beautiful story of the Count de Belfleur.

I have said that the English genius kept the humor while losing the grace. That it did so was greatly owing to peculiar circumstances which favored the culture of individual character. As in the middle ages, the individual had little scope, so in modern centralization it is again lost. It is, therefore, in the period between these two epochs that we must look for humor, and accordingly it is here, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that we shall find it. The last century was particularly fertile in individual character among all classes of the people. Village life was peculiarly productive of it. The difficulty of locomotion kept people in one place, and undisturbed by constant contact from without, the individual had time and room to expand and grow. Newspapers were unknown, and all men's minds were not modelled into one fashion every morning by the newspaper train. The clergy, the doctors, and many of the gentry, inhabiting the innumerable manor houses and parsonages that covered the land, carried with them a quaint and original scholarship from universities as yet innocent of the degree grinding-mill. The distinction of classes was much less marked than at present. Domestic service was a friendly and intimate relation. The village lad was constantly rising to the university, by the aid of twenty pounds from the squire. A two days' journey by stage or on horseback was an education in life, with its constant change of companionship, and its study of character. In the villages, and in cathedral and market towns, all classes lived side by side in friendly and mutual help, and the smiling plenty of the land—rivers abounding with fish and coverts with game—which as yet no absorbing central markets tore ruthlessly from the dwellers on the soil, a smokeless sky, and ample leisure mellowed the human mind, and disposed it toward a genial and gay esteem of life—a striking characteristic of the old civilization, most inadequately replaced by the tyrannous chatter of to-day.

This village life, with its plenty, its humorous instinct, and its genial neighborliness is well seen in Sterne, and has

been well depicted by the late Lord Lytton, and by one, who, within the lines which he set himself, and which he never overpassed, was perhaps the most perfect humorist that ever wrote—Washington Irving. In Hone's "Table Book"* there is a sketch of a city worthy, written by Hone himself, but which would do credit to Charles Lamb, which illustrates with distinctness what a fertile source of humor this individuality of character was, and how with such examples around him the humoristic writer naturally grew into existence, and found materials ready to his hand.

The whole nation, familiar with this life, recognized the Shandean humor as true, and it was continued in English literature. Curious and graphic examples of it are to be found, even to a late date, in "Poor Robin's Almanac," which, started, as is said, by the poet Herrick, himself a mean humorist, was for more than a century the most original of its brethren. But Sterne's humor was only developed by this life; Don Quixote, Sir Roger de Coverley, and Uncle Toby are, alike, the offspring of it. They all correspond to this highest mark of the humorous character—perfection in itself—the ridiculous and pathetic blended into one. It is not enough to depict a ludicrous character and side by side with it, a pathetic. This is the work of the dramatist but not of the humorist. It must be admitted, I think, that the humor of the *Spectator* is mostly of this character. The effect is produced by the alternation of grave and lively papers, now a lively letter from a rake, then a discourse upon immortality, but in Sir Roger the two are united, as far as each goes, as much as in the highest effort of humorous writing. Sir Roger is, in fact, a mild reproduction of Don Quixote.

Let us turn back in recollection over the pages of the *Spectator*, and see with what a magic touch Mr. Addison brings the world of English life, both of city and country, before us. Mr. Thackeray does not, I venture to think, rise to the full estimate of Addison's work.

"It is as a taller of small talk that we

* Vol. ii. p. 446, ed. 1830.

love him," he says, and "as a spectator of mankind." The last is surely true, but is the first? Addison's talk is never small; his lightest touch in the description of the slightest fop, has as deep a meaning as his paper upon Westminster Abbey. "In Addison's kind court only minor cases are tried." Indeed! I should have thought that was a "hanging assize" in which the foul plays were lashed with a withering sarcasm. Addison's humor was permeated with intention and purpose, and with insight into the whole of life.

It is here that he rises immeasurably above Fielding, and here, I think, we again gain a clear insight into the real facts of the unconscious theory with respect to genius. The theory contains much truth, as we have seen, but the chances are that such writers as Fielding are unconscious, because they only see, and can therefore only describe, part of life. *Tom Jones* is nature, but, as Addison said, "nature in its lowest form."

Fielding has always gained by being contrasted only with Richardson, and by being opposed by him. Addison was dead; it was fortunate for Fielding that the rapier was rusted, and the skilled hand cold.

Miss Martineau speaks graphically somewhere, of an "upright manhood following upon a gallant youth" and Sir Richard Steele, in the *Spectator*, says "a man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest may at the same time have wit, humor, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities [for the purpose, Sir Richard means, of filling an agreeable part in play or tale] twenty occasions might be invented to show that he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and improve the heart of a man of sense when he is given up to his pleasures." Rather a different ideal this, to the handsome booby, devoid of intellect and of every conceivable virtue, save a certain stupidity which prevents his being a hypocrite, who drags his tedious and dirty steps through a slough of coarseness and filth. That Fielding could do better, he proved in the character of Amelia, where we get that most exquisite sight—the purity which walks unspotted through evil of every kind.

It has been well pointed out that this contrast forms the *raison d'être* of the obscene in humor.* "It arises from an acute apprehension of this great and eternal incongruity of man's existence—the conflict of a spiritual nature, and such aspirations as man's, with conditions entirely physical, and perhaps the only truly philosophical definition of the word 'indecent' would be this, 'a painful and shocking contrast of man's spiritual with his physical nature.'" Very true! but in order to have this contrast, we must surely have both sides represented in something like equal proportion, and it is worthy of notice that Richard Steele, who may be supposed to have known something about the matter, charges the playwright with being obscene merely because his wit and invention fails. Mr. Traill, one of the charms of whose brilliant monograph is impartiality, will admit that this charge is sometimes true of Sterne.

The *Spectator* shirks no evil—the fopling, the rake, the coquette, the fallen seamstress, the stage at its lowest depths. Old London rises before us with all the sin and all the charm of city life—when cities were inhabited—that life and that humor which Charles Lamb so loved. A few months before his death he writes: "On Wednesday I was a-gadding, Mary gave me a holiday, and I set off to Snow-hill. From Snow-hill I deliberately was marching down with noble Holborn before me, forming in mental cogitation a map of the dear London in prospect, thinking to traverse Wardour Street, etc., when diabolically . . ." In this love of city life, of this weakness and this purity, all humorists indeed are alike—the realities of life, the petty details, the daily paltriness, the soil and tarnish, the glitter and the taint, the serpent trail even—if these be not the field of humor, then humorists have been wrong.

I have already ventured to differ from Mr. Thackeray in his opinion of Addison. I have also to do so as to Pope and Swift. I fail to detect the slightest humor in Pope; indeed I have sometimes thought that Mr. Thackeray's lecture upon Pope must have been inspired

* Article on "English Men of Letters—Sterne," *Athenæum*, Nov. 18th, 1882.

by sly humor itself. How else can we account for his extraordinary enthusiasm for the concluding passage of the *Dunciad*? The artificial satire of Pope seems to be wit, and the savagery of Swift, satire illuminated by wit.

But Mr. Thackeray was not only a writer upon humor. He was the author of one book which will probably in the future stand among the few masterpieces of humor. I mean of course *Vanity Fair*. It would be grotesque to dwell upon the excellences of this great work—its life-painting, minute as a photograph yet warm and rounded with all the delicacy of color, its crowded canvases, gay and bustling with movement, the reserved strength of its invective, the point of its irony, the power of its narrative, as in the scenes in Belgium, which never drops into mere narrative, but constantly preserves the human character-play, so that it is not the author who narrates, but the real personages of the novel who act—the tremulous change from the comic to the pathetic, and the perfect tone of its pathos. The comic in Thackeray may sometimes drop into caricature as in the schoolmaster, the Rev. Lawrence Veal, but his pathos (unlike that of Dickens) invariably rings clear and true.

It has always seemed to me one of the greatest proofs of the power of this book, that it survived the most painful illustrations with which the author, with a distressing perversity, insisted upon ornamenting it. It is not only that they are badly drawn; they are utterly contrary to the conception which the author had formed of his own characters. The men are broken-down swindlers, the women impossible scarecrows.

But, while fascinated by the brilliancy of *Vanity Fair*, what we have to decide is whether, and in what, it falls short of the very highest perfection. I venture to think that it does so fall short, and that the reason is given on its title-page. It is there called, "A Novel without a Hero." This seems to me to be precisely what it is, and what all Mr. Thackeray's work is; it lacks the ideal. The standard is low even for *Vanity Fair*, but curiously the story is not confined to *Vanity Fair*; if it were, the book would not be so great as it undoubtedly is. It pre-

sents life; it is conscious of the infinite, but it has no hero. Dobbin is unselfish and noble, but his ideal is Amelia. Constantly spooning after a foolish woman is not the end of existence, and that book which represents it as such cannot take the highest rank as a mirror of human life. Henry Esmond fails in a precisely similar way, but with even less excuse. He sacrifices himself and his country, almost his honor, to a wretched girl, who repeatedly jilts him. In both these lives, the result, even when the coveted end is obtained, is declared by Mr. Thackeray to be vanity. Love even is vanity.

"The victor hours scorn
The long result of love."

This is the lesson which Thackeray set himself to teach, with what struck even himself at last as a wearisome iteration, "All is vanity!" It is not true. Life is not vain. There is success before every man, if self-surrender, serenity of mind, and euthanasia be any test of success.

"If he who liveth, learning whence woes
spring,
Endureth patiently, striving to pay
His utmost debt for ancient evil done
In Love and Truth always ;

* * * * *
"He dying—leaveth as the sum of him
A life-count closed, whose ills are dead and
quit,
Whose good is quick and mighty, far and
near,
So that fruits follow it.

"No need hath such to live as ye name life :
That which began in him when he began
Is finished : he hath wrought the purpose
through
Of what did make him man."

—*Light of Asia.*

Thackeray's perfectly successful characters, Major Pendennis, Foker, Barnes Newcome, are all of this type, men without an ideal. George Warrington is perhaps the finest character he ever drew. Colonel Newcome may very fitly be compared to Sir Roger de Coverley. It is a perfectly beautiful creation, and did it occur in *Vanity Fair* would go far to perfect the book; but coming from Mr. Thackeray's pen, it can scarcely fail to strengthen the painful feeling suggested by his good women, that goodness is weak. None of Mr. Thackeray's

good women are real ; they are so unnaturally foolish. I shall gain no thanks by the assertion, so I make it without hesitation—that the heroine of the exquisite *Story of Elizabeth* is worth all the good women Mr. Thackeray ever drew ; and the same may be said of Dolly in *Old Kensington*.

It is this presence of the ideal which perfects the masterpieces of German humor, the result of that outburst of intellectual development which began with Lessing. *Wilhelm Meister* is full of the ideal, so is *Werther* and the *Wahlverwandtschaften*. "Here, as in a burial urn," wrote Goethe of this last, "many a sad experience is buried." Some may hesitate in applying the title of humorist to Goethe at all ; but if it be humor to blend with surpassing skill into one life-piece the noble and the frivolous, the simple hearted and the sarcastic, the pure and the foul, then the genius which has given Philina in the same book that revealed the "secrets of a beautiful soul" ("fair Saint" as Carlyle has chosen to call her) which has created in the *dramatis personæ* of the *Lehrjahre*, a phantasmal and yet real world of marvellous variety, of gayety and pathos, has surely conferred upon its possessor the right to be so called.

But it was reserved for Germany to produce in Jean Paul Richter the greatest and most perfect humorist, if we except the author of *Don Quixote*, that the world has yet seen. I doubt even whether Jean Paul does not surpass Cervantes in some respects. I am content to rest this assertion on the fantastic story of the friends Leibgeber, with their whimsical changes of identity and simulated deaths, which begins in *Siebenkäs*, and is completed in *Titan*. The story from the beginning is strangely touching, and full of the deepest humor ; but when in *Titan* one of these friends, who now calls himself Schoppe, becomes, as is perhaps not to be wondered at, finally deranged ; the psychological interest is intensified with a marvellous power of genius.

Schoppe's madness is of a different kind from that of Don Quixote, or of any enthusiast, and of a far more terrible kind. To the crazed brain of the Spanish gentleman nothing came amiss, nothing disturbed him. Giants might

turn into windmills, ladies into peasant girls, and their soft hands into hard cords, but this was only what might be expected to occur in the death struggle in which he was engaged with the powers of evil enchantment and guile. The madness of Schoppe is of that terrible kind which is recognized by its victim ; and surely, in the whole range of literature, never has the terrible disease been so perfectly portrayed.

It has been said that the machinery of ventriloquism and jugglery (*diablerie* in fact) which is introduced into *Titan* impairs its beauty and does not help the development of character, but with this criticism I am quite unable to agree. These fantastic, but quite accountable appearances, the "father of death," the inflated figure carried up to heaven by gas, the complicated machinery which, at the fated moment, animates statues and "hearts without a breast," the Bald-head and his madhouse of wax figures, the forgotten burial-ground in the mystic gardens ; all these are not only full of a grotesque humor, but actually exerted a powerful influence upon the characters of the romance. Events such as these which are laughable or childish to a self-contained mind, are productive of surprising and terrible results when seen through the medium of passion or of disordered intellect. At a certain period of incipient derangement, a very slight apparent violation of the expected and the known is unspeakably terrible, and may upset irrevocably the equilibrium of the mind. When the mind is struggling to retain its hold upon fact, and to do its duty, so to speak, to the real, there is a sense of unspeakable wrong and injustice when the real seems to change its nature and to cease to be depended upon. Were the earth as firm as adamant, he could not keep his step correctly ; but when the earth shifts too, when by accident, or the fantastic action of other men, or by villainous design, nature seems to enter into the plot, what becomes of the wretch, then ?

In Schoppe's case the psychological study is appallingly instructive. The man had chosen

"To vary from the kindly race of men,
And pass beyond the goal of ordinance
Where all should pause, as is most meet for
all."

He had struggled forward after infinite reality beyond the point at which the human brain can maintain its steadiness on the dizzy ridge, and returned crazed and scared from the glance into the pit itself. He had despised the common realities among which man is meant to dwell; he had neglected nature's teaching, which is present in every mouthful of common food by which the brain is fed, and in consequence nothing is real to him. This is the most terrible form of insanity, when the sense of phantasm is present at every moment to the victim. He himself is phantasmal; he is not himself—somewhere among the festivals and village maidens, the pleasant meadows and moist hills and woods of his native land (that blessed sense of moisture which he can never feel), there is another and a happy being, his former self—his sane, his collected self—the self of former years, when love had not given place to irony, nor allowance to sarcasm; the self of boyhood and of youth, when those brilliant guides and thoughts of the mind were fresh and innocent, which have since led him such a wizard's satanic dance. But if he is not himself, *what then is he?* Ah, God! should he ever meet that other one, anywhere, face to face!

It is surely a most appropriate function of genial and kindly humor to point such a moral as this, but it can only be very seldom that a genius arises equal to the dual task. I incline to think that it will be found the most surprising fact in literature that the humorist who had such a childlike fanciful delight in sunshine and flowers, whose heart melted with love to God and tenderness and sympathy at the sight of every living thing, to whom, not only the very beasts, but the most degraded and repulsive of his fellow-men were dear, could conceive and execute so elaborate and careful a study of a mental course so opposed to his own. It is not a sketch merely; Schoppe's whole life and conversation is before us, worked out in the fullest detail, and we trace step by step the downward course of a nature at the bottom genial and kindly, but whose very geniality is alienated by the want of such quality in others, to whom the sarcastic and the bitter has become the

food and sustenance, not the corrective salt of the mind. With its grotesqueness, with its ludicrous side, with its terrific earnestness, with its ghastly terror, its laughter and its tears, this surely must be perfect humor if such can be found.

"Laughter and tears." This brings us back to the old definition of humor, and we begin to ask ourselves what this juxtaposition really means. We read of a certain incident, and we laugh—Why?—because the incident recalls a chain of associated ideas connected with laughter in past years. We read of another incident, or perhaps the same, and we weep—Why?—because the incident now recalls an association of ideas connected with the pleasing melancholy which results in tears. A delicate and high note is struck when laughter passes into tears; we recognize our own story; the comic, the commonplace, is touched, as it has been some time, surely, with all of us, by a divine emotion; the mystic chord is struck, which is peopled by a magic throng—the sunlit garden of childhood, the first ideal, the remembrance of the dead, the benign influences which stand within the portal, and the kindly ritual of the hearth.

I have said "the pleasing melancholy which results in tears," for we must decide what tears mean.

One of the greatest of poets, in a most often-quoted line, speaks of

"Thoughts which lie too deep for tears,"

And another, perhaps equally great, has called such tears as these "idle," though at the same moment he says that they spring from the

"Depths of some divine despair."

Let us think what we mean when we glibly quote these words. What are these things which "lie too deep for tears"?

One thing, indeed, we know—crushing sorrow—no man ever wept at that. No man ever wept at the apprehension that what was dearest to him would be taken away; nor did he weep even when it was so taken: and none ever wept under a still more terrible visitation, the misgiving at life's lesson, which is despair. The lady who could find no tears for the crushing blow which desolated her life, weeps at the sight of

her infant child. For these crushing sorrows, either of our own or others, are, happily, not part of our daily lives, and have no chords of association connecting them with a happy past. They stand aside, like gaunt Erinnyes, and our heart-strings feel no responsive tremor to their touch.

It would seem then that it is these thoughts which do *not* lie too deep for tears with which we have to do; and I think that we shall soon see how near akin is laughter to such genial beneficent tears. There are many kinds of laughter—the innocent laugh of the child, easily turned, by the by, to tears; the drunken laugh of the fool—and have we not heard of maudlin tears?—and the laugh of the cynic. In the same way there are different kinds of tears—tears of passion, tears of grief, tears of tenderness. All these have one source, association of idea; the sole difference is in the nature of the idea evoked.

It is a subject that would lead us into discursive paths, but one thing seems pretty certain, that Cervantes' masterpiece, which, at its first appearance, was received with shrieks of laughter, will come in the end to be recognized as one of the saddest books ever written. Can it be possible, then, that the emotion which displays itself sometimes in laughter and sometimes in tears is, in fact, one and the same? When we think over various humorous scenes we begin to wonder where the laughter is. When Don Quixote, believing himself the victim of enchantment, sits steadily through the dark night upon his horse, whose hind legs Sancho has tied to a tree so that his master may not move forward to confront the fearful unknown danger in front of them, you may look at the scene through Sancho's eyes even, and I think that on the whole the smile will be faint and the seriousness deep.

For the thoughts which move the nerves of laughter, also, the quality of association slightly changed, stir the source of tears. The incongruities of life, when first they strike the mental retina, have the effect of surprise and cause laughter, but, when familiar, are associated with ideas of tenderness which have lain long in deep remembrance. The idea of Don Quixote with his horse's legs tied, strikes the brain of one

man as a ludicrous one. He has been accustomed to laugh at such things, the like ideas, as we say, tickle him; this tickling sensation and the consequent laughter are pleasant to him, therefore instinctively he repeats the process. To another man this self-same idea suggests other associations. He has been accustomed to view the realities of life, its incongruities and littlenesses, from the pathetic side, and to derive pleasure from so doing, and curiously this sort of pleasure, acting by association, does not produce laughter. The idea is conveyed to the sensorium as before, but instead of being transmitted thence to the muscles of the mouth it is conveyed to the ducts of the eyes. In the far-off prehistoric age, tears, for some reason unknown to us, became the form by which sorrow was expressed, and consequently that sensibility—what we may call the nerve of tenderness, or what the last century would call the "tear of sensibility"—which realizes thoughts akin to sorrow, takes the same course. "As I am a great lover of mankind," says Mr. Addison, "my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at any public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy, *with tears that have stolen down my cheeks.*"

These two perceptions of the ludicrous and pathetic, this sympathy with the passing joy of a people to whom sorrow is a familiar guest, is what we mean by perfect humor. It is the most delicate feeling we experience. It is laughter purified, gayety refined into a joy of tenderness, and peace, and love—as we frequently observe a joyful cheerfulness among people who have known sorrow. For tenderness and sympathy, being the highest joy, take the same form of expression as the sorrow which is their source and sustenance; and so completely is this the case that it is scarcely an hyperbole to say that in a perfectly joyful world, there would be no such thing as joy.

There is still one question before us. If humor be what we have claimed for it, not mere farce but a depicting of the whole of human life, then we should expect that the highest literature should be found to contain it. We should expect to find it everywhere, that it should

satisfy all that desire which a reading in theology, or philosophy, or science, or history, or a study in art has created in man; are there then any great books, or still more any great forces of human life which seem devoid of it? Is there any humor in the Gospels? This is a dilemma that must be faced, for if humor be life itself how can human life in its highest development dispense with it?

In the sixty-eighth *Spectator*, Addison says, speaking of the son of Sirach, "with what strokes of Nature, I had almost said of Humor, has he described a treacherous friend." If humor is nature then—if the laughter in it is only a preliminary step to the seriousness which is the highest joy, to that joy which Mr. Addison says he could not forbear expressing by tears at the sight of the solemnities and enjoyments of men, then we may remember that though it is true that there is no laughter in the story of the Cross, yet this familiar phrase reminds us that it was by story, that the world was won to God; and, if words mean anything, we must mean by this, that it was because mankind recognized its own nature in the preaching of the life and death of Jesus that it was attracted by it. One of the many brilliant epigrams with which Mr. Matthew Arnold has enriched the language, is that in which he described religion as "conduct touched by emotion." It was the emotion born of the daily relations of human life which men found satisfied in the story of Jesus Christ, for the patient tendency of a slow development had prepared men to recognize the kind of God of which they had need; and, from the beginning of the race, forces were working to this end, which deserve scientific examination as much as any that at present occupy the attention of the physical schools. The origin of all religion is in the needs and incidents of daily life. All emotion, that is all love and passion, springs from the same source. No form of religion ever succeeded which did not spring from these incidents, which did not pretend at least to satisfy these needs.

It was no new idea that God should take upon Him the form of man. Beginning probably with a healthy enjoy-

ment of the beauty of life, men formed the conception that the gods themselves must desire to share it. But, as the sorrowful predominates in most lives, this idea grew imperceptibly into a nobler one, that the God became incarnate to bring healing and help. This was the form which the cultus of Apollo took among the Greeks, and at last, in the Scandinavian Balder, we get the idea that the God was incarnate and then died.

In these, and such as these, the notion was of a God—great and glorious—but the preachers of the Cross told, indeed, of a Healer, but of a rejected Healer. They told of a homeless wanderer, of harlots and sinners, of shepherds, and sowers, and fishermen, of the wine-press and vine-dressers, of father and mother and of family life, of marriage and festival, of the bridegroom and his friend. They spoke of suffering and of failure and of unrecognized death. Then men saw in all this something different from the bright sun-god of the Hellenes, or the Fated Balder of the chivalrous north, and said with whispered breath to themselves and to each other, "This is the God we need." And the same magic is working to the present day. The book which, in the present century, has had the greatest sale of all others is John Keble's *Christian Year*, and why? Because, across the poetic *Fantaisie** of flowers, and woods, and winds, and hills, we trace the passion-play of a suffering, self-denying life and death. The footsteps of the God are upon earth and among earthly things

. . . "Beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow."

And if *His* feet are torn and bleeding by the roughness of the way, the purple stains upon the flower tissues that form our home-garlands prove only that we are *His* kin.

But, is it true that there is no humor in the Gospels? "What strokes of nature, if not of humor," to use Mr. Addison's words again, may we find in the story, let us say, of the prodigal son? What, in the light of the modern

* "Fantaisie" is the name of a prince's garden in Jean Paul.

conception of humor, will come out of this?

Here, surely, there is no want of real life—of low life, even. Here is a wild young scamp, as like Tom Jones as heart could wish. Here is ingratitude, forgetfulness of parents, riotous living, taverns, harlots, what not? Then beggary and feeding swine and living upon husks. Then, when evil-living is found not to answer, penitence—like Tom Jones again.

And "when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him," along the stony road beneath the vine-clad hills. Who can tell us how often the father's eyes had gazed longingly down the road since his son's figure, gay, reckless of the benefits just bestowed, accompanied by servants, eager for the pleasures of the world, had vanished from his sight? Now, at last, after so long waiting and looking, he sees, in the far distance, a very different sight. He sees a solitary figure, worn and bent down, in rags, dragging on its weary steps; how could the old man's gaze expect such a sight as this? Nevertheless, his father knew him, "and ran and fell on his neck." He did not wait for any accents of repentance, nor did he enforce any moral precepts which might advantage posterity. "He fell on his neck, and kissed him." Foolish old father!

Tom Jones is brought in. He goes to the bath. The familiar feelings of luxury comes over him once more. He is clothed in fine linen and has a gold ring placed upon his finger; the past seems an evil dream. Then the fatted calf is killed. The banquet is spread and there is festivity, music, and dancing girls.

But suddenly, in the midst of his delight, some trouble passes over the old man's face; his eldest son is not in his place, and they bring him word that he is without, and refuses to come in. Some

perception of a neglected truth passes through the father's mind, he rises and goes out—"Therefore came his father out and entreated him."

The eldest son had been out all day working in the vineyards: all his life had been one long performance of duty, taken for granted, and, therefore, unpraised and unrecognized. In how many households will silent witness be borne that this is real life—the gentle and obedient service overlooked, nay, more than this, the cross word or hasty temper vented where there is no fear that it will be returned.

"All these years have I served thee . . . and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." I am a man like others, gayety and feasting are pleasant to me, as to them.

A look of perplexed, but growing insight comes into the father's face. "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine."

This is all very well, still he is conscious that there is something to be said for the eldest son, too. But his lost son—his wayward, and therefore loved, son—is come again.

"It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead and is alive again." We can see the pitiful, pleading look in the old man's eyes—"thy brother was dead!"

Yes, Addison must be right. Nature and humor cannot be far apart. The source and spring of humor is human life. Its charm consists not merely in laughter, or even in joy, but in the stirring of those sympathies and associations which exist invariably in the race, for we inherit a world-life and a religion, the earth-springs of whose realities lie, perchance, too deep for laughter, but not, Heaven be thanked, too deep for tears.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

BRAZIL AND HER RAILWAYS.

BY CHARLES WARING.

THE notable advance, in recent years, in the value of British securities of the more solid kind, has been the subject of much discussion. That advance has

not only been large but gradual, and the prudent investor has been perplexed to account for it. One operating cause, which may readily prove to have been

the chief one, has been left out of the reckoning. It is now, however, more generally admitted that the enhancement of the values of home and colonial securities has been due in some measure to distrust of the securities of foreign countries. There has assuredly been reason for such distrust. The prosperity of the years preceding the panic of 1875 was a spurious prosperity. Our foreign trade had been enormous and prices had been high. Great Britain manufactured, produced, exported, and sold large quantities of merchandise at apparently a large profit; she even received payment for her goods in cash. Yet, as a matter of fact, she herself provided the money. The purchases of the foreigner in the English market, which enriched the Exchequer and caused trade to be driven at high pressure, were made with English money—with the proceeds of English loans to foreign governments and subscriptions to foreign enterprises. The enterprises for the most part proved profitless; the foreign governments into whose coffers our capital had gone, either through poverty or dishonesty, have not paid the interest on their debts. The result was an amount of disaster sufficient to alarm that least discriminating and most careless speculator in the world, the English investor. Distrust, as has been said, of all foreign securities succeeded the previous excess of confidence. It was only natural that the feeling should be carried to the other extreme, and that, in the remembrance of numerous defaults, we should have forgotten the few instances of the punctilious fulfilment of engagements. In short, investors have, in this respect, used no discrimination. The absence of this quality has resulted in a short-sighted policy, unjust on the one hand to some of our best customers, and prejudicial, on the other, to the investor. To place all foreign loans and enterprises under the ban of one universal condemnation has been equally impolitic and inequitable. For of foreign states there are the honest as well as the dishonest, the solvent as well as the insolvent; while England, least of all nations, can afford to dispense with the custom of the former, or to relinquish the profitable employment of her capital in legitimate foreign enterprise.

Of the hundreds of millions loaned or invested abroad in the few years of inflation, the greater portion went to the New World, and was sent there with disastrous results. Even the United States, solvent as a country, has failed to pay interest on a great portion of the British capital then invested in her railroads. And while this has been the case with the Great Republic, most of the other States—Mexico and Peru, Guatemala and Honduras, Costa Rica and Ecuador, Bolivia and Uruguay—have become synonymous for repudiation or insolvency. The consequence is that the ordinary investor lumps together all South American securities, the good, the bad, and the indifferent. He forgets the exceptions to the general rule of default—that three of the States, Chili, the Argentine Confederation, and Brazil, have faithfully fulfilled their engagements.

It would, I think, be worth while to attempt to dispel these fallacies by an inquiry into the economic conditions of the foreign countries habitually applying for English capital for industrial enterprises. Such an inquiry, if thorough in its nature and helped by personal knowledge of the facts, should result in showing how far our confidence has a substantial basis. What, therefore, I now propose to do in reference to the empire of Brazil is to describe its industrial enterprises, and especially its railways, their present position and future prospects; and to supplement this with a brief survey of the political, social, and economic conditions of the country and its resources. Such a study will, at all events, prove a useful guide to readers unacquainted with the subject, and will help them to a just appreciation of Brazil as a field for the employment of British capital. In selecting this one country for the inquiry, I have no desire to disparage the prospects offered by either Chili or the Argentine Confederation. But the former is, at the moment, in some little financial confusion in consequence of the war with Peru. The extent, too, of Chilian territory is comparatively small, and her prosperity is relatively dependent too much on the production of copper. The resources of the Argentine Confederation are undoubtedly boundless; but, compared

with Brazil, its government is unsettled. Brazil, on the other hand, possesses not only unlimited resources, but resources of the most varied nature, and also enjoys the advantage of a settled government in the form of a limited monarchy, such as few countries but our own can boast.

The empire of Brazil lies between the mountain ranges of Peru and Bolivia on the west, and the Atlantic Ocean on the east, along which it has a coast-line extending from four degrees above the equator, near the mouth of the Amazon, in the north, to thirty-three degrees south, within 300 miles of the estuary of the River Plate. The length of this coast-line is nearly 4000 miles. The country has the great width of 2600 miles about eight degrees south of the equator. It narrows considerably toward its northern frontier, while toward the south the width gradually diminishes to a comparative strip of land lying between the River Uruguay and the sea, and bordered by the republic of Uruguay. This territory of 3,200,000 square miles is as large as that of the United States between the Atlantic and the great lakes. Two magnificent mountain chains rise behind the capital, Rio de Janeiro, and extend, the one over 500 miles toward the north and the other 250 miles southward, at a distance of ten to one hundred miles from the coast. These mountains rise abruptly from the low-lying sea-coast, and, unlike European ranges, descend on the other side only one third of their height, forming an interior plateau elevated 2000 feet above the level of the sea, offering extraordinary, if as yet only little developed, pastoral resources. This immense plateau, which rolls away southward in gentle undulations and a gradual slope toward the great rivers, is broken by another mountain range, extending from the frontier of the province of Pernambuco, near the equator, across the entire empire, having other minor ranges connected with it. This lofty mountain chain divides the country into two immense watersheds; the northern one being drained by numerous rivers into the great basin of the Amazon, which is within Brazilian territory, and the other to the south, into the rivers Parana and Uruguay.

The soil of Brazil is of surpassing fertility. The climate of the northern provinces, Para, Maranhão, Pernambuco, and Bahia, is tropical; but, except in places, the altitude of the country makes them unusually healthy, as tropical districts. The southern provinces, Rio de Janeiro, São Paulo, Minas Geraes, Rio Grande do Sul, and Paraná, are all extremely healthy, and offer every advantage in this respect to European immigration. The capital, Rio de Janeiro, has one of the most magnificent harbors in the world. While the northern provinces give tropical products, and specially sugar and cotton in great abundance, the southern portion of the empire is suitable for the growth of every variety of crops. It furnishes coffee, the principal staple of Brazil, in enormous quantities. Sugar, too, has lately been cultivated with marked success. Cotton, also an industry of recent growth—dating, in fact, from the cotton famine—now forms a large portion of the exports from the south, as it has always done from the north. As a matter of fact, the yield of it is much greater than can be obtained in the United States. Every kind of grain can be successfully raised, in such abundance, indeed, that maize yields from two hundred to four hundred fold, and wheat from thirty to seventy fold. The slopes of the great mountains and the southern plains have an ample growth of succulent grass, admirably adapting them for breeding and feeding cattle of every kind. The export of jerked beef and hides has always been the principal trade of the port of Rio Grande do Sul, and the market at Rio de Janeiro is now supplied with prime beef from the sierras of São Paulo and Minas Geraes. The mineral wealth of the country is so great, that while its capital may be said to be as yet untouched, its ultimate resources are practically inexhaustible. In the foregoing enumeration I have not included all the provinces by name. The province of Mato Grosso, for example, which lies on the confines of Bolivia, is practically a new country. Then, again, going north, it is not possible to form a notion of the productiveness, in the future, of the great basin of the Amazon. It is only in recent years that any attempt has been

made to develop the latent resources of the empire. A special interest is added to our inquiry by the fact that the money furnished by English capitalists has been applied largely, if not solely, to such development, in increasing the means of communication and transport between the different centres of industry and the seaboard.

As regards population, the number of people, which was reckoned at the time of the declaration of independence in 1824 at 4,500,000, is now estimated to exceed 11,500,000, a number which only suffices to people sparsely a fringe of the coast-line and the more favored provinces of the south. Thus, in 1872, Minas Geraes contained 1,500,000 inhabitants; San Paulo, 838,000; Rio Grande do Sul, 455,000; and the province of Rio de Janeiro, inclusive of the capital itself, 1,050,000 inhabitants. As to the polity and progress of the empire, from the time Brazil ceased to be a Portuguese colony, its material, moral, and intellectual advance has been continuous and considerable. The revenue, which in 1826 was only £604,000, is now £12,896,000; while its external trade, which has now reached £36,756,150, was then little over £2,250,000. In 1823, 185,000 bags of coffee were exported from Rio de Janeiro. In 1880 the export had increased to 3,513,368 bags. Since the accession of the present emperor, in 1840, to the present day, the empire has progressed uniformly in civilization. A considerable sum is now devoted by the Government to the purposes of education, and for the support of institutions devoted to technical and special teaching; while in the capital alone an additional sum of £100,800 is annually applied to primary and gratuitous education. The political constitution of the country is, as I have said, that of a limited monarchy. It possesses a representative government, guided by the Emperor, operating through two Houses of Parliament and a responsible Ministry. The electoral system is based on a liberal franchise, which has been recently changed from an indirect to a direct mode of election, thus increasing the representative character of the constitution. While internal tranquillity has thus been assured, religious intolerance, once a source of

political disquiet, has decreased. The opposition to civil marriage has almost entirely disappeared. One other difficult question, slavery, has also been faced with courage, and treated from an enlightened point of view. The slave trade itself was wholly suppressed thirty years ago, while a law was passed which has made the children of slaves free, and this has now been in operation over eleven years. The institution of slavery is, in fact, publicly condemned, and by the operation of the law named the number of slaves has diminished, and now only represents a tenth of the total population, the rest of which enjoy unrestricted political freedom and a large share of social equality.

Having thus given a brief outline of the features and condition of the country, I will pass to the consideration of the position and prospects of its chief industrial undertaking—the system of railways. The railways of Brazil may be divided into three series or groups. The first group comprises the lines for which a government guarantee was voted in 1852, 1855, and 1857, and may be called the experimental series. The second group is a growth from the first, consisting of minor and branch lines, built and equipped with native capital, and in so much of less interest to us. The third group or series comprises the railways lately built, and mostly in course of construction, authorized by the law of 24th September, 1873, issued more than twenty years after the decree authorizing the construction of the first series. The aim of the latest measure is to furnish each province with the needful communication, and the funds for the purpose have been readily found in this country.

The first series of railways, on the capital of which the State guaranteed a minimum interest of seven per cent for thirty years, comprised three separate lines in the provinces of Pernambuco, Bahia, and San Paulo respectively. In the former province, the Recife* and Sao Francisco railway runs from Cinco Pontas, near the port of Pernambuco,

* "Recife," I should explain, is literally "reef," and is an alternative name for the port commercially known as "Pernambuco."

south-westerly, terminating on the River Una. It traverses a sugar district, having stations about four miles apart. Its length is seventy-seven and a half miles, and its total capital is £1,285,660. The Bahia and Sao Salvador railway starts from the city of Bahia, the capital of the province and the second largest city of the empire, traversing the sugar, tobacco, and cotton districts to the town of Alagoinhas. Its length is seventy-seven miles, and the guaranteed capital £1,800,000. It was the intention that both these lines should, as may be inferred from the names, be continued to the River Sao Francisco, making a junction above the falls, and tapping the immense inland district served by that waterway. Any extension is, however, likely to be a work of the distant future. The San Paulo railway has a capital of £2,650,000, and enjoys a government guarantee of seven per cent for ninety years from 1858. It starts from the port of Santos, from which cotton and other produce is largely shipped, is carried up the acclivity of the mountain range to the city of San Paulo, and thence to its termination at Jundiaby, from which, however, the route is carried on by a native company. The length of the railway is eighty-six and a half miles. The total capital of these three guaranteed lines is, it will be seen, £5,735,660.

Besides these railways, the concessions for which were given to English companies, the Government decreed, at the same time, the construction of the Dom Pedro Segundo line. This railway has, since its completion, been worked by the Government, and now returns to it eight per cent on the large capital of £24,000 per mile expended in its construction. It starts from Rio de Janeiro, traverses the most important part of the province to E Barra do Pirahy, where it branches to the province of San Paulo on the one side, and to the southern part of the province of Minas Geraes on the other. Its construction involved great engineering skill and much labor. The length in operation is 426 miles, and sixty-five miles are under construction. The cost, which has been defrayed by the State, amounted to £10,000,000.

During the early period of the exist-

ence of the subsidized lines, and before traffic was developed, the guaranteed interest had to be made good out of the Imperial treasury. Traffics have since so largely increased, that the net revenues are sufficient for the most part to enable them to dispense with the government guarantee. One of them, the San Paulo, contributes a profit to the State. It last year paid a dividend of 10½ per cent on its capital, and handed to the Treasury £57,902; being one half of the net receipts over and above 8 per cent upon its capital, to which payment the Government is entitled until it is reimbursed for all advances previously made under the guarantee. In considering the financial results of the first series, the surplus receipts of the Dom Pedro Segundo line may fairly be included. If we take the difference between the actual net income of this line and the interest on the capital if borrowed at 5 per cent, as it virtually is, we have an annual income from this source of £336,490; and if to this be added the surplus receipts of the San Paulo line, we have a total of £394,392 as against a total annual liability of the Government of £391,783; thus showing that the liability of the State on the first series is more than covered by the sum of £2609 per annum. There is a word more to be said on this head. Of the two lines which still require State support, the claims of the Bahia line alone are important. The idea of reaching the falls of the Sao Francisco was grand, but impracticable. It has unfortunately prejudiced the companies, for the route taken was not direct to the chief area of production. The lines projected and in course of construction in the two provinces are happily not open to this objection.

After the complete opening of these trunk lines, about the year 1862, the second group or series was commenced. This consists of an entire network of provincial lines, forming extensions and branches of the main lines, and constructed by Brazilian enterprise and Brazilian capital, without any Imperial guarantee. In some instances, however, the companies enjoy provincial guarantees of a moderate amount. Of these railways, established without Imperial aid, details would occupy much

space, and would scarcely help our inquiry. I must be content, therefore, to say of them that many of the lines are now earning from 7 to 10 per cent on their capital, and that the total length is 2305 miles, of which 1382 miles are in operation, and 923 miles under construction.

By the law of the 24th September, 1873, to which reference has already been made, the construction of the third group or series was decreed. It authorized the construction of twelve railways in the various provinces of the empire, the Government undertaking to guarantee interest at 7 per cent for thirty years upon 12,500,000 of capital to be appropriated to their construction. The distribution among the several provinces has been made on the equitable principle of giving to each an amount of railway communication in proportion to its population and necessities. Like the railways comprising the first series, these lines are designed to supply the main arterial communications between the productive centres and the seaports of the different districts; and it will doubtless be found, as in the case of that series, that private enterprise will supply subsidiary lines. The following are the twelve railways constructed, or under construction, under this decree:

The Great Western of Brazil, in the province of Pernambuco; length, 60 miles; capital, £562,000.

The Conde d'Eu, in the province of Parahyba; length, 75 miles; capital, £675,000.

The Campos and Carangola, in the province of Rio de Janeiro; length, 215 miles; capital, £675,000.

The Imperial Central of Bahia, in that province; length 187½ miles; capital, £1,462,500.

The Minas and Rio, in the province of Minas Geraes; length 106 miles; capital, £1,816,875.

The Donna Theresa Christina, in the province of Santa Catharina; length, 73 miles; capital, £713,238.

The Natal and Nova Cruz, in the province of Rio Grande do Norte; length, 75 miles; capital, £618,300.

The Alagoas, in the province of Maceio; length, 55 miles; capital, £512,212.

The San Paulo and Rio, in the province of San Paulo; length 145 miles; capital, £1,200,000.

The Rio Grande do Sul Railways, in that province; length, 300 miles; capital, £2,700,367.

The Quarahin and Itaqui, also in the above province; length 124 miles; capital, £675,000.

The Companie Generale (Parana), in the province of Parana; length, 68 miles; capital, £889,508.

Total mileage, 1483. Total guaranteed capital, £12,500,000.

I should perhaps observe that the first eight in the above list have already been successfully issued in London.

With the third series, the approximate length of both guaranteed and unguaranteed railways in Brazil is 4400 miles, of which 2500 miles are already in operation and 1900 miles in construction or planned. The cost of the constructed portion has been an average of about £12,700 per mile. Out of the 2500 miles now working, most of which, although some are only recently constructed, are earning good dividends, made up in some instances with the aid of the government guarantee, over 1400 miles have been worked for some years, and earn an average dividend of 8 per cent per annum. It will be observed that both groups of railways guaranteed by the State have been established on a principle of equity to the whole population. The object of the Government has been to obtain main routes of traffic from the coast to the interior of the country, so as to insure, to the producer, the cheapest and most expeditious mode of transit for his products to the seaports. I should add that when the Government, in 1855, undertook the liability of £391,783 per annum involved in the guarantee of interest on the first series, the revenue amounted to only £4,194,200. With this revenue rapidly increasing the State was well able to support the burden until the railways became self-supporting. Moreover, the railways themselves materially helped to increase the revenue; for it goes without saying that their construction has incalculably increased the trade, commerce, and material prosperity of the country.

Having now learned the character,

cost, and revenues of the entire network of railways in the empire, it will be gratifying to note how large a share Great Britain has taken in the work. The participation of other countries in it has been so small, that it may be said England has practically accomplished the whole of it. From the declaration of Brazilian independence to the present time, England has been the moneyed partner of Brazil. The loans of the empire have been subscribed here, and the railways have been made by English engineers and contractors with English capital. England furnished the technical knowledge, and supplied the material of construction and all the rolling and fixed stock. The co-partnership has been profitable to both partners. In the first series, all the concessions came into the hands of Englishmen, and these railways were entirely carried out under English superintendence. And although the initiation and construction of the second group of railways is due to native enterprise, yet the greater part of the material used in the construction, together with the rolling and fixed stock, was purchased in this country. Of the £12,500,000 of guaranteed capital appropriated to the third series, concessions absorbing five sixths of the whole have been confided to English capitalists and contractors; and with the exception of a trivial amount raised in France, the necessary capital has been raised here.

If it be not possible to ascertain with absolute correctness the profit derived from these undertakings, a tolerable estimate may be made. The shares of the twelve railways quoted on the London Stock Exchange stand at a greater or less premium above their par value. The difference between their par value and the quoted value is £3,120,978. To this total must be added the profit on the materials, on the equipment, and on the contracts for the construction of the lines. It may be fairly estimated that the material purchased in this country would be equal to one fourth of the total cost of the railways, or £4,558,915. If on this a profit of 10 per cent be assumed, the amount would be £455,891. Assuming also that the contractors may have realized a profit of 10 per cent upon their contracts,

amounting in the aggregate of £18,235,660, a further profit would arise of £1,823,566. These figures bring the profit of the English partner in the business to the formidable total of £5,400,435, irrespective of the profit made by our shipping on the sea-carriage of the material, which I do not estimate. Bearing in mind also that the capital invested has returned an interest of from 6 to 7 per cent per annum, I think it will be admitted that the money partner in these transactions has good reason to be satisfied.

In concluding this portion of my subject, I should observe that the high esteem in which Brazilian railway stocks stand in our money market has recently had a very natural result. On the 3d February, 1881, the Government found active competitors for the concession of the Rio Grande do Sul railway at 1 per cent under the heretofore guaranteed interest of 7 per cent. It is related of the Quaker banker of Darlington, Joseph Pease, one of the earliest promoters of English railways, and a personal friend and patron of George Stephenson, that he once said to the latter, who then usually charged £5 per day for his professional services: "If I were thee, George, I would charge £10 a day. People would think the better of thee." The English firm of contractors who offered to construct the Rio Grande do Sul railway on a guarantee of 6 per cent did, in effect, give similar advice to the Brazilian Government. The advice was taken. The Government has resolved to limit the guaranteed interest on all future public works to 6 per cent per annum. Other large enterprises have since been undertaken at the lesser rate, and it seems probable that people will think the better of Brazil for appraising her own credit at a higher value.

The custom of raising the capital required, as and when required, involves necessarily a large number of separate issues, and brings the Brazilian demand for money continually before the public. It has given rise to an erroneous impression that public enterprise is being pushed forward with a rapidity disproportioned to the means of the country. That this is not the case can readily be shown. When the public revenue

amounted to only £4,194,200, the Government, as we have seen, undertook a liability in respect of the first group of railways of £895,500, or nearly one fourth of that revenue. Later, when the revenue reached the sum of £10,800,000, its current liabilities, in respect of the guarantees for the third group of railways, reached £868,248, or only one twelfth of the total revenue. It follows, therefore, that in the proportion indicated, the State was far better able to guarantee the third than it was to guarantee the first series. Moreover, with the increased and progressing trade and commerce of the country, it seems likely that the liability in respect to the third series will disappear more rapidly than that in respect to the first has disappeared.

It is not my present purpose to deal with the question of the national debt of the empire; but I may say that, when deduction is made for the temporary or extraordinary expenditure on public works, which sooner or later *will* become reproductive, the budgets have for many years nearly balanced. The foreign debt, which amounts to £20,653,937 (exclusive of the new loan just issued), is rapidly repaid by the operation of a sinking fund. Other loans will doubtless be issued; but it may be fairly assumed that the same prudence which has guided the financial policy of the past will guide that policy in the future. The internal debt, though large, is in no sense a danger to the country, for it is exclusively held by the Brazilians themselves. It had its origin in the days of the war with Paraguay—a war which ineffect threw Brazilian progress back a decade, and from the effects of which the country has only recently thoroughly recovered.

It will be seen that remunerative investments have been found for English capital in Brazil. Considering the magnitude of the empire, and the necessity for improved means of communication, it is clear the field for further investment is practically unlimited. The question, therefore, to be answered is, Are there any rocks ahead on which our fortunes might split? The answer is, that there are undoubtedly features affecting the prosperity of the country which it would be unwise to ignore if

our inquiry is to be effective. The chief considerations are five in number—viz. slavery, immigration, the succession to the throne, the question of the frontier-line involving war, and the production of coffee.

As to slavery. With the advance of civilization and the application of machinery to production, this institution is probably doomed. If the prosperity of Brazil rested mainly on the continuance of slavery, I should despair of her rising to the magnitude of a great power, or developing a strength commensurate with the extent of her territory. But so far from this being the case, Brazil has for the last thirty years been cutting herself adrift from the "peculiar institution," the importance of which to her prosperity is daily diminishing both relatively and positively. In 1831 the law freed all Africans thenceforth brought into the empire; in 1850 the slave trade was effectually abolished; in 1871, as I have said before, the Law of Emancipation freed all children born of slave parents after its promulgation, and established an emancipation fund designed to give gradual freedom. The action of the law is accelerated by the action of individuals who release their slaves from bondage. The slave population of Brazil in August, 1872, numbered 1,510,815. And while of this large number the Emancipation Act has freed only 11,000 in eleven years, 60,000 have been freed by the operation of private philanthropy.

The question for consideration on this point is not one of sentiment, but whether the economical constitution of the State will be seriously injured by the disappearance of slavery. In the opinion of those best able to judge, the abolition of slavery will not be sudden. Nor is it thought there is any probability that its collapse will endanger the future of Brazil by social convulsion, civil war, or the lack of labor. In the tropical north, which is the black man's paradise, and where his services are really indispensable, it is not likely the negro population will either disappear or deteriorate. We may, indeed, assume that the negro will, as a freed man, working for his own profit, not labor less willingly than heretofore he has labored for a taskmaster. In the south-

ern provinces, by far the most important part of the empire, any loss of negro labor will be compensated by the free labor of European immigration, which it may be expected will gradually take the place of the former. There are two other aspects of this question, reassuring in the face of the certainty that, by mortality and more rapid emancipation, free labor, whether black or white, must be the labor of the future. Brazil has a considerable Indian population. The men are called Indians, but they are in reality whites, the original inhabitants of the country. The number is reckoned at 500,000, which probably under-estimates the total, as they live away from civilization. These men, when brought into contact with civilization, are found to be docile and industrious, and as the country is opened up may largely recruit the ranks of labor. Again, there is no marked line drawn between black and white. The existence of a large mulatto population is an assurance that there will be no abrupt severance of the interests of the two races in this way linked together by blood.

As to immigration, the tide has hitherto set toward the River Plate because of the advantages and facilities of communication which it offers to the European settler. The southern provinces of Brazil are, however, quite as fertile and as healthy and temperate as the countries farther south; while the Government is infinitely more stable than that of the neighboring republics. With the increased means of communication, immigration is already taking this direction. Rio Grande do Sul alone contains a German population exceeding 70,000. Official statistics show that the number of third-class passengers—all of whom may be fairly assumed to be emigrants—arriving in Rio de Janeiro in the two years 1880 and 1881 was 40,783. Of these, Portugal sent 17,280. But it is a significant fact, as showing that other nations are now turning their eyes to Brazil, that the total included 13,596 Italians, 4236 Germans, and 3920 Spaniards. I should add that the Portuguese and Spaniards settled chiefly in the seaports, while the Italians and Germans went on into the interior. The completion of communi-

cations now in hand should, I think, give considerable impulse to immigration, which will also be encouraged by the passing of the Protestant Emancipation Bill, that has established religious freedom.

As to the succession, reflections on this subject must be more than usually affected by the striking personality of the present emperor, who is still in the full vigor of life. Of his capacity and patriotism I need say nothing, for he is acknowledged to be one of the first monarchs of the century. His strict adherence to the letter of the Constitution has helped to endear him to his people, while it has stamped the polity of the country. The dynasty, in truth, seems as firmly fixed as our own. The succession to the throne is fixed by law approved by the people, and will doubtless take effect as quietly as it would with us. The Princess Isabella, daughter of the Emperor and heiress to the throne, is married to the Conde d'Eu, grandson of Louis Philippe. Her husband, therefore, inherits the traditions of a great governing family, and has become popular through his successful conclusion of the Paraguayan war. A succession thus legally assured, embodying the religion and traditions of the people, is a guarantee for the continuance of social order and prosperity. There are no pretenders to the throne; while the exhibition of republican misrule in the other South American States must endear their own form of government to the Brazilians.

As to the frontier question, it would be to travel in search of difficulties to imagine that in an immense and sparsely peopled country like Brazil any dispute about frontier would occasion war. It is true that the Missiones question was a question of frontier. The fact, however, that it has been submitted to the arbitration of the Queen of England, is an argument in favor of what is here advanced. Brazil entertains no feelings of animosity toward her neighbors, and she is placed beyond the influence of European political complications. The war, too, waged with Paraguay, although successful, has left bitter experiences. The Brazilian people are not warlike; and it is understood to be the settled policy of the Government to avoid ex-

tensions of the empire, while maintaining its integrity. Under these circumstances war would appear to be one of the least probable events in the future history of the empire.

It cannot be denied that Brazil depends largely for her prosperity on a single product. "Coffee is King," they say in Rio; and well they may, for its production represents more than half of the average value of the exported produce for the last fourteen years. Since 1876, inclusive, it has exceeded this proportion. In the year 1876-77 the value of coffee exported was £11,211,100, and in the year 1877-78, £11,020,500, out of a total export of £19,556,300 and £18,634,900 in the two years respectively. In 1878-79 it gave £11,348,100 out of a total of £20,405,700, which included cotton, sugar, hides, india-rubber, mate, tobacco, gold, and diamonds. In quantity, the export of coffee in these years was nearly one half the total annual consumption of the world. The importance, therefore, of its production is apparent. It appears, however, to rest on a secure basis. The Brazilian planter can compete successfully with any other planter in the markets of the world, and will be aided largely by the economy of transport afforded by the new communications with the seaboard. The culture of the plant is not, fortunately, depend-

ent on slave labor. Official statistics show that, so far back as seven years ago, more than half the labor employed in the provinces of Rio de Janeiro, Minas Geraes, and San Paulo, was free—the proportion being 662,371 free and 521,102 slave laborers, a proportion increasing every year. It must, nevertheless, be admitted that to depend so largely on one production is not wise. Prudence would dictate the desirability of encouraging the cultivation of other agricultural products. The means of doing this are not far to seek. The River Plate republics already grow and export to Rio de Janeiro breadstuffs in considerable quantities. The southern provinces of Brazil are just as capable as those territories are of producing grain of all kinds; and we may expect that before long they will not only supply the home markets, but themselves become exporters of breadstuffs.

The facts above set forth as to the present condition and prospects of the country seem to me to warrant the conclusion that there is nothing existing or impending calculated to retard, permanently or seriously, its continuous material prosperity. And it seems likely, therefore, that Brazil will continue to afford, as she has afforded in the past, profitable occupation for British industry for generations yet to come.—*Fortnightly Review*.

"FRATER AVE ATQUE VALE."

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Row us out from Desenzano, to your Sirmione row!
 So they row'd, and there we landed—"O venusta Sirmio!"
 There to me thro' all the groves of olive in the summer glow,
 There beneath the Roman ruin where the purple flowers grow,
 Came that "Ave atque Vale" of the Poet's hopeless woe,
 Tenderest of Roman poets nineteen-hundred years ago,
 "Frater Ave atque Vale"—as we wander'd to and fro
 Gazing at the Lydian laughter of the Garda-lake below
 Sweet Catullus's all-but-island, olive-silvery Sirmio!

The Nineteenth Century.

BOYS.

As a humble student of savage life, I have found it necessary to make researches into the manners and customs

of boys. Boys are not what a vain people supposes. If you meet them in the holidays, you find them affable and full of

kindness and good qualities. They will condescend to your weakness at lawn-tennis, they will aid you in your selection of fly-hooks, and, to be brief, will behave with much more than the civility of tame Zulus or Red Men on a missionary settlement. But boys at school and among themselves, left to the wild justice and traditional laws which many generations of boys have evolved, are entirely different beings. They resemble that Polynesian Prince who had rejected the errors of polytheism for those of an extreme sect of Primitive Seceders. For weeks at a time this prince was known to be "steady," but every month or so he disappeared, and his subjects said he was "lying off." To adopt an American idiom, he "felt like brandy and water;" he also "felt like" wearing no clothes, and generally rejecting his new conceptions of duty and decency. In fact, he had a good bout of savagery, and then he returned to his tall hat, his varnished boots, his hymn-book, and his edifying principles. The life of small boys at school (before they get into long-tailed coats and the upper-fifth) is often a mere course of "lying off"—of relapse into native savagery with its laws and customs.

If any one has so far forgotten his own boyhood as to think this description exaggerated, let him just fancy what our comfortable civilized life would be, if we could become boys in character and custom. Let us suppose that you are elected to a new club, of which most of the members are strangers to you. You enter the doors for the first time, when two older members, who have been gossiping in the hall, pounce upon you with the exclamation, "Hullo, here's a new fellow! You fellow, what's your name?" You reply, let us say, "Johnson." "I don't believe it, it's such a rum name. What's your father?" Perhaps you are constrained to answer "a Duke" or (more probably) "a solicitor." In the former case your friends bound up into the smoking-room, howling, "Here's a new fellow says his father is a Duke. Let's take the cheek out of him." And they "take it out" with umbrellas, slippers, and other surgical instruments. Or, in the latter case (your parent being a solicitor) they reply, "Then your father must be a beastly cad. All solici-

ors are sharks. *My father says so, and he knows. How many sisters have you?*" The new member answers, "Four." "Any of them married?" "No." "How awfully awkward for you." By this time, perhaps, luncheon is ready, or the evening papers come in, and you are released for a moment. You sneak up into the library, where you naturally expect to be entirely alone, and you settle on a sofa with a novel. But an old member bursts into the room, spies a new fellow, and puts him through the usual catechism. He ends with "How much tin have you got?" You answer "twenty pounds," or whatever the sum may be, for perhaps you had contemplated playing whist. "Very well, fork it out; you must give a dinner, all new fellows must, and you are not going to begin by being a stingy beast?" Thus addressed, as your friend is a big bald man, who looks mischievous, you do "fork out" all your ready money, and your new friend goes off to consult the cook. Meanwhile you "shed a blooming tear," as Homer says, and go home heart-broken. Now, does any grown-up man call this state of society civilization? Would life be worth living (whatever one's religious consolations) on these terms? Of course not, and yet this picture is a not overdrawn sketch of the career of some new boy, at some schools new or old. The existence of a small schoolboy is, in other respects, not unlike that of an outsider, a half-trusted and half-contemned outsider in an Irish "Brotherhood," as the Irish playfully call their murder clubs. The small boy is *in* the society, but not *of* it, as far as any benefits go. He has to field out (and I admit that the discipline is salutary) while other boys bat. Other boys commit the faults, and compel him to copy out the impositions—say five hundred lines of Virgil—with which their sins are visited. Other boys enjoy the pleasures of football, while the small boy has to run vaguely about, never within five yards of the ball. Big boys reap the glories of paper-chases, the small boy gets lost in the bitter weather, on the open moors, or perhaps (as in one historical case) is frozen to death within a measurable distance of the school playground. And the worst of it is that, as a member of the great

school secret society, the small boy can never complain of his wrongs, or divulge the name of his tormentors. It is in this respect that he resembles a harmless fellow, dragged into the coils of an Irish "Inner Brotherhood." He is exposed to all sorts of wrongs from his neighbors, and he can only escape by turning "informer," by breaking the most sacred law of his society, losing all social status, and, probably, obliging his parents to remove him from school. Life at school, as among the Irish people, turns on the belief that law and authority are natural enemies, against which every one is banded.

The chapter of bullying among boys is one on which a man enters with reluctance. Boys are, on the whole, such good fellows, and so full of fine unsophisticated qualities, that the mature mind would gladly turn away its eyes from beholding their iniquities. Even a cruel bully does not inevitably and invariably develop into a bad man. He is, let us hope, only passing through the savage stage, in which the torture of prisoners is a recognized institution. He has, perhaps, too little imagination to understand the pain he causes. Very often bullying is not physically cruel, but only a perverted sort of humor, such as Kingsley, in "*Hypatia*," recognized among his favorite Goths. I remember a feeble foolish boy at school (feeble he certainly was, and was thought foolish) who became the subject of much humorous bullying. His companions used to tie a thin thread round his ear, and attach this to a bar at such a height that he could only avoid breaking it by standing on tip-toe. But he was told that he must not break the thread. To avoid infringing this commandment, he put himself to considerable inconvenience and afforded much enjoyment to the spectators. According to most authorities, bullying is no longer what it was. Men of middle-age, rather early middle-age, remember the two following species of bullying to which they were subjected, and which, perhaps, are obsolescent. Tall stools were piled up in a pyramid, and the victim was seated on the top, near the roof of the room. The other savages brought him down from this bad eminence by hurling other stools at those which supported him.

Or the victim was made to place his hands against the door, with the fingers outstretched, while the young tormentors played at the Chinese knife-trick. They threw knives, that is to say, at the door between the apertures of the fingers, and, as a rule, they hit the fingers and not the door. These diversions I know to be correctly reported, but the following pretty story is, perhaps, a myth. At one of the most famous public schools, a præpostor, or monitor, or sixth-form boy having authority, heard a pistol-shot in the room above his own. He went up and found a big boy and a little boy. They denied having any pistol. The monitor returned to his studies, again was sure he heard a shot, went up, and found the little boy dead. The big boy had been playing the William Tell trick with him, and had hit his head instead of the apple. That is the legend. Whether it be true or false, all boys will agree that the little victim could not have escaped by complaining to the monitor. No. Death before dishonor. This is an extreme example, and really the tale seems one of those best told to a gallant, but proverbially confiding branch of her Majesty's service. But the side not so seamy of this picture of school life is the extraordinary power of honor among boys. Of course the laws of the secret society might well terrify a puerile informer. But the sentiment of honor is even more strong than fear, and will probably outlast the very disagreeable circumstances in which it was developed.

People say bullying is not what it used to be. The much-abused monitorial system has this in it of good, that it enables a clever and kindly boy who is high up in the school to stop the cruelties (if he hears of them) of a much bigger boy who is low in the school. But he seldom hears of them. Habitual bullies are very cunning, and I am acquainted with instances in which they carry their victims off to lonely torture-cells (so to speak) and deserted places fit for the sport. Some years ago a small boy, after a long course of rope's-ending in out-of-the-way dens, revealed the abominations of some naval cadets. There was not much sympathy with him in the public mind, and perhaps his case was not well managed. But it was made clear that whereas among men an un-

popular person is only spoken evil of behind his back, an unpopular small boy among boys is made to suffer in a more direct and very unpleasant way.

Most of us leave school with the impression that there was a good deal of bullying when we were little, but that the institution has died out. The truth is that we have grown too big to be bullied, and too good-natured to bully ourselves. When I left school, I thought bullying was an extinct art, like encaustic painting (before it was rediscovered by Mr. Richmond). But a distinguished writer, who was a small boy when I was a big one, has since revealed to me the most abominable cruelties which were being practised at the very moment when I supposed bullying to have had its day and ceased to be. Now, the small boy need only have mentioned the circumstances to any one of a score of big boys, and the tormentor would have been first thrashed, and then, probably, expelled. A friend of my own was travelling lately in a wild and hilly region on the other side of the world, let us say in the Mountains of the Moon. In a mountain tavern he had thrust upon him the society of the cook, a very use less young man, who astonished him by references to one of our universities, and to the enjoyments of that seat of learning. This youth (who was made cook, and a very bad cook too, because he could do nothing else) had been expelled from a large English school. And he was expelled because he had felled a bully with a paving-stone, and had expressed his readiness to do it again. Now, there was no doubt that this cook in the mountain inn was a very unserviceable young fellow. But I wish more boys who have suffered things literally unspeakable from bullies would try whether force (in the form of a paving-stone) is really no remedy. But perhaps this is a relapse into the "wild justice of revenge," as they call it when one man shoots another in Ireland because he owes him money.

The Catholic author of a recent book ("Schools," by Lieut.-Col. Raleigh Chichester), is very hard on "Protestant schools," and thinks that the Catholic system of constant watching is a remedy for bullying and other evils. "Swing-doors with their upper half glazed, might have their uses," he says, and he does

not see why a boy should not be permitted to complain, if he is roasted, like Tom Brown, before a large fire. The boys at one Catholic school described by Colonel Raleigh Chichester, "are never without surveillance of some sort." This is true of most French schools, and any one who wishes to understand the consequences (there) may read the recently published confessions of a *pion*—an usher, or "spy." A more degraded and degrading life than that of the wretched *pion*, it is impossible to imagine. In an English private school, the system of *espionage* and tale-bearing, when it exists, is probably not unlike what Mr. Anstey describes in "Vice Versâ." But in the Catholic schools spoken of by Colonel Raleigh Chichester, the surveillance may be, as he says, "that of a parent; an aid to the boys in their games rather than a check." The religious question as between Catholics and Protestants has no essential connection with the subject. A Protestant school night, and Grimstone's did, have tale-bearers; possibly a Catholic school might exist without parental surveillance. That system is called by its foes a "police," by its friends a "paternal" system. But fathers don't exercise the "paternal" system themselves in this country, and we may take it for granted that, while English society and religion are as they are, surveillance at our large schools will be impossible. If any one regrets this, let him read the descriptions of French schools and school-days, in Balzac's "Louis Lambert" in the Memoirs of M. Maxime du Camp, in any book where a Frenchman speaks his mind about his youth. He will find spying (of course) among the ushers, contempt and hatred on the side of the boys, unwholesome and cruel punishments, a total lack of healthy exercise; and he will hear of holidays spent in premature excursions into forbidden and shady quarters of the town. No doubt the best security against bullying is in constant occupation. There can hardly (in spite of Master George Osborne's experience in "Vanity Fair") be much bullying in an open cricket field. Big boys, too, with good hearts, should not only stop bullying when they come across it, but make it their business to find out where it exists. Exist it will, more or less, de-

spite all precautions, while boys are boys—that is, are passing through a modified form of the savage state.

There is a curious fact in the boyish character which seems, at first sight, to make good the opinion that private education, at home, is the true method. Before they go out into school life, many little fellows of nine, or so, are extremely original, imaginative, and almost poetical. They are fond of books, fond of nature, and, if you can win their confidence, will tell you all sorts of pretty thoughts and fancies which lie about them in their infancy. I have known a little boy who liked to lie on the grass and to people the alleys and glades of that miniature forest with fairies and dwarfs, whom he seemed actually to see in a kind of vision. But he went to school, he instantly won the hundred yards race for boys under twelve, and he came back a young barbarian, interested in "the theory of touch" (at football), curious in the art of bowling, and no more capable than you or I of seeing fairies in a green meadow. He was caught up into the air of the boy's world, and his imagination was in abeyance for a season. This is a common enough thing, and rather a melancholy spectacle to behold. One is tempted to believe that school causes the loss of a good deal of genius, and that the small boys who leave home poets, and come back barbarians, have been wasted. But, on the other hand, if they had been kept at home and encouraged, the chances are that they would have blossomed into infant phenomena and nothing better. The awful infancy of Mr. John Stuart Mill is a standing warning. Mr. Mill would probably have been a much happier and wiser man if he had not been a precocious linguist, economist, and philosopher, but had passed through a healthy stage of indifference to learning and speculation at a public school. Look again, at the childhood of Bishop Thirlwall. His "Primitiæ" were published (by Samuel Tipper, London, 1808), when young Connop was but eleven years of age. His indiscreet father "launched this slender bark," as he says, and it sailed through three editions between 1808 and 1809. Young Thirlwall was taught Latin at three years of age, "and at four read Greek with

an ease and fluency which astonished all who heard him." At seven he composed an essay "On the Uncertainty of Human Life," but "his taste for poetry was not discovered till a later period." His sermons, some forty, occupy most of the little volume in which these "Primitiæ" were collected. He was especially concerned about Sabbath desecration. "I confess," observes this sage of ten, "when I look upon the present and past state of our public morals, and when I contrast our present luxury, dissipation, and depravity, with past frugality and virtue, I feel not merely a sensation of regret, but also of terror, for the result of the change." "The late Revolution in France," he adds, "has afforded us a remarkable lesson how necessary religion is to a State, and that from a deficiency on that head arise the chief evils which can befall society." He then bids us "remember that the Nebuchadnezzar who may destroy our Israel is near at hand," though it might be difficult to show how Nebuchadnezzar destroyed Israel. As to the uncertainty of life, he remarks that "Edward VI. died in his minority, and disappointed his subjects, to whom he had promised a happy reign." Of this infant's thirty-nine sermons (just as many as the Articles), it may be said that they are in no way inferior to other examples of this class of literature. But sermons are among the least "scarce" and "rare" of human essays, and many parents would rather have their boy patiently acquiring the art of wicket-keeping at school than moralizing on the uncertainty of life at home. Some one "having presented to the young author a copy of verses on the trite and familiar subject of the Ploughboy," he replied with an ode on "the Potboy."

Bliss is not always join'd to wealth,
Nor dwells beneath the gilded roof,
For poverty is bliss with health,
Of that my potboy stands a proof.

The volume ends with this determination,

Still shall I seek Apollo's shelt'ring ray,
To cheer my spirits and inspire my lay.

If any parent or guardian desires further information about *Les Enfants devenus célèbres par leurs écrits*, he will find it in a work of that name, published

in Paris in 1688. The learned Scioppius published works at sixteen, "which deserved" (and perhaps obtained) "the admiration of dotards." M. Du Maurier asserts that, at the age of fifteen, Grotius pleaded causes at the Bar. At eleven Meursius made orations and harangues which were much admired. At fifteen Alexandre le Jeune wrote anacreontic verses, and (less excusably) a commentary on the Institutions of Cajus. Grevin published a tragedy and two comedies at the age of thirteen, and at fifteen Louis Stella was a professor of Greek. But no one reads Grevin now, nor Stella, nor Alexandre le Jeune, and perhaps their time might have been better occupied in being "soaring human boys" than in composing tragedies and commentaries. Monsieur le Duc de Maine published, in 1678, his "*Œuvres Diverses d'un Autuer de Sept Ans*," a royal example to be avoided by all boys. These and several score of other examples may perhaps reconcile us to the spectacle of puerile genius fading away in the existence of the common British schoolboy, who is nothing of a poet, and still less of a jurisconsult.

The British authors who understand boys best are not those who have written books exclusively about boys. There is Canon Farrar, for example, whose romances of boyish life appear to be very popular, but whose boys, somehow, are not real boys. They are too good when they are good, and when they are bad, they are not perhaps too bad (that is impossible), but they are bad in the wrong way. They are bad with a manish and conscious vice, whereas even bad boys seem to sin less consciously and after a ferocious fashion of their own. Of the boys in "Tom Brown" it is difficult to speak, because the Rugby boy under Arnold seems to have been of a peculiar species. A contemporary pupil was asked, when an undergraduate, what he conceived to be the peculiar characteristic of Rugby boys. He said, after mature reflection, that the *differentia* of the Rugby boy was his moral thoughtfulness. Now the characteristic of the ordinary boy is his want of what is called moral thoughtfulness. He lives in simple obedience to school traditions. These may compel him, at one school, to speak in a peculiar language,

and to persecute and beat all boys, who are slow at learning this language. At another school he may regard dislike of the manly game of football as the sin with which "heaven heads the count of crimes." On the whole, this notion seems a useful protest against the immaturely artistic beings who fill their studies with photographs of Greek fragments, casts, etchings by the newest etcher, bits of china, Oriental rugs, and very curious old brass candlesticks. The "challenge cup" soon passes away from the keeping of any house in a public school where Bunthorne is a popular and imitated character. But when we reach æsthetic boys, we pass out of the savage stage into hobbledehoyhood. The bigger boys at public schools are often terribly "advanced," and when they are not worshipping the sunflower they are vexing themselves with the riddle of the earth, evolution, agnosticism, and all that kind of thing. Latin verses may not be what conservatives fondly deem them, and even cricket may, it is said, become too absorbing a pursuit, but either or both are better than precocious freethinking and sacrifice on the altar of the Beautiful. A big boy who is tackling Haeckel or composing *virelais* in playtime is doing himself no good, and is worse than useless to the society of which he is a member. The small boys, who are the most ardent of hero-worshippers, either despise him or they allow him to address them in *chansons royaux*, and respond with *trebles* in *triolet*s. At present a great many boys leave school, pass three years or four at the universities, and go back as masters to the place where some of their old schoolfellows are still pupils. It is through these very young masters, perhaps, that "advanced" speculations and tastes get into schools, where, however excellent in themselves, they are rather out of place. Indeed, the very young master, though usually earnest in his work, must be a sage indeed if he can avoid talking to the elder boys about the problems that interest him, and so forcing their minds into precocious attitudes. The advantage of Eton boys used to be, perhaps is still, that they came up to college absolutely destitute of "ideas," and guiltless of reading anything more modern than Virgil.

Thus their intellects were quite fallow, and they made astonishing progress when they bent their fresh and unwearied minds to study. But too many boys now leave school with settled opinions derived from the very latest thing out, from the newest German pessimist or American socialist. It may, however, be argued that ideas of these sorts are like measles, and that it is better to take them early and be done with them forever.

While schools are reformed and Latin grammars of the utmost ingenuity and difficulty are published, boys on the whole change very little. They remain the beings whom Thackeray understood better than any other writer; Thackeray, who liked boys so much and was so little blind to their defects. I think he exaggerates their habit of lying to masters, or, if they lied in his day, their character has altered in that respect, and they are more truthful than many men find it expedient to be. And they have given up fighting; the old battles between Berry and Biggs, or Dobbin and Cuff (major) are things of the glorious past. Big boys don't fight, and there is a whisper that little boys kick each other's shins when in wrath. That practice can hardly be called an improvement, even if we do not care for fisticuffs. Perhaps the gloves are the best peacemakers at school. When all the boys, by practice in boxing, know

pretty well whom they can in a friendly way lick, they are less tempted to more crucial experiments "without the gloves." But even the ascertainment of one's relative merits with the gloves hurts a good deal, and one may thank heaven that the fountain of youth (as described by Pontus de Tyarde) is not a common beverage. By drinking this liquid, says the old Frenchman, one is insensibly brought back from old to middle-age, and to youth and boyhood. But one would prefer to stop drinking before actually being reduced to boy's estate, and passing once more through the tumultuous experiences of that period. And of these, *not having enough to eat* is by no means the least common. The evidence as to execrable dinners is rather dispiriting, and one may end by saying that if there is a worse fellow than a bully, it is a master who does not see that his boys are supplied with plenty of wholesome food. He, at least, could not venture, like a distinguished head master, to preach and publish sermons on "Boys' Life; its Fulness." A schoolmaster who has boarders is a hotel-keeper, and thereby makes his income, but he need not keep a hotel which would be dispraised in guide books. Dinners are a branch of school economy which should not be left to the wives of schoolmasters. *They have never been boys.*—*Cornhill Magazine.*

UNDER THE SNOW.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

BESIDE a lovely little lake in Switzerland there is a small village of scattered vine-clad chalets, and just beyond these the land curves round from a projecting point and forms a bay. On the side of the point nearest the chalets is a shallow creek, and from this goes up a long flight of steps; these are plainly not much used, grass grows between the stones, and on each side, among the dusky silver of the thistle-down, are blackberry bushes laden with fruit. No one has been there to take this. And, indeed,

when the end of the steps is reached, one only gets a view of the opposite shore about two miles away, and of the grand mountain range that ends the view on the left. The outlook on the right is blocked by the garden wall which ends the point; on the left are some tumble-down sheds filled with faggots, and what may possibly be the rubbish of generations.

An artist would stand wrapped in admiration of the light and shade concentrated on the strange medley within the sheds—bits of the roof have been blown away, and although the gloom is too

great to distinguish anything, there is sombre color within, and a mysterious suggestiveness in the forms that here and there stand out of the chaos

There is the tiniest strip of ground between the sheds and the lake, and from this gourds and vines have climbed up over the ruin. On this strip of ground, shading her eyes with her lean brown hand, André's mother has been standing this half-hour, watching the opposite shore. There is nothing special about her at first sight; she is like a score or so of the women of her canton. She wears a black, full skirt, more than half covered by a gray woollen apron; over this is a short, loose, black jacket, no cap or collar, only some white linen shows round her brown neck. Her gray hair is smoothly gathered into a knot behind, and is almost covered by a tanned straw hat bent down over her spare face; her nose is long and thin. The rest of her face looks like a shrivelled leaf, but the eyes are strangely young and bright, with a look in them that at once arrests attention.

André's mother may be in other respects like her neighbors, but no other woman in the little village has such a weird story written in her eyes. As a rule, eyes that are expressive can tell many stories, sometimes revealing quite an unexpected chapter of events, but it rarely happens to one person in a lifetime to read the shocked horror that is fixed in the eyes of André's mother, or to see in one face so strange a mingling of age and youth. Strangely, too, this weird expression is out of place in the sweet pathetic face; the loving lips seem ready to protest against the terror which has got, as it were, embroidered on what may have once been a face of beaming joy.

There are times when this terror lurks out of sight, but any sudden emotion recalls it; and now voices sounding close beside her make the woman look up, with the weird horror fully shown.

Two gentlemen are standing smoking in the terraced garden at the top of the wall. One of them, the elder, nods in a friendly way, and says, "Good-evening, Madame Engemann."

His friend stands half hidden under a long, vine-covered pergola, that reaches from the charming house yonder to this

point. He is a stranger, and he is absorbed in admiring the hills on the opposite side of the lake, and the grand snow mountains rising above them; but at the sound of a strange voice he turns and starts back as he meets the ghost-haunted eyes of André's mother.

"You are expecting André," says Monsieur Weissembourg. "I suppose this is the last outing he gets before he comes down for the winter, eh?"

"Yes, sir, it is the last, till he comes in October."

The joy in her voice spreads over her face, and for a moment even her eyes smile. Then she turns away again and looks across the lake.

The two men walk under the pergola, where the leaves glint gold and green in the sunshine, and the grapes hang in purple clusters; the wind is rising, and the long vine-sprays are blown out toward the stately blue lilies that border the terrace.

"Whoever is that woman?" says the young man, when they have passed out of hearing. "Is she old or young? She looks spirit-haunted."

Monsieur Weissembourg smiles.

"Well, then, the spirits are good ones. She is usually called 'André's mother,' but her name is Elisa Engemann."

"But why does she look so scared?"

"Ah well, poor soul! she has cause. She was married fourteen years ago to a good husband, and they were very happy. She was a pretty young girl, and he was a fine handsome fellow, and had the reputation of being one of the best guides at Grindelwald; and he had saved money enough to buy a chalet here and to furnish it; and then, before André was born, he took his last journey—he was buried in a snowfall."

"And the shock of his death gave her that look?"

"It was more than that. He had left her, promising to be home before the baby was born. Three days after, between night and morning, she roused from sleep and heard her husband's voice outside calling to her. She said the voice was loud at first, but it grew feebler, and at last died away. She rose up and opened the door, but she could not see any one; she came on to my house, and begged to see me. I believe

I was rough to her, for I felt provoked to be roused out of my sleep for what seemed to me an idle dream; but next day came the news that Engemann and the traveller he was with were missing. Of course my first thought was for Elisa, and then I learned that she had started the day before, when she left me, for the place where her husband was to make the ascent. You may be sure I followed her at once; when I found her she lay in bed in a little mountain chalet with her baby beside her—her hair had changed to gray, and that awful look of horror was in her eyes."

There was a pause. Monsieur Weissembourg's young visitor had come to the Oberland to make the most difficult ascent he could find. Elisa's story seemed to him a troublesome episode; he wished he had not heard it. . . .

When the two men pass out of sight the stillness comes back to the lake—the grand silence that is in harmony with the giant mountains beyond the clear, blue-green water. In this evening light their snowy tops are shadowed by delicate grays, and the lower hills are a rich purple; the long range on the other side that follows the course of the lake to the right and goes on behind the river that flows into it, and the little town of Dort, grows darker and darker, and so does the great pyramid of rock just opposite to the place where Elisa stands gazing. High up on the side of this huge pyramid are chalets, tiny specks from this distance; a village lies beneath at its foot, hidden by a low ridge of green hills, and this is the point which seems to magnetize the woman's gaze. She is as still as the mountains; her head turned slightly over one shoulder so that her ear may receive the first sound of the expected steamer. The sound has reached her. She turns with a look of sudden happiness that fills even her eyes, to the exclusion of the dread that lives in them; and then she comes briskly up the steps. At the top she waves one hand to the two gentlemen, who are coming this way again, as they smoke their cigars under the vine-wreathed pergola.

"André is coming," she calls out; "there is the boat."

And as André's mother crosses the dusty road to a bit of garden ablaze with

a group of gorgeous sunflowers, the two gentlemen see the steamer shoot swiftly to the landing-place on the other side of the lake.

"The boy André takes the boat over there," Monsieur Weissembourg explains, "and he will be here soon. He has had to make a long journey before reaching the boat."

The ragged-looking chalet over the way, just now aflame with those huge flowers that try to stare the sun out of countenance, is not Elisa's own dwelling-place. She has spied her friend the carpenter, who is also the godfather of André, smoking his pipe in the wooden balcony that goes round his house, and she pauses a moment outside the sunflower plot, to call out—

"There is the boat, Hans Christen; André is coming."

Then, with her head bent forward, she hurries down the road.

Hans Christen, a big-headed fellow, and much too broad for his height, takes his pipe out of his mouth and looks down the road after her.

"Poor soul!" he says. "Poor loving soul!"

II.

Some little way beyond the village and the landing-place, a chalet stands beside the road, screened from the lake by a row of trees. In itself it is not very different from the other cottages. It is large, however, has two rows of green-shuttered windows, and has balconies with slender carved rails on each story, made of the same brown wood as the rest of the house; the roof of course has very deep projecting eaves, and in front these would make a high-pitched gable if the top had not been flattened; along the edge of this gable are carved barge-boards; a flight of wooden steps leads up to the lowest balcony.

There is more than one such chalet beside the lake but not over every one does the grape-vine and American creeper fling such luxuriant shoots. These climbers reach the ridge of the roof, they cling lovingly to the topmost balcony, and then fling themselves down in cascades of green and gold, flame-color and crimson, that would seem enough of themselves to satisfy a lover of color, without the orange and scarlet

of gladiolus and nasturtiums that gleam through them from the window-ledges. One side of the roof stretches out and forms an open shed; here are stacked freshly chopped logs for burning, and brushwood crusted with lichens and glowing with shrivelled brown leaves gathered in the skirts of the lofty pine forest that clothes the steep hill behind the chalet. Near is a bundle of chopped broom, on which a handsome black goat is browsing, while a few chickens are picking about, with an anxious mother hen—that emblem of domestic worry—at their heels. In front of the house a cock and a few brown hens are keenly watched from the balcony by a small gray cat with a bushy tail. The tinkle of the goat's bell chimes in merrily with the cock-crowing and the cluck cluck of the hens.

This is the chalet which André's father, Joseph Engemann, built with his perilously earned gains. So much sympathy had been felt in the little town of Dort and at Grindelwald when he perished on the mountain, that the widow had been able to keep possession of the chalet, and by the sale of her eggs and fruit she had managed to supply her wants. When André left school, at the end of last winter, he wanted to live at home to help his mother; he said he felt sure he could make the garden yield twice as much as she did, and he could save her all hard work. Elisa's heart yearned to have her boy with her, but he was delicate, and every one told her that if she sent him up to the mountain he would grow strong and hearty; and when the lad found that he could earn wages there he was eager to go.

He had come home once for a couple of days, so brown and healthy-looking that his mother had cried for joy when she saw his rosy cheeks and how much he had grown and strengthened. In October he would come home for the winter, for when once snow covered the mountain-top it was no longer a safe abiding place for either sheep or shepherds.

During the winter there would be plenty for André to do, and in the evenings she thought he would have time to read his father's books, for Joseph Engemann had been very fond of reading. She was not afraid that

André would take up with idle ways. One fear she had, but of this she had never spoken. What if he grew to love the mountains as his father had loved them, and became a guide to travellers? When this thought came to her, Elisa's heart seemed to stand still as if an icy hand pressed on it, and the strange look of horror filled her eyes.

Then she would tell herself this was an idle dream and a selfish one, and she tried to chase it by giving her house an extra cleaning, though no one else could see that any cleaning was needed; or she would make a little extra soup for some poorer neighbors, by way of sending the phantom to the right-about.

The lower balcony went round the house, and on one side a gourd kept fast hold of the carved rails with its tendrils; on the ground below, showing among the light and shade of the huge leaves, were globes of golden, rosy fruit, and one of these had been cut for soup in honor of André's arrival. From the open door on this side the house came a murmur of happy voices, then a peal of merry laughter, in perfect harmony with the soft evening sunshine and the bright beauty of the flowers. If the grand tranquillity of the lake and the giant mountains had wanted a gem to brighten them, this chalet would assuredly have fulfilled the part.

Inside the bare, spotless room André and his mother sat side by side on a bench. The boy's arm was round her neck and his face was hidden on her shoulder, while he pointed to a heap of stockings in his mother's lap.

It was plainly the sight of the stockings that had caused his burst of laughter; he lay nestling his face in her black stuff jacket while his shoulders still shook with merriment. She too was smiling.

"Fie, then, saucy boy"—she patted his smooth, fair head with her brown veined hand—"why does he laugh so at his poor old mother?"

"She is not old; she is, on the contrary, quite young." He got up, and while he kissed her, he tenderly stroked the gray hair which matched so ill with her eyes; then he took up the stockings one by one and examined them. He was only thirteen, and though he was well grown he had still the charming oval face, clear skin, and limpid dark

eyes which one sees in Swiss children, and which so completely deserts them as they grow older. The only fault that could have been found with André was that his neck was short, so that his head came a little too near his broad shoulders; but he was so active and light in his movements that this was scarcely noticed.

"Dear little mother!" he stood looking at the stockings; "did she make you all, and had she the conscience to think that André could wear you all? You would do for six André's. Naughty little mother to sit knitting all day long, when a walk in a pine-wood would do you good."

"All day long! Bless him, does he really think I spend so much time on him? Go along then; the goat and the chicks would not let me, even if it were in me to sit still all day."

"You have not then time to feel lonely, mother?"

He spoke carelessly, but the look in his sweet dark eyes made his mother's heart throb. She had never talked to him about his father's death. Up on the mountains he had learned the sad story from his brother shepherds, and it often came back to him when he was alone. He thought the remembrance of it must be very terrible to his mother; and she had so many lonely hours.

But a new idea had been growing in André's mind; probably it had been latent there, and had only needed the solitude and silence of his mountain life to develop.

For although the shepherds called to one another in their pleasant Swiss fashion, and travellers sometimes talked to André as they climbed the mountain, there were many solitary hours to be lived through on the green pasture. The pyramid-shaped mountain was not more than eight thousand feet high, and did not therefore offer great attractions to climbers; only a few travellers passed across it during the summer. It was, as André's mother often reminded herself, a safe, out-of-the-way sheep-pasture.

And yet the fear born with her child never deserted her, and now something in his words gave it new power.

She returned his earnest gaze, and answered the thought she shrank from,

rather than the question he had put to her.

Brooding over her sorrow had increased her natural quickness of perception, for it had alienated the outward distractions which might have confused this perception by giving her less time for thought.

"You are lonely, then, my child; you want a more stirring—what do I say?—a more active life. Well," she went on quickly, as she saw that he was trying to speak, "at the château up yonder, they are wanting a good shepherd to manage the beasts they keep down here. Old Michael is dying, and, besides, he is much too old for work. If they would not think you too young, the place might suit you—eh, my boy?"

André got up from the bench; then he stood some minutes at the open door, looking out, seemingly, at the gourd-vine.

His mother waited till he turned round; a sickening fear clung about her heart, but she would not yield to it, though it had made her very pale.

"I had better go back to the mountains," André said; "the air down here feels close and heavy. It is nice to be with you, mother, but I could not work so well down here."

He avoided meeting her eyes, but when she spoke the strange hoarseness in her voice drew his attention, and he started when he saw the wild terror in her face.

"Mother," he cried, "are you ill?" She put out her hand.

"Tell me," she said, "I had best know it, André, what kind of life can you have up on the mountains that is not quiet and lonely?"

The boy hesitated; he was vexed with himself and with his mother; it had been easy to keep thoughts to himself up there among his fellows. At the mountain chalet where he slept he was considered only a merry, light-hearted boy; he kept his confidences for the snow mountains, and though these were so far above him, he used to talk to them, and tell them his longings to approach them more nearly.

André had not counted that the warm glow of home-coming would have the same effect on the reserve he habitually maintained as the sunshine had on

mountain snow, and yet that look in his mother's eyes made the secret hopes seem a crime. He stood hanging his head; all the light had gone out of his face.

"You are tired of being on the same pasture," she said, trying to catch at a fragment of hope, as one seeks for a glimpse of blue in a threatening sky; "well, then, you must exchange on to the other side of the Simmenthal; you will there find an altogether different country."

"No, no," he said, "it is not the sameness I feel; sheep are not like cows, little mother; sheep do not stay in one spot till they have eaten up the grass; they stray here and there, and sometimes they lead me up to the very top. Ah, mother, it is a grand look-out I have then; it makes me long to know what more I could see from those high snow peaks above. Surely, if one climbed the white mountain herself, one would see to the end of the world!"

His mother's yearning gaze noted the glow in his face, and her lips moved as if she were echoing his words. She got up and turned away, pressing her hard-worked hands together nervously.

"I must call in the goats," she said; and she went out.

In truth, to her also the air had become choked and heavy; the look on her boy's face had been a reflection she so well recognized.

Just so had Joseph her husband looked before he started on one of his perilous journeys, even while his eyes glistened with the sorrow of bidding her farewell. She felt hopeless; to her the life of an Alpine guide meant only certain death. It seemed to her that André must share his father's fate. It was so ordained, and who was she to set herself up against it?

André had not followed her. He was so glad to have preserved his secret, that his heart grew light again; and when, after a severe wrestle with herself, his mother came back, she found him as bright and gay as he had been when he reached the chalet by the lake.

III.

It was August when André came down from the mountain to see his mother. It is now the middle of September,

about a month before the cattle need come from the hills. But the trees look more like November; incessant rain has swept away the leaves, and the rich red beauty of the creepers is marred by gaps in the foliage. The brown-petaled, sodden-looking sunflowers and dahlia blossoms, that awhile ago made a glory of the carpenter's little garden, are now only suggestive of damp and decay, sticking together in blurred masses.

The weather has been strangely cold too, and to-day a heavy mist has hung over the lake, blotting out the mountains. All day long masses of vapor have been rolling over the steep pine-covered ridge behind the village in huge clouds like the smoke of a battle-field, sweeping more than half way-down the hill-side with soft blurred edges, seeming as if they had let loose the torrents of rain which have been falling for hours.

Hans Christen is a schoolmaster as well as a carpenter. All day long he hammers and saws and works into shape the wood that lies heaped behind his house, and in the evening he goes through much the same process mentally with the dull scholars who come to his class. He considers himself a scholar, and he is weatherwise, but this weather puzzles him, and he is in a mood to prove his wisdom on some one or other. As he turns from his study of the clouds, he sees André's mother walking quickly past his garden; her eyes are half closed, and her head is bent forward; certainly the cold is bitter enough to account for the pace at which she walks; but Hans is always ready to teach, and just now, as has been said, he feels specially commissioned in this direction.

"Elisa," he calls out; "Elisa Engemann."

"Yes, neighbor;" but though she stops she does not turn round or hold her head erect, it is bent forward ready for the next step.

"What ails you?" he says, severely. "Since André went back you have been keeping yourself away from us all. You have scarcely said a dozen words to me. Let me tell you, neighbor, that such conduct is unneighborly and unchristian, unless, indeed, you are hiding something from us; but even then," he brings down his dirty hand heavily on the low wall that borders his garden, "why even

then, widow Engemann, you ought to have come to me. I am consulted by every one, and also I am André's godfather. He is confirmed, I grant you, but I have the right to know his errors and misdeeds." The woman turned and faced him; she was smiling.

"Misdeeds will never be reckoned up against my André, neighbor; if I do not talk as much as I did, put it down to my fault, not to André's."

Christen shook his head.

"You do not deceive me, Elisa. Trouble is written in your face, and you keep aloof because you are trying to keep it to yourself. Ah, well, you may turn your face away. I know what I know, you will have to come to me for counsel by and by."

She shook her head, and then as he remained silent, she passed on toward her cottage.

"The woman looks all eyes," said Christen, crossly; "she's—but then its natural, all women are fools, mothers more than any. The boy has got into trouble, and she's trying to hush it up. Ah, well," he grunted, "she'll have to come to me in the end."

This remark appeased him, and he fell on his pipe with added vigor, but he soon found his way indoors, for every moment the air grew colder.

Elisa had thought herself of so little consequence, it had not occurred to her that her silent brooding might give her neighbors offence. Somehow she had grown to feel that if she betrayed it in words, her fear would become a reality, and so she had avoided the chance of revealing it, and had lived alone with the spectre face to face.

There were times when she almost conquered it. She told herself that she had always known what she dreaded must come to pass. She had been sure from the first that a child born like the edelweiss at the glacier's edge, cradled so to speak in snow, must feel drawn to the mountain top as to his native atmosphere; and then she asked herself why she did not yield? was there not in all this an undercurrent that meant something stronger than her mere will? Was she not selfish in wishing to keep her boy from the dangerous life he craved? After that she had recoiled from this whisper as from the voice of a tempter.

No, it must be her solemn duty to shelter André from the terrible fate which had made him fatherless.

Now having reached her home, she sat down exhausted, for the icy wind had fastened on her breath as she hurried down the road. Once more this question was importunate. Had she a right to plan André's life to suit her's? ought not her life rather to be sacrificed to him? Her heart felt tortured with keen pain—as if indeed a weapon pierced it.

"I cannot yield him. I cannot," she cried; "he is all I have to love."

That was a night never to be forgotten in the villages beside the lake, or even in Dort, the busy little town on the blue green river.

Old people shivered in their sleep and dreamed they had ague; while those who possessed them, old and young too, drew their thistle-down stuffed coverlets up to their chins, and shrank deep down in bed, wondering why they slept so poorly. Toward morning, however, there was a general stir in the village; every one had roused at daybreak. Spite of the cold, half-clad men and women peeped out at doors and windows, so awful a sound had boomed across the lake.

"What was it?" Elisa asked herself as she looked out.

The atmosphere was clearer. The lake looked peaceful and gray, but the mountains and even the lowest ridge of the hills were white with snow. As she watched, the huge pyramid opposite, on which André kept his sheep, began to gleam with silver brightness as the sun sent up light from behind the cloud-veil in which he was rising.

A heavy snowfall in September! For a moment, Elisa could not believe her eyes; but there was no use in doubting them. The Jungfrau and her giant comrades were now only marked out from the rest by their superior height. Lower Alps which till now had blended in the distant view, showed out separately, the silvery coating defining and giving grandeur to their peaks. Elisa's eyes were fixed on the huge white pyramid across the lake. Where was André? She went out and hastened to the point, for the view in front of her chalet was somewhat obscured by trees. Presently she heard voices in the garden

above. Monsieur Weissembourg was talking to Hans Christen,

"I do not say it was an avalanche," he said; "but it was a fall of some kind above Schonegg. I am going into town to learn what has happened."

Christen said something, but she could not make out the words.

"Yes," Monsieur Weissembourg answered, "that is what I fear. It seemed to me that the sound came from below the chalets; and in that case—" he hesitated—"Well, she need not be told till we are certain" he said.

"No, no," Christen spoke in a hushed, awed voice.

Elisa knew that they were speaking of her, but she also knew that they could not see her. A fear came lest they might prevent the purpose she had so quickly formed. She crept stealthily along the strip of ground between the outhouses and the lake, and then her face blanched, and with tottering knees she leaned against the broken timbers and tried to steady her thoughts.

Long ago she had learned to ask God for help—but now, when she tried to pray, her words froze on her lips.

It had come, then—the fate she so dreaded for her boy; he lay buried under the snow.

She had gone through all this already in thought. Oh, yes, she knew what she had to do. It never occurred to her to bemoan herself or to break down in tears. She sped back to her house, and wrapped herself more warmly; then she put some milk and some brandy into a basket with a warm wrap over them, and then she left the chalet and walked on swiftly in the opposite direction from the point. Half a mile of rapid walking brought her to just such another little creek as that at the foot of the grass-grown steps; but here, instead of the broken sheds, there was a bathing hut with two boats moored beside it. The sun had almost reached the mountain tops, and the gray of the lake was mottled with exquisite reflections of the rosy sky. Elisa bent over one of the boats and tried to launch it. At first this was beyond her strength; but at last it yielded, and she was afloat. The oars were large and very heavy, and her hands were numbed with the intense cold. She was some time in crossing the lake.

She secured her boat at the landing-place, and then, panting, yet without any feeling of fatigue, she went up to a group of women who stood talking eagerly to an old man in front of the hotel. There was such a babel of sound that she could not distinguish words. She pushed in between the women and grasped the old man's arm.

"Tell me," she cried abruptly, "what has happened! Did the avalanche fall on this side the mountain?"

The man opened his mouth and stared in wonder. He was one of the head farmers of the district; his dignity was affronted. By what right did this wild-eyed stranger snatch at his arm and question him so fiercely? He had never seen her! But Elisa could not wait while he arranged his ideas. She placed herself in front of a woman who stood near.

"What has happened on the mountain?" she asked; "is it known?"

The woman was an eager talker; her broad face and black slit-like eyes kindled.

"Yes, yes, it is known. There has been a snowfall—some say a slip of part of the rock on this side, and the chalets up yonder at Oberstalden are buried, and no one knows where the sheep will have strayed to. Do you not hear the cow-bells? They are already bringing down the cows by hundreds. What a winter we shall have."

All this fell on Elisa's strained hearing as rain falls on a window-pane—she heard it, but it did not penetrate to her feelings.

She had learned the truth of what she dreaded. There was only one question still to be asked; but as she looked at her eager-tongued neighbor she felt that she would not get an answer from her.

Farther on, nearer the chateau, which stands beyond the houses, she saw the diligence; it was ready to start, but its rough-looking driver had not yet mounted to his seat. He was stamping his boots heavily as if his feet were cold, cracking his whip now and then.

Elisa knew that this man travelled each day some way up the mountain. He must surely know the truth about what had happened, and she hurried toward him.

He left off cracking his whip: her

eyes told him that she was in some sore need.

"At your service, neighbor," he said.

"What do you want of me?"

"You have been up there—to the chalets?"

"No, but I have heard." He was full of sympathy, for in his youth he, too, had herded cattle on the mountain side. "The Unterstalden chalets are safe, my good woman; the lads only stay to collect the strayed sheep—"

He broke off; the agonized look in her eyes held him fascinated. It was plain that his words had no comfort for her. He was afraid to end his tidings.

"Go on," she said in a voice that sounded far off. "Is it true that the Oberstalden chalets are under the snow?"

The man bent his head: he was awed by her solemn tone. Then, remembering what he had heard, he took courage.

"But it was best so, mother. More than two of the Oberstalden lads had come down to a wedding at Wimmis and they were to stay all night. There were but two of the young ones left above, whereas the chalets of Unterstalden were full."

"And those two are left under the snow at Oberstalden."

Again her voice made him start. His blood seemed to chill as he heard it.

"Nay," he said, "I heard but now that a couple of diggers are presently going up the mountain with shovels and ice-axes: but what can they do if indeed the rock has fallen? Monsieur le Comte has settled how it is to be."

"Two diggers, did you say?" She looked so white that the man thought she must be ill.

"It is all they can spare," he said; "every soul is wanted to seek for the missing sheep. They will perish, else, in the snow—Monsieur le Comte has said so."

"Under the snow," she said mechanically, and then turned and walked quickly in the direction of the chateau.

"Monsieur le Comte," she was saying half aloud to herself, in a strange imperious voice, "Monsieur le Comte! What is it to him? He has not a child perishing in the snow."

She soon reached the old chateau with its quaint red-roofed tower; and while she waited for an answer to her clamor-

ous ringing she had quieted her temper. In a few minutes a man appeared. He said, in answer to her eager request, that Monsieur le Comte could not see any one. Some important business was about to take him from home, and he could not spare a moment before he went.

"Will he come out this way?"

"Yes."

She stood waiting: she felt as if she were wasting precious moments, and yet, how little she could do alone. Presently she heard wheels grating on the slaty drive, and then Monsieur von Erlach came out ready to step into the carriage which had drawn up in front of the door. He looked round and saw Elisa.

"What do you want with me, my good woman?" and as he met her eyes he seemed to know her errand.

"Sir, are you going up the mountain?"

"As soon as I can. I must first drive to Dort to get some help; there are soldiers there who can be spared, our people are so busy with the herds."

Elisa flushed and her eyes brightened.

"But sir, the boys are perishing in the snow."

She spoke roughly, almost fiercely the Count thought.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Two men have gone up already."

"Two men! Listen, sir. One of those boys is my boy, André; the other is an orphan. He has no mother, only you, sir, to care for him. Will you lose so many precious hours before you go to see what can be done on the mountain? I am going there; but, sir, I am weak and ignorant, the men above will not listen to me. Only such as you, sir, can order what is best to do in such a strait. You will go there; you will come with me now."

She spoke with a fire and energy that would have greatly surprised Christen the carpenter, and her eyes told her that she had kindled the zeal of her listener.

He was indeed greatly moved. "I will go with you," he said.

He went into the house and came back with a note, which he gave to his gray-headed servant.

"You will bid Louis saddle a horse

and carry this as fast as he can to Dort. Now my good friend," he said to Elisa, "I will drive you as far as we can go and we will climb together to the chalets."

IV.

The two men had been digging for an hour, yet it seemed as if they had made no impression on the enormous mass of snow at which they labored.

When it became known that the Count had gone up to the chalets some lads who had come down with the cattle followed him, and there were soon almost a dozen at work with picks and shovels, but the snow was so hard and deep that it seemed as if they might go on for hours. They had pushed André's mother aside when she asked to help them, but Monsieur von Erlach took a spade and worked with a will.

Now and then Elisa walked up and down below them, but the chalets had stood on the exposed side of the mountain, and the snowfall, after overwhelming them, had drifted down on one side, so that only a small space of path was left thinly covered. Lately she had stood still muffled in her shawl watching the diggers.

All at once she moved to the left where the snow lay thickly heaped, and when Monsieur von Erlach looked up she had passed out of sight. He thought she had gone down to the lower chalets, to which he had already sent a lad to make all ready to receive those they hoped to rescue. The sun was gaining power over the snow on this side, and as Elisa plunged resolutely into it she sank to her knees. She tried to go on but this seemed impossible. She felt rooted in the snow. At last, with much effort and long pauses between each step, she struggled forward. As she advanced her footing became firmer, for she had circled round the vast mound, and on this side the snow had not melted. She had quite lost sight of the diggers, and crouching down she listened. Then a wailing cry sounded over the snow—

"André, André, I am here."

The terrible cry startled the diggers; they looked round them in alarm, the Count with some help climbed up to the top of the mound.

He saw André's mother lying crouched on the top of the snow.

"What is it?" he cried, too much astonished to realize the courage and daring which had enabled her to reach the spot where she lay.

"They are here, monsieur," she said, her eyes glistening with hope. "The men waste their labor on that side; the chalet is here, and some one still lives there under the snow."

Monsieur von Erlach climbed down till he reached her.

"You must not stay here," he said. "You will perish in the snow, and you can do no good."

She gave him a look which puzzled him. She was wondering how it could be possible that André yet lived, if mere contact with the snow was so harmful.

"Listen!" she held up her hand and bent her head.

Truly it seemed as if there was a far-off muffled cry. Monsieur von Erlach still held the shovel with which he had been working, and with a loud shout he tried to thrust it down in the direction of the sound.

Presently he raised his head with a look of relief.

"The snow is hard below," he said, "but I believe it is only snow, the rock has not fallen."

"No sir;" Elisa rose up and pointed overhead; "you can see that from here. Except for the snow the mountain has not changed."

And as he followed the direction of her finger he saw that she was right. The place where they stood was so altered in aspect that no one would have recognized it. The winding path which had curved outside the flank of the mountain had disappeared with the chalets of the herdsmen; a new projecting spur in the shape of an enormous snow-hill had taken their place, barring all upward progress, and on one side it spread downward, but above, except that it was white with snow, the mountain was unchanged.

"You must come with me," the Count said, imperatively. "I will bring the men here, but you must come away—come, do you hear me?"

She was stooping down. Now she cried out again, in a wail that sounded strangely sad—

"André—André, I am here."
While she bent down listening for an answer, she was firmly drawn away, carried off her feet, and set down again, where the snow lay only a few inches deep on the ground.

Then as the Count told his news to the men, there rose a hearty shout; they were soon digging rapidly on the spot where Elisa had crouched.

She stood waiting; she had done what she could, but it seemed terrible that while her darling lay, perhaps dying, she could do nothing. Since that day, when she had fallen insensible at the foot of the snow mountain, where her husband had perished, she had rarely shed tears; something had congealed them. Now she could only stand praying that her boy might yet live—her loving André. No one but she knew how good and tender, how self-denying he had been.

Clouds had risen, and now they reached the sun and obscured his light, and an icy wind swept round Elisa, but she did not even shiver; she could only think of her boy. . . .

The digging went on silently; it seemed to her the men were digging a grave. How far off it was since her boy had come down to her, and she had seen his hopes, and how he strove against them for fear of grieving her.

Oh, how good and loving her André had ever been to her. He had never wilfully given her an hour of sorrow, and she—what had she done? Because she had yielded to her fear, she had given him a constant secret grief, she had checked the flow of his confidence in her, and she had taught him that his mother exacted the sacrifice of his dearest wish, while in words she lived only for his happiness.

And now perhaps the end had come. She could not be sure that the cry she had heard was André's and presently the men might bring out from under the snow. . . . The thought shaped itself with terrible reality; the hard pain at her heart tightened, and then a burst of tears came. How blind she had been, she was able to see it now. What was the use of faith and trust, if she did not think his Father in heaven could better care for André than she could. . . . She stood silent after this;

she gave up even her longing to help; she tried to accept that she must yield up her own will, and when the Count called out to her to move about or go down to the chalets, or she would get frozen by the wind, she began to hurry backward and forward along the narrow ledge on which she stood.

Time was slipping by quickly, yet it seemed to her slow-footed. The snow had made all below look monotonous, but as Elisa turned she saw on the white expanse dark objects in movement. Soon she made them out to be a body of men climbing up the road by which she had come.

"Monsieur, Monsieur le Comte," she cried loudly, "there is help coming to you."

It was, in truth, the party of soldiers for whose help Monsieur von Erlach had sent to ask, and behind them came Hans Christen. He had evidently been schooling them as to the manner in which they were to proceed; but when Monsieur von Erlach came forward, Hans stopped short.

"I am glad to see you, Christen," the Count said. "You must take care of this poor woman, she is cold and weary with watching."

Her old friend had not seen her. Now he pulled off his spectacles, and blew his nose; then he frowned at her severely.

"You have given us all a nice fright, Elisa Engemann," he said, sternly. "Who would have thought a woman arrived at your years would run away from home? You made me feel like a fool when I found your cottage empty."

A wan smile came over her face.

"I could not help it, neighbor, I was wanted here," she said quietly, and then she turned back to the snow.

Christen caught her by the shoulder.

"You must come away with me," he said. "Did you not hear the Count say so just now? What will you be fit for by the time André is found?"

Her eyes brimmed over at his words.

"God bless you, old friend," she sobbed. "I will go with you by and by."

Christen turned away his head; secretly he was as unwilling to leave the place as she was. He tried to get round behind the diggers; but he

found the snow too deep, and on this side it seemed to him not hard enough to climb over unaided, although since the sun had disappeared it had been freezing. . . .

It grew colder and colder. . . .

After half an hour's waiting, Christen went up to André's mother.

"Come neighbor," he said, "let us go down and see that all is ready against he is found."

She followed him in silence; turning her head as she went she felt that part of her lay under the snow.

Elisa turned away from the blazing fire, beside which Christen sat lecturing the lad who had been sent to kindle it. She had seen that all was ready, and now she sat down near the window; her body felt heavy and inert, but she was not sleepy; her faculties were awake and strained in the effort of listening.

More than once she had gone outside the hut, but now she had come in again—waiting—waiting. Yes, it was true what Christen had said to her; when André came his mother must be there to meet him.

What was that sound? This time surely it was not as Christen had said just now—the wind murmuring in the chimney. The sound came again, a dull, soft tread, and a murmur of voices—nearer now—nearer still. Elisa looked round; her companions did not hear; the boy stood listening to Christen's talk.

She could not move. . . . The terrible dread kept her still. . . . Now the dull tread grew more distinct, but still Christen went on talking. . . .

Which was real, the woman asked herself, the man talking there by the fire, or the soft, dull sound on the snow path? Was it, after all, her fancy that had heard it? . . .

All at once the sound ceased, and then the spell that kept Elisa still broke. She rose up and opened the door. Outside was Monsieur von Erlach.

"They are bringing them," he said in a hushed voice. Then he stood aside, and the soldiers passed him, carrying their burdens into the hut.

The snow still lies on the lower

mountains, but it will be there till spring sunshine comes to melt it, for winter is everywhere; the trees are leafless, except on the pine-clothed ridge behind the village, and though the water of the lake is not frozen over, the river beyond it is a long stretch of ice.

It is evening now, and red light gleams here and there from a chalet; but generally the heavy outside shutters are closed, and these keep in the fire-light glow. Elisa has just shut the door that leads into the balcony, and she goes back into the room where André is lying on a sheepskin in front of the fire. The room looks warm in the dim, ruddy light, and the soup-pot over the fire sends out an appetizing smell.

"Shall I light the lamp?" his mother says to André. "You will spoil your sight, my boy, if you read by fire-light."

André catches at her skirt as she goes to get the lamp.

"Not yet, little mother," he says, "sit down and be idle awhile; it is good for you to have a change and help me to be idle. I am to begin work to-morrow. Hans Christen says so."

She sits down, and then he rises, and kneeling beside her leans his head on her bosom.

"Mother dear," he says, softly, "I want to tell you something."

She smiles fondly at him. Ever since the day when she was allowed to bring André home exhausted, but alive, it has seemed to Elisa as if life were too full of blessing. She does not talk much to her boy, but her eyes rest on him with loving, contented glances.

He has been some weeks in recovering from his burial under the snow; his poor little comrade was dead, but now André is as strong as ever; his godfather, Hans Christen, has offered to teach him his trade.

"Mother," says André, "did you guess that I was keeping a secret from you?" Elisa's heart gives a big throb, and the lad feels it as he leans against her; for a moment the struggle goes on in her heart, for she knows that she has long ago guessed André's secret; and then there comes vividly before her the huge snow-hill across the lake, and the lesson she learned as she walked to and fro on the ledge below.

"You will tell me your secret now," she says, timidly; for as she looks at him she feels puzzled, there is such a gleam of mirth in his eyes.

André puts both arms round her.

"Darling mother," he says, "you must not be hard on me, I was very childish then, I thought only of myself. I know it was not kind. I used to want to grow up so fast to be a strong man like father, that I might guide travellers across the glaciers."

He felt her tremble, but she kept her face still. He clasped her still closer, and kissed her.

"Mother, dear," he went on, "that is all over now. I told you that while I was lying there under the snow it seemed like years. I went on thinking and thinking more than I ever thought before, and then all at once I left off thinking about myself and poor little Heinrich, and I thought of you instead.

"This grief will kill her," I said. "Precious little mother! she has suffered so sadly; she cannot stand this." And then, presently I began to see how the mountain life I wanted would have been just as bad a trial to her as this one—what do I say? It would have been worse! for it would have given her the anguish again and again. Mother," he rose up and took both her hands in his, "I knew then for a certainty I could not be happy while you were sad, and I wondered how it was I had been so dull; it all came so clear—" he paused an instant; then he broke into a merry laugh. "You will have me to plague you always now. I mean to be a better carpenter than there is even in Dort before I'm as old as neighbor Hans."

André's mother strained her boy to her heart as though she would make him grow there, and he felt her hot tears on his neck.—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

RECENT FRENCH NOVELS.*

WE cannot say that fiction in France seems to flourish in the free air of the Republic. Not that novelists are not numerous as ever; while the circulation of the more successful works would seem to be enormous. We are not in the secrets of the publishing trade, nor do we know how far successive issues may be illusory; but it is nothing unusual to see a book of a few months old run to its thirtieth, fortieth, or even fiftieth edition. All allowances made, we may assume that a great number of copies must be sold of the neat little volumes stitched in white or orange. So far the authors should have no reason to complain, and it may be inferred that they hit off the popular taste. But the quality of the books that make a reputation or a fortune is another and a very different question! It strikes the foreigner that a new school is in the as-

cendant, which, setting considerations of morality aside altogether, is governed by peremptory laws, and works within the narrowest limits. Generally speaking, everything is sacrificed to realism of the most vulgar and trivial kind. The very sentiment is steeped in the spirit of worldliness; it is introduced almost apologetically by practical men, who, attributing it to the most ingenuous of their heroines or to eccentrics who are destined to make shipwreck of their careers, regard it at best with disdainful tolerance. As for the ideal, it is banished to spheres as remote as those in which Jules Verne launches his fancies; and the *verve* of the most spiritual efforts is *matérielle*, as M. Adolphe Belot rather prettily puts it. The subtle instincts of Balzac took the whole of human nature for their range, and his searching analysis went as deep as his canvas was comprehensive. In the novel and on the stage, Dumas exhibited his men and women in most dramatic action, describing historical and social scenes with such vivid picturesqueness as might have inspired the ambitions that he loved to depict. In the wildest rhapsodies and the most

* L'Evangéliste. Par Alphonse Daudet. Paris: E. Dentu.

Le Million. Par Jules Claretie. Paris: E. Dentu.

La Petite Sœur. Par Hector Malot. Paris: E. Dentu.

L'Abbé Constantin. Par Ludovic Halévy. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

grotesque personages of Victor Hugo there is something of the impressive grandeur of the epic; while the extravagances of George Sand are invariably artistic. Or passing to another vein, we used to welcome such sparkling and delicate wit as that of Edmond About, who happily still survives, although we have reason to regret that he has abandoned fiction. But the most brilliant of the old traditions, which, in the height and breadth of their aspirations, might surely have served the men of the day for models or examples, would appear to be ignored or forgotten by almost all. The Bourse, the Bourgeoisie, the Boulevards; "nos pay-sans," who trick and scrape; the politicians who play fast and loose with honor and conscience; the women who actually sell themselves, or who are ready to be bought for a price—are the inspirations of the popular novelists of the Republic. And when the popular novelist has pitched upon a questionable subject, he proceeds to treat it according to arbitrary rules in the most uncompromisingly realistic fashion. He takes the men and women of a class, precisely as he might find them in the sordid turmoil of pleasure or business. He tries to photograph the thoughts of their melancholy moments of leisure, very possibly upon the data he draws from his inner consciousness; and he cynically lays bare those hidden springs of action, of which the worst of us have generally the grace to be ashamed. So that in spite of any brightness in the style, or any redeeming graces of the fancy, the absolute impression is depressing in the extreme; and the book which was bitter in the mouth is likely to be poisonous in the digestion.

We merely state indisputable facts; and it is not our province to apportion the blame. We can hardly expect those who write for the society and the "citizens" of the Paris of to-day, to adopt ideal views of the dignity of the novelist's mission, and to lay themselves out to elevate the popular taste for the benefit of generations of unborn authors. These purveyors of fiction write for a name; they write for money; and they write in business-like relations with very capable publishing houses. Moreover, one of the elementary conditions of

literary success is to form a definite notion of your personal capacities. It is idle for the clever little champion of the light weights to attempt the feats of a ponderous athlete; and the most versatile artist, with the best intentions, is foolish if he "goes beyond his last," and attempts to describe what he neither knows nor feels. Genius or grand talent is one thing; neatness of thought and expression, or quickness of commonplace imagination, is quite another: we cannot expect a Flaubert, a Belot, or a Goncourt, to risk the independent self-assertion of a Balzac, who can form a taste by force of individuality. So French fiction goes revolving in a vicious circle, in which the entertained and the entertainers seem altogether worthy of each other. We are far from saying—as our opening sentence might seem to indicate—that the fault must be in republican forms of government. French taste had already made rapid progress in debasement, with the looseness and the luxury of the second Empire; while even under the constitutional *régime* of the eminently respectable citizen-king, the show in the booksellers' windows in the Palais Royal was a scandal. But we do say, and we challenge anybody to deny it, that the reign of republican light which replaced the Empire, has utterly failed to redeem its promises. After the catastrophe of Sedan and the collapse of the Bonapartes, the novelists assumed unusual license, and were sympathetically reassured by political sentiment. They figured as the honest satirists of that Imperial corruption which had been tainting the very life-blood of the nation. If they stripped vice bare, it was because over-fastidiousness was out of place when they were teaching great social and moral lessons. They gave themselves *carte blanche* in coloring malicious scandals, when nothing was too black or too incredible to be believed. M. Zola, who loves to achieve literary labors on an immense scale, set the example with a whole library of his historico-romantic satires, advertised to appear in annual issues. That may have been all very well from the points of view of the new censorship; and heaven knows there were scandals enough under the Empire to form a substantial basis of fact for the most extravagantly sensational embroid-

eries. But though the causes of those very disagreeable books have passed away, their consequences have remained; and the novels of the day tell us, what we had every reason to suspect, that there has been an accelerated decline in social morality. For the novelists who had started by satirizing the past, are become servile photographists of the manners of the present; and were manners to be reformed, we suspect they would lose their popularity, if they hesitated to paint them as far worse than they were.

Of course, any novel that is to deserve a permanent success must deal more or less with the ideal. But the ordinary contemporary French novel, when it leaves what we may assume to be solid ground, dwells on the ideal of the vicious instead of the virtuous. The figure on which the author has expanded his ingenuity is pretty sure to be a monster of refined depravity; and it is there that the apostle of realism tries to sparkle. In selecting a few of the recent French fictions for review, we are certainly not going to notice the scandalous "*Pot-bouillie*," or even that comparatively decent group of commonplace stories which M. Zola has more lately reprinted for his admirers. But we are bound to give M. Zola this praise in passing, that he is not altogether so much of a materialist as he professes to be. He not unfrequently invents, and to very profitable purpose; or if he does not draw liberally on his imagination, we would almost as soon have lived in the cities of the plain, as in the Paris which it pleases him to paint so minutely. It is impossible that our fallen nature in the French capital can be absolutely so vile as M. Zola depicts it; and were French society altogether so rotten at the core, the days of Victor Hugo's "*Light of the World*" would be numbered. We say it to the credit of M. Zola's talent for romance, that we believe him to be an inveterate and ingenious calumniator of his countrymen: his women are decidedly worse than his men, inasmuch as their weakness takes refuge in a more profound hypocrisy; his peasants cultivate in a kindly soil the baser forms of villainy that flourish luxuriously in great cities; while the sole idea of his statesmen of *élite* is to

serve themselves and their families at the cost of their country. Whether M. Zola believes in his own pictures, or whether he does not, we do not envy him a shameful or a dismal reputation; for that is the dilemma to which he is reduced. And we express ourselves the more frankly on the subject, that we are very far from contesting his strength. We take the "*Assommoir*" to be his most powerful novel; at all events, we own that it has made much the deepest impression upon us. We read it with a horrible attraction, and laid it down with an attracting disgust. Zola seems a *bourgeois* Juvenal in his dismal visions of the depths to which decent human nature may be debased. And if it be so, it is difficult to overestimate the influence for evil of a writer who prostitutes talent approaching to genius to the artistic execution of the most repulsive photography.

Personally, and for our pleasure in reading his books, we greatly prefer Daudet. He goes to Parisian life for his studies, but he sees good in some things and in certain people. When he can be conscientiously consistent with his satirical pictures of manners, he flashes in fitful glances of light, very much to the advantage of those pictures. For example, in his "*Froment Jeune*" there is one woman, or perhaps two, whom we can really love and pity. Although his *Nabab* is, as he is meant to be, almost a brutal type of humanity, yet all along we feel more irresistibly inclined toward the man, who is rather the victim of his circumstances than of his vices, or even his weaknesses. But M. Daudet, who is very much less prolific than Zola, has just produced another story, which is in very different vein from any he has previously written. We think there can be no question that the "*Évangéliste*" is greatly inferior in artistic merit to any one of the three works which have made M. Daudet's reputation. The reason lies on the surface, and in the essence of the subject; while the very excitement with which the book has been expected, goes far to account for a comparative failure. "*L'Évangéliste*" is a novel with a purpose; and the purpose, moreover, is to make a savage attack on one of the sensational movements of the day. It

has been rumored, with what truth we cannot pretend to say, that M. Daudet felt personally aggrieved by the proceedings of certain of the proselytizers, who are the French counterparts of the leaders of our Salvation Armies. It has been said that his feelings had been outraged by an incident within his personal knowledge, of a young woman *détournée* from her duties and affections by an immoral abuse of spiritual terrorism. And even if the report be false, it might very naturally have suggested itself to any one who casts a glance through M. Daudet's pages. He evidently writes with intense bitterness. His hand trembles so visibly with suppressed passion, that he has lost much of his habitual delicacy of touch; and figures which have been outlined at first with much of his accustomed firmness, gradually become blurred, confused, and distorted. As we are discussing his book purely on artistic grounds, we are in no way concerned here with the honesty or the discretion of "salvationists" of any type. We are willing to concede, for the sake of argument, that they may be all that their worst enemies represent them. But we submit that, even from a polemical point of view, abuse is not argument—as assuredly it is not art. A forcible indictment may be founded on the baldest statement of damning facts; but the most eloquent fiction fails of its object, because we can never be certain as to how much we may believe, and because we more than suspect that the writer's imagination has flown away with him. So that M. Daudet seems to draw extravagantly on our credulity, when he seeks the motives of his most soul-stirring episodes in almost impossible inconsistencies of character. It is hard to imagine that passionately enthusiastic and self-denying women can reconcile it with a living faith in revelation and futurity, to doom living hearts to the most exquisite tortures, as if they were vivisectionists or inquisitors of the school of St. Dominic. It is harder still to believe that they would consciously imperil their salvation by tricks of the basest kind, that bring them within reach of the criminal tribunals. But perhaps it is most hard of all to be persuaded that any exertion of moral pressure could have swayed M. Daudet's cherish-

ed heroine into acting as she is supposed to act. Before the most loving of daughters could have been brought to the brink of deliberate matricide, her brain must surely have given way in the wild turmoil of her emotions.

The beginning of the story is almost worthy of M. Daudet at his best: the opening chapters are nearly as simple and as charming as anything he has ever written. He seems by an exertion of self-control to be keeping his temper, that he may depict the happy home which is to be ruthlessly broken up. Madame Ebsen, a Danish widow, with her daughter Eline, are settled in peace, though in poverty, in Paris. A sorrow has fallen upon them, but it has come in the course of nature, for they have just buried the aged grandmother they adored. Eline is the most dutiful and devoted of daughters; and so far as we can judge, she appears to be reasonably strong-minded. At all events she is the stay of her feeble mother; she works cheerfully to keep the little household in comfort; and she is ever ready to do a kind action to her neighbors. Be it remarked, too, that Mademoiselle Ebsen's religious upbringing has predisposed her neither to mysticism nor to superstition. She belongs to one of those Protestant sects which tend to foster more robust and independent belief; and she has always lived in friendly confidence with the venerable pastor of her communion. The girl is the fondest of daughters, and she has the tenderest instincts of maternity as well. We see it when the Ebsens, as Parisian neighbors will do, form an intimacy with a family who come to reside in the same house. M. Lorie, as he is first presented to us, is excellent; although afterward M. Daudet half forgets or neglects him. *Ex-sous-préfet* of a district in Algiers, the story of his life is the story of a failure. An official to the heart's core, he has lost his place: an affectionate husband, he has lost his wife. Come to Paris with a couple of children and an attached domestic, the luckless little family are almost starving. The Ebsens succor the children in illness; Eline becomes a mother to the little girl. So strong indeed is the tie between the two, that Eline, in the bare apprehension of a separation, is led to

give her assent to a marriage with the father. What seemed in the beginning to be a marriage *de convenance* is likely to turn out a very happy one. Eline is a reasonable girl, hitherto heart-whole; while M. Lorie, although something of a prig, is a good fellow and devoted to her: they have influential patrons to help them to a livelihood, and the prudent Madame Ebsen is entirely satisfied.

It is then that the scene changes, and we and Eline are brought into contact with the demon of the novel, who masks herself in the guise of an angel of light. M. Daudet has bestowed considerable pains upon Madame Autheman; but in painting a mystery of mystic fanaticism, he has made a monster. Madame Autheman had felt spiritual longings from her childhood: in her maidenhood she seemed to have found her affinity in a manly young theological student, to whom she was engaged. Unhappily her parents are ruined, and she is jilted. Thenceforward she resolves to make religion her vocation; and apparently determines at the same time to take her revenge by outraging all those worldly affections that have been disappointed in herself. The first step in that direction is characteristically inconsistent. Without an idea of paying him with either love or duty, she weds a wealthy young Jewish banker, that she may use his wealth for her purposes. Treating him as her banker, but never as her husband, she abuses her paramount influence over him to compel him to change his creed. We may remark parenthetically that, when the unhappy man—turned renegade for the love of a woman who has always been ice to him—is ultimately driven to suicide by her austerity, she can spare his memory neither a tear nor a regret. The great wealth of Madame Autheman enables her to keep a staff in her pay, who are all of them either blind enthusiasts or black hypocrites. They are bound by the tenure of their service to be unscrupulous as their mistress; and their mistress has neither conscience nor remorse. Circumstances induce her to make the conquest of Eline, and she begins by terrifying the girl as to the fate of her dead grandmother. She persuades her that, as the worthy old lady has died without declaring her “saving knowl-

edge” of the Redeemer, there can be no possible redemption for her. The doom of the departed is fixed beyond recall; but happily there is time to rescue the living. And the imminent danger to herself and those dearest to her, which must be averted at any cost, is the machinery Madame Autheman sets in motion to mould Mdlle. Ebsen to her will. Going further than any Jesuit in the practice of the doctrine that an end may justify any conceivable means, the essence of her proceedings is deceit and secrecy. Madame Ebsen sees her daughter slipping from her, without being able to assign a cause, or win her child to an explanation. Finally, the girl is persuaded to leave her mother's roof, and take refuge under the wings of her patroness. The mother follows the fugitive in vain. She is met at every turn by lies, or baffled by those mysterious social and legal influences which the wealthy banking house has been at pains to cultivate. We may remark, that the possible influences of what was at best but a second rate financial establishment, have been grossly and outrageously exaggerated, to the discredit of French institutions. Finally, by a refinement of meanness and cruelty, when it appears that a judicial scandal is well-nigh inevitable, Eline is sent back to her mother for a time, simply that she may be represented as a free agent. A free agent she is in a bodily sense; but Madame Autheman has succeeded in trammelling her soul effectually; and when the time is expired, and when a satisfactory defence has been established, she leaves her broken-hearted mother with scarcely a tremor. Even admitting the credibility of all the rest, we maintain that a prolonged ordeal of the kind, practiced on such a girl as Eline was represented, would have been absolutely impossible to feeble human nature.

Of course M. Daudet must always be bright, and frequently brilliant. We have already praised the beginning of his book, and we are far from denying that there is much that is moving in it. If Madame Autheman were not so inconceivable, she would be imposing. Even within the limits of the credible, she is made to show an extraordinary force of will; and we are left to surmise

the volcanic agencies and internal convulsions which may be smouldering and working under that impassible exterior. Nothing can be more dramatic than the scene, with its prologue and its epilogue, where her pastor is brought to denounce the sinner from the pulpit. The old Aussandon is a pious divine, but poor and henpecked, and something of a time-server. He would have openly championed the cause of Eline's afflicted mother, but fear of his wife and his worldly interests have restrained him. But the old man's heart has been burning within him; his conscience is perpetually reproaching him for his timidity; and in the temporary absence of his better half he summons courage to do his duty, and to dare the consequences. He launches the solemn thunders of the Church at the wealthiest member of the congregation; and all his hearers are shaken except the object of his pointed censures. The sacrament is to follow, and the anonymously denounced offender dares to draw near to the sacred table. He makes his whispered warnings more solemn and direct, but with her cold audacity she joins the communicants. His duty has been discharged; he is absolved from his responsibility; and the reaction follows on his effort of heroism. We see the very servants of the "temple" shrink from the man who has challenged the enmity of the all-powerful Madame Autheman, and his heart sinks within him when he forecasts the meeting with his wife. But then that worthy woman throws herself into his arms, remembering her marriage vows in impending adversity, and proud of the husband who has risked all for his conscience. Very excellent, too, are the faithful servants who have followed the declining fortunes of the unlucky M. Lorie; and very pretty are the descriptions of the little children, left motherless in the care of a devoted maid. But any interest in the novel is merely casual or ephemeral; and, for the sake of the author's reputation, it had far better be forgotten.

Following one of the most distinguished novelists of the day, we are glad to be able to select three very favorable specimens of work by men of lesser note, though still of considerable reputation. Had we merely gone by notoriety and

popularity, we could not have omitted two novels by Adolphe Belot, and one of them would have been an unexceptionable example in vindication of our severest strictures. As for the "Fugitives de Vienne," it is deceptive in its title, and so harmless that M. Belot feels bound to apologize. It is but a reprint of articles contributed to Viennese journals, and has nothing to do, as might have been confidently expected, with the lives and loves of the Viennese ladies. As for his other book—which, for obvious reasons, we decline to advertise by name—we can only say that he may safely rest such credit as he has upon it. There is no denying its cleverness, and perhaps he has been never so wantonly offensive. So shameless is it, that it has evidently been borne in upon him that even the author of "Mademoiselle Giraud" and of "La Femme de Feu," is constrained to make elaborate apology. And we may say that it is one of the worst signs of the times, that an author enjoying so wide a reputation can care, in the maturity of his age and powers, to put his name to a masterpiece of sensuality. But to return to the books which we mean to notice, all the three have a double recommendation. They are clever stories by practised authors; and they are safe reading for respectable households, inasmuch as there is nothing more *risqué* in any one of them than may be found in three out of four of the fictions of our own lady-novelists. We give the preference to a tale by M. Jules Claretie, although perhaps it is scarcely equal in merit to M. Malot's "Petite Sœur." But then the "Million" is possibly of more general interest; and M. Claretie appears ordinarily to occupy a middle place between the authors we have unhesitatingly condemned and those we can honestly admire. And there is little or nothing in his latest work to which we can reasonably take exception on moral grounds. M. Claretie has always submitted somewhat reluctantly to the exigencies of a dissolute public, while his inclinations seemed to draw him in the opposite direction. He loves what is good; he appreciates delicacy of sentiment; and, nevertheless, his novels are essentially worldly. The "Million" is distinctly

a case in point. We are carried along in a whirl of frivolity and speculation : his heroes are chiefly men who have battled on the Bourse, or merchants who have struggled unsuccessfully in commerce ; and his men and his women, for the most part, worship either Mammon or Fashion before all things. Yet he can sympathetically sketch subordinate characters, who attract us infinitely more than others, who thrust themselves more conspicuously forward. His imagination can rise to ideals of disinterestedness which approach the heroic, notwithstanding their surroundings ; and instead of gloating over the blighting of some promising life, where sin has almost consciously been working for retribution, he loves to let good triumph over evil, and to teach that the gravest faults may be atoned by genuine repentance. Some of his critical French contemporaries have objected to M. Claretie that he has too many literary irons in the fire ever to take rank as a leading novelist. They admit that he was a writer of great possibilities ; but they maintain that the novelist must concentrate himself upon his work, that he should leisurely develop his fancies in an undistracted brain ; and they cite the faults of Claretie's fictions in support of their theories. He is too active as a journalist—so they say—to do himself justice as a novelist ; his plots are carelessly conceived, and slovenly worked out. Even if the principle they lay down be generally sound, our English experience must convince us that there may be exceptions to it. Hitherto, however, so far as M. Claretie is concerned, we have been inclined to agree with them ; but it strikes us that "Le Million," to say the least of it, marks a great advance upon his former work. The plot is strong and solid. Incidents that must have been long foreseen are made to dovetail into each other ingeniously, from the first chapter to the last ; and striking situations arise out of circumstances which could only have been reconciled and arranged by forethought. And we have a similar sense of a well-reasoned consistency in his characters, even when their conduct surprises us or baffles our anticipations.

We have said that "Le Million" is of the world and worldly, notwithstand-

ing its glimpses of nobler things ; and M. Claretie is invariably and intensely Parisian. Thence perhaps his success, in spite of occasional carelessness. He is none of those novelists, like André Theuriet, who have settled down in the colony of artists at Fontainebleau, and can dash you off a simple idyl of the woods and streams, that gains favor with artificial folks from the inherent graces of the sentiment. M. Claretie lays his hand on the pulses of the city in which he has lived and moved and had his aspirations. In his more earnest moments he expresses his sympathies with the men who are most painfully conscious of the trivialities that occupy and intoxicate them. "Le Million" opens in an *al fresco* café of the Champs Elysées—*chez Ledoyen*, as we may suppose, from the green sauce served with the salmon—one of those touches of contemporary realism which the frequenter of Paris should recognize. It is the grande *fête*-day of the *vernissage*, when all Paris with any pretensions to fashion or taste, has been crowding the galleries of the Art Exhibition for the coming season. Louis Ribeyre, who has invited a little family gathering as host, is a genuine Frenchman and Parisian, down to the tips of his varnished boots. But besides that, there is a strong dash of Bohemian blood in his veins ; he has all the Bohemian gayety of heart, and he affects the Bohemian liberty of speech. Differently connected or associated, he might possibly have been a great imaginative painter ; more practical, he might have made a fortune by limning fashionable portraits. Knowing what we know of him, the latter possibility seems to be indicated by the mocking jealousy with which he remarks the portrait-painter the most in vogue, who is displaying his graces at a neighboring table. As it is, Louis appears to have money enough to live comfortably, or he would not figure as Amphitryon on such an occasion ; and a competency has encouraged him in his natural indolence and in his caprices, which unfit him for making serious exertions. He is *lié* by his relationships with capital and trade ; and we suspect from the first that there is unacknowledged envy in the indifference he professes to riches and luxuries. It is a happy thought

which groups all the leading characters of the story, and groups them naturally, round one little table in the opening chapter. We feel that each of the painter's guests must more or less have a marked individuality, and that the contrast or conjunction of their very different natures may lead them through a series of exciting experiences. The meeting is a reflection in miniature of middle-class Paris, sprung from the people, aspiring to the plutocracy, and given over to feverish excitements in one shape or another. Most boisterous, and forcing himself most conspicuously upon our notice as on that of his neighbors, is Emile Guillemard, one of the celebrities of the Bourse; a broker and speculator, who can trade upon the invaluable capital of a reputation for succeeding in everything he attempts—a man who has seldom a minute he can call his own, and who has condescended as a very exceptional favor to make a dash at the *déjeuner* of his cousin the painter—for even a *boursier* must eat somewhere, and his carriage awaits him outside. He is a vulgar good fellow, whose head has been heated by his good fortune; who accumulates money by strokes of audacity; whose heart may still possibly be in the right place—which is a point that is to be settled in the course of the story; but who rattles his money-bags obnoxiously in your face, and whose company would be intolerable to what we call a gentleman. A veritable type of his class in Paris; in England we should indicate this M. Guillemard as an over-prosperous commercial traveller. His daughter is precisely what we should expect, considering that she has good looks, and is superficially brilliant. When we say that she is the idol of her father, we have shown how she has been spoiled. Indeed, as it is, taking her disadvantages into account, Raymonde Guillemard must have had a deal of the angel in her. We cannot expect to find refinement in the petted darling of the vulgar capitalist. *La Cousinette*, as Louis Ribeyre playfully calls her, can literally throw millions away on her fantasies. It is her father's boast that he fills her purse so fast, that nothing which the giddy spendthrift can do can drain it. And though he has provided her with

an imperturbable Englishwoman for *chaperon*, Raymonde is a girl who will take the bit in her teeth. As she does what she pleases, so she says what she likes; nor does she scruple to turn the conversation to one of the most notorious of the venal beauties in the Bois who happens to resemble her in person and in face.

In contrast with the prosperous Guillemard and his heiress, are Victor Ribeyre and his only daughter. While Raymonde, so far as wealth goes, should have the world at her feet, Andrée Ribeyre is likely to inherit nothing. That is her father's second greatest grief, while he has been succumbing to the anxieties of a struggling business. Andrée, we must say in passing, is relatively insipid, because she is the incarnation of generous simplicity and disinterestedness; although the simple-minded devotion she feels for her father is sure to cause her trouble when she comes to fall in love. A more interesting personage is Madame Ribeyre, who naturally claims the first place in her husband's anxieties; who is little older than her step-daughter, and even more beautiful, though in a different style. In the first place, Victor Ribeyre is desperately in love with his wife; in the second place, in spite of himself, he misdoubts her. The beautiful Genevieve is more Parisian than Guillemard; more Parisian even than her cousin Louis. Like Solomon's virtuous wife, she would be a crown to a wealthy husband, but she was never made to share the sorrows of a poor man. She had more than enough of sordid anxiety as a girl, when she saw her father being driven foot by foot toward bankruptcy. She loves money and admiration in an honest way, but for admiration and money she has irrepressible longings. Moreover, she has much of that sentimental sensuousness of the creole, which George Sand exhibited so effectively in "Indiana." She loves her husband as yet, but her domestic anxieties irritate her beyond endurance: already they are telling on her health and looks; and she feels that relief at any price would be cheaply purchased. Guillemard is not subtle enough to read her mind, nor does he pride himself on personal fascinations. But he is quite shrewd

enough to see that she is dazzled by his millions, and he can heartily pity and sympathize with her in her distaste for poverty. He places himself and all he has at her disposal—as a cousin; and should his liberality lead on to anything serious, why, *tant pis pour le cousin Victor*. He will not tell himself coldly that he would seduce his cousin's wife but property has its privileges as poverty has its penalties. It would be a kindly action to give Madame Genevieve all she desires, and the consequences may be postponed for after-consideration. So that the virtue of the beautiful Genevieve trembles in the balance of the future; and if she were in the hands of M. Zola or even of M. Daudet, we should predict pretty confidently that her fall was predestined.

This sketch of the characters who give its marked features to the story shows that there is the material for an ingenious plot; and M. Claretie makes the best of them, with a delicacy and even a tenderness to which Parisian novelists have seldom accustomed us of late. The pivot of the dramatic action is the capricious testamentary disposition of an uncle who was many times millionaire. Old Ducrey, who is only left too much in outline, might have been a study for Balzac, and has very probably been borrowed from him. A *roué* in his youth, the old man would be a miser in his age, but for a solitary taste, in which he is profuse. Leading a lonely life with a single housekeeper, he crowds his rooms with miracles of artistic furniture, and rests his posthumous reputation on the excitement that will be created by their sale. He passes his time, to the very last, in devising fresh financial combinations. There is a very powerful scene when Victor Ribeyre pays him a visit, in the desperate hope of obtaining an indispensable advance. He sees the avaricious old skeleton, with death in his face, sitting under the shadow of an exquisite crucifix which Ducrey had bought for the sake of the carving, and with a fading light in his eyes, that is only rekindled by the prospective gains of some rascally transaction. Desperate as are his financial extremities, the honest Victor dare not prefer his request; and it was just as well that he did not provoke a certain refusal.

Having led a godless and conscienceless life, Ducrey leaves a legacy of mischief behind him. He revokes what would have been a natural will by a codicil embodying the most capricious conditions, and conveying away his property from his natural heirs. Hence the complications which give their interest to the story, and the ordeals to which the frailties of Ducrey's relatives are subjected. The will has been acted upon before the codicil is discovered, and the brothers Ribeyre have been suddenly enriched. To Victor the accession of wealth brings inexpressible relief. Not only is he released from a life of anxiety, but the wife that he had trembled to lose is secured to him. It is true that the announcement of his fortune came somewhat too late; for his Genevieve had broken down only the evening before, and revealed to him in a passionate outbreak the longings she had hitherto kept concealed. In the revelation he learned that he had been losing his hold on his idol, and his vague suspicions of Guillemard were taking tangible shape. With wealth, his wife has really become an honest woman again; and her reviving love was unmistakably genuine. While as for the careless Louis, who had always scoffed at the sorrows of the rich, he has taken more kindly than Victor to his novel circumstances.

When the brothers learn that the money they have been enjoying was never really meant for them after all, they behave according to their different natures. The clever and reckless Louis finds specious arguments why they should not be victimized by an old tyrant's crotchets. The honest Victor would wash his hands at once; but then his affection for Genevieve is artfully wrought upon. Will he lose her love by renewing her anxieties? Will he condemn her again to the misery that was making shipwreck of her health, and which will plunge her back in temptations which may prove irresistible? During the year through which the brothers guard their guilty secret and keep their ill-gotten wealth, we may conceive the sufferings to which the susceptible Victor is condemned. Aided by circumstances, however, his probity reasserts itself at last; and then the problem that chiefly interests us is, how

Genevieve may take the disclosure. M. Claretie's treatment of the difficult situation is bold, and, we may add, doubtful. It seems to us that Genevieve is saved, and that the forebodings which had beset her husband are falsified, at the cost of probabilities. The woman who was nearly selling herself for the pleasures of the world, has been morally regenerated by her temporary immersion in them. It is not that she has tasted their bitterness; on the contrary, she enjoyed them heartily. But having enjoyed them for a time, her longings have been satisfied; and now she is content to resign herself to destiny and duty. The dying Victor finds her a devoted nurse, and he dies as sure of her devotion as of that of his unworldly daughter. As for Louis, the effect upon him is more natural. He had been carried off his legs in the sudden overflow of a Pactolus, and having no firm principles to support him, had gone with the golden stream, and even found eloquence to turn tempter to his brother. But his wants are really few; his tastes were naturally simple; he had been becoming *blasé* on everything, when he found his occupation as an artist gone; and he is consoled besides by the love of the *cousinette*, who has proved that her giddiness was only skin-deep by giving him a marvellous proof of disinterestedness. And Louis, again, in the days of his wealth, had given her a characteristically Parisian proof of his admiration. When he fancied the *cousinette* would never care for him, he had paid his court to one of the most brilliant types of the *cocotte*, because in hair, and looks, and perhaps in *étourderie*, that brilliant being reminded him of Raymonde. In the persons we have sketched, such as they are, with the exception of the weak but well-meaning Victor, we see the darker or more frivolous side of Claretie's pictures of Parisian-life. Contrasted with them are others who rise to sublime and almost Quixotic heights of self-sacrifice—such as Olivier Giraud, the confidential clerk, who is almost savagely aggressive in his proud independence; and Mademoiselle Andrée Ribeyre, whom he ultimately marries. But we are sorry to repeat, that notwithstanding their nobility of nature, these models of the virtues

are relatively tame. They make all the difference, however, to the morality of a story in which vice is punished and virtue rewarded; and M. Claretie deserves all possible credit for the virtues which he may have exaggerated, but which he praises and admires; while the sentiment of his story is relieved and enlivened by those battles on the Bourse to which we made allusion, in which M. Guillemard is driven to the wall, to be saved by a miracle of fortune.

M. Malot, if he seems scarcely so much a man of the world, as M. Claretie has perhaps more delicate perceptions of human nature in general, and a warmer sympathy with its softer side. "*La Petite Sœur*" is meant as a companion study to "*Sans Famille*," which we reviewed in the Magazine some years ago; and it reminds us of the other in many respects. It is almost equally sensational, but the sensations are of a different kind. We have no little vagabond roughing it barefooted on the highways, alternately bullied and petted by the wandering mountebanks who seek to make a profit of him. In place of a friendless orphan boy, we have a little girl with a home and an affectionate mother. None the less is the life of Mademoiselle de Mussidan made exciting in the extreme. For although she may always count upon the most tender watchfulness—though she has a mother who idolizes and a lover who adores her; yet, after all, her fate is in the hands of a father who is only to be moved by considerations of self-interest. So that Genevieve de Mussidan's future altogether depends on the circumstances that become too strong for the perverse selfishness of her father, and which are incidentally evolved in the course of the story.

The plot that sets the characters in action is an ingenious one; but it supplies another example of what we have just asserted—that the most objectionable characters in a novel are usually the most artistically interesting. The mother of "the little sister" is admirable, notwithstanding the single slip from virtue which gives all the coloring and interest to what must otherwise have been a commonplace life. She is a cheerful, kindly, hard-working woman; she would have been a most loving wife

had she met with a decent husband; and maternal affection arms her with the courage to flutter like the hen-partridge in defence of her little ones. But it is her husband, scamp as he is, who deservedly attracts our attention. The story opens in a way to which we have been accustomed in scores of familiar French novels by Paul de Kock and others. The life in single rooms in one of the great Parisian rookeries, brings next-door neighbors into close relations, sometimes to their satisfaction, but more often to their sorrow. In one of these lodging-houses a certain M. Passeron becomes an object of general gossip. There is a mystery about him, with a grand distinction of manners. His stock of linen is as scanty as his visible resources, but it is whispered that the linen is embroidered with a coronet. He holds himself civilly though almost superciliously aloof. Mademoiselle Angélique, who lives in the next room, has an opportunity of rendering him a service. It is nothing less than saving him from death, when he was on the point of expiring of starvation. That extremity, from which he was so opportunely rescued, marks the eminent inconsistencies of M. Passeron's nature. He is a probable enough Parisian type, although almost impossible in most other capitals. M. Passeron is the vainest and meanest of mankind. He is really the Count de Mussidan, chief of an ancient family, who has already "eaten" two great fortunes and is holding on in expectation of a third. Being reduced to humiliating straits of economy, he has suppressed his name and eclipsed his existence. He sleeps and starves in a bare garret, rented at a few francs the month; and promenades the Boulevards every afternoon, exchanging salutations with some of their most brilliant *habités*. Rather than beg of his humble neighbors, he had resigned himself to die of inanition. But when Mademoiselle Angélique, who would have been called a *grisette* a generation ago, helps him into her room and feeds and warms him, all the nobility of his lofty nature revives. Hardly is he able to steady himself on his legs than he imposes with his grand manner on his benefactress. Condescending gracefully, with the hereditary distinction of his race, and reassuring her with the

gentleness of his insinuating gratitude, he incites her to fresh acts of benevolence. While she is feeding and warming him day after day, both of them feel that she is the obliged party. He shows himself capable of the most sublime self-sacrifice—all the more sublime, that she is not in the secret of it. She spends her hard-earned savings in spreading a comfortable board for him. While he, *en galant homme*, sits down to "cooking that is more than primitive" without a grimace; and swallows her tough cutlets without audibly breathing a sigh for the banquets of Bignon's and the Café Anglais. And there are some admirable little touches which illustrate his autocratic selfishness, as when he repels the familiarities of her favorite cat, and finally has that hitherto petted animal banished to a *pension* in the suburbs.

A *liaison* that was innocent at first has almost necessarily its natural consequences. Angélique slips and falls; and it is difficult to blame her. Crushed under the disclosure of the personality of the Count of Mussidan, she persuades herself that their marriage is only a question of time, and that she is bound to consult her condescending lover's convenience. That the selfish Count should ever have "made an honest woman of her," may seem extravagant enough. But there the dramatic machinery is brought into play, which gives its main interest to M. Malot's novel. M. de Mussidan is moved entirely by self-interest, and a wealthy old spinstress aunt is the absolute mistress of his future. Should he succeed to her immense fortune, he will be himself again. Old Mademoiselle de Paylaurens is excessively tantalizing. A confirmed invalid, she will defer her death; while she persists in telling him that he is irrevocably disinherited. But it would appear that, according to the French law, such a threat must be accepted with modifications, so long as the disinherited heir has children. The Count has a right to the enjoyment of the revenues of any fortune that may be left to minors. And M. de Mussidan has a couple of scapegrace boys, besides their "little sister" born to him by Angélique. Mademoiselle de Paylaurens, whom he perpetually abuses, is really a model of benev-

olence, and a most sensible woman to boot, though somewhat eccentric. She has kept her eye on the father of the grandchildren whose extravagance has disappointed her, and she has learned the truth as to his relations with Angélique. She appreciates the devotion of the confiding girl he has betrayed, and puts pecuniary pressure upon her nephew to marry her. And having brought the marriage about by working upon the Count's cupidity, she builds her last hope on the little sister.

Mademoiselle Genevieve's story continues chiefly to interest us as it develops the peculiarities of her disreputable parent. The little girl inherits the sweet dispositions of her mother; and yet the self-seeking of her father might possibly warp them. Here again we are brought face to face with a struggle between the contending influences of good and evil. The hands of the submissive mother are in a manner tied; and the arbitrary father would have it all his own way, had not his rich aunt come to the rescue. Spending the allowance that is made to him on his personal amusements, he leaves his wife to work herself to death to meet the household expenses, and would willingly let his daughter do the same. Happily, however, for the child, his interests are bound up in her longevity. And there is delightful irony in the care the father bestows upon the health which is literally so very precious to him. He sacrifices himself to promoting her on the Boulevards, having previously seen that she is suitably dressed. And subsequently, when she has made a sensation with her enchanting voice, he stoops his pride to letting her sing in public, and condescends to flatter the journalists he despises, that she may be duly puffed in the press. Yet even then he displays his irrepressible habits of self-indulgence, by airing his pride at the expense of his pocket. Self-exaltation is one of the luxuries he cannot deny himself, cost what it may. He will *chaperon* his daughter to the entertainments where she is professionally engaged; and there he will offend her most liberal patrons by insisting on the precedence due to his rank. Had he been less short-sighted, and carried himself more modestly, he might have lived in comfort on the genius of Genevieve:

as it is, he is once more reduced to such narrow circumstances that Mademoiselle de Paylaurens can constrain him for Genevieve's good.

The rest of the story turns upon Genevieve's love affairs, and M. de Mussidan, although he has necessarily much to say upon the subject, withdraws to the background. The girl has fixed her affections on a rising young journalist and dramatist, who, except in birth and social position, is in every way worthy of her; but she has been driven at last to seek shelter under the roof of her grand-aunt. And Mademoiselle de Paylaurens, although she proves to be the best and most generous of women, prides herself on her family, is suspicious of modern journalism, and detests the stage. Nothing could secure the happiness of the anxious Genevieve but the antagonistic antipathies of her father and grand-aunt. Mademoiselle de Paylaurens is wrought upon through her strongest feelings—love for her niece and regard for the fortune, which she knows her grand-nephews would lavish in prodigalities. By a heroic act of justifiable deception, when stretched upon her deathbed, she imposes on the spendthrift, who has been counting her days; and she makes his covetousness the instrument of its own disappointment. So that M. Malot has worked out his clever plot with an interest which is ingeniously increased to the last moment; and perhaps he has never succeeded better in a study of character than in the egotistical hypocrisy of the Comte de Mussidan.

M. Ludovic Halévy is a writer who, like M. Claretie, might have made a greater name had he turned his attention exclusively to fiction. He has written charily, but he has written well; and by far the cleverest of his books is the most discreditable. His "*Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*" may be classed with the infamously graceful masterpiece of Theophile Gautier. Its style is admirable; it is as delicately and we had almost said as diabolically suggestive. Not that there is any very great harm in it, according to the standard of the French novel-reader; but that it makes vice most coquettishly and gracefully suggestive. Therefore, in the almost general declension of tone in fiction

which we have been lamenting, we are the better pleased to give a welcome to a work of repentance. It is a case of surprise over a Saul among the prophets when M. Halévy offers us compensation for his *égarements de plume* by writing a novelette so innocently charming as "L'Abbé Constantin;" all the more so, that he shows that humor and gayety need not necessarily be wedded to provocations to vice. The little book is nearly perfect in its unpretending style. Its scenes are laid in a remote rural parish; and although a reflection of the lights of Paris falls almost necessarily across the pages, yet it is flashed from a distance, and comes in by way of contrast. M. Halévy sets himself to glorify the virtues in all classes, while he gives free play to the passions in almost primitive simplicity. The story opens in the brooding of a storm over the quiet little parish of Longueval. Its great domain with the ancestral château is going to change hands, and the purchaser is to be decided by the hazards of an auction-room. The Curé, L'Abbé Constantin, is in great trouble. He is sorry for himself, since he was the old friend of the family that goes away; but he is still more anxious for his unfortunate poor. They have lost a liberal and tender benefactress, and whom are they to find in her place? What man can do has been done to avert the calamity he dreads. A combination has been formed to keep the property in the county; but that combination has been defeated. The château has gone to a stranger—to a foreigner—to an American—to a heretic. The poor will starve—the Curé will be thrust aside—and the end of all things is evidently approaching.

But it always seems darkest the hour before day, and the good Curé's lack of faith is rebuked. On a day immediately following the sale he entertains a visitor to dinner in his little "presbytery." The presbytery is not a palace, as M. Halévy explains, but its occupant loves to practise the pleasures of hospitality: and this time his guest is his godson and favorite, Jean Reynaud, captain in a regiment of artillery which is quartered in the neighboring town. Jean is the only son of a freethinking country doctor, who had been adored by the pious priest

for his large-minded liberality; and who, after giving his life for his country in the Franco-German war, had bequeathed a handsome sum of money to his heir. Jean had carried disinterestedness to the point of dividing his inheritance with the widow and the orphan. Consequently he has always found a second father in the worthy Curé; and that sublime disinterestedness of his strikes the key-note to the story, which is a signal example of virtue bringing its reward. The priest is pouring out his griefs upon Captain Jean's sympathetic bosom, when a modest knock comes to the presbytery door. M. Constantin receives a most unexpected visit, and entertains a pair of angels unawares. For his visitors are no other than Madame Scott, the wife of the American millionaire, who has purchased Longueval, with Mademoiselle "Bettina" Percival, her sister. The sisters are enormously rich co-heiresses; they are genuine Parisiennes, though of Canadian extraction; and they have dazzled the fortune-hunters and the high society of the French capital with their beauty, their style of living, and their exquisite taste. They are all the more *piquante* that they use the privileges of their wealth without abusing them, by a certain transatlantic freedom of speech, which expresses precisely what they think. The pair of provincials are taken aback by the radiant apparitions; but the unaffected simplicity of these ethereal beings soon places them at their ease. The Curé learns to his delight that they are dutiful daughters of mother Church; and they leave him substantial proofs of their respect for her in the shape of sundry *rouleaux* of napoleons. They promise, besides, a monthly revenue, which surpasses all his most magnificent dreams; and we may remark parenthetically, that M. Halévy's ideas of beneficence are altogether opposed to the principles of the Charity Organization Society.

As for Captain John Reynaud, he is fascinated, blinded, and dazzled. His safety so far is, that in this vague and preliminary stage of an overpowering passion, he is equally taken by the two sisters, and is more puzzled as to awarding the prize than Paris among the goddesses on Mount Ida. But as he is too honest a man to make love to a married

woman, we know beforehand how the balance must incline. Of course we see that the barrier which looms between him and the bewitching Bettina, consists in the enormity of that young woman's wealth and expectations. But inviting opportunities offer irresistible seductions. Their first friend in the country is urged by the ladies to make himself at home in their château, along with his spiritual father and sponsor. Wherever Bettina goes or turns she hears the Captain's praises sounded in her ears by the peasantry; and while the handsome young officer escorts her in her forest-rides, she is getting glimpses at the beauties of his noble nature. The result is clearly foreseen from the first, but the successive stages through which it is reached are made none the less interesting. Bettina's bright and instinctive frankness explains what would otherwise be unmaidenly forwardness. Persecuted by men who had marked her down for her money, she had despaired of the disinterested love of which she had dreamed. Here she has the very object she has been hoping for—a man who, as the French say, has made his proofs of disinterestedness; who has sacrificed himself to be the Providence of his less fortunate neighbors; who is vouched for by the saintly old clergyman who has known him and loved him from boyhood. And yet she sees her hopes of happiness slipping through her fingers. Jean loves her far beyond all earthly things, but then he will never sell himself for money. So she determines to "take her courage in both hands," and do as her sister had done before her. As the mountain will not come to her, she resolves to go all the way to the mountain. She drops down upon her lover at the presbytery, when he is on the eve of a despairing flight, and insists upon confessing herself to the Curé be-

fore him. She states her case exactly as we have told it, in an extremely pretty and touching scene. The presence of the good father sanctifies the explanation, and Jean, who regards her as an angel, never questions her purity or sincerity. The marriage is arranged, with all regard to his scruples; and the wealthy American heiress, having found more than she had hoped, bestows her hand on the hard-working soldier, who means still to make his way in his profession.

But our slight sketch of a very *spirituelle* story can give but a faint idea of its beauties and graces. It is lively from the beginning to the end; there is quiet humor in abundance; but the chief claim is in the refinement and elevation of the tone. M. Halévy, does his country-people the infinite service of showing that morality and innocence may be made as attractive as fashionable vice. Bettina Percival is literally a child of nature, who is scared instead of being attracted by sin, and who flutters naturally like a frightened dove to the bosom of the strong man who she feels can protect her. The old Curé is as natural as she—a venerable recluse, or rather seclude, who has realized the happiness of living for other people, and who yet has some slight taint of humanity. He "makes his follies" in the way of being absurdly charitable; and moreover, though a recluse, he is no ascetic. He has no dislike to his creature-comforts; he is a good deal of an epicure in a quiet way; and it is a real pleasure to him to drop to sleep in a comfortable *salon*, lulled by the strains of cultivated music, after a long day of hard duty in his parish lanes. Altogether we may cordially congratulate M. Halévy on a book which, as we may hope, will be a new point of departure.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE SEA CALLS.

(THOUGHTS OF VENICE IN THE HIGH ALPS.)

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

I.

BROAD shadowy mountains and the boundless plain
And silver streak of ocean part us, friend,
Since that last night in Venice and the end
Of our soul's conflict in a throb of pain.
The stillness of these hills, these woods, again
Folds me disquieted; while you ascend
Heights hitherto unsought, which lightnings rend,
Where strife and tumult and ambition reign.
Come back, come back! The smooth sea calleth you.
The waves that break on Lido cry to me.
England and Alps divide us; but the blue
Breadth of those slumberous waters, calm yet free,
The azure of those deep wild eyes we knew,
Will bring both home to Venice, to the sea.

II.

Away, away! The ruffling breezes call;
The slack waves rippling at the smooth flat keel
The swanlike swerving of the queenly steel;
The sails that flap against their masts and fall;
The dip of oars in time; the musical
Cry of the statue-poised lithe gondolier;
The scent of seaweeds from the sea-girt mere;
The surge that frets on Malamocco's wall;
The solitary gun San Giorgio peals;
The murmurous pigeons, pensioners of St. Mark;
The deep tongues of the slender campaniles;
The song that fitful floats across the dark;
All sounds, all sights, all scents born of the sea,
Venezia, call, and call me back to thee!

III.

To-night with noise of multitudinous rills,
Snow-swollen in full midsummer by the breeze
That blows from Italy, our silent hills
Plain to the stars; dry granite-grappling trees,
From whose hard boughs the unwilling gum distils,
Yield, as in grief, Arabian fragrances,
Waving their plumes, which the wild south wind fills
With moaning music, plangent litanies.
I through this clamor of hoarse streams, this wail
Of woods despoiled that weep beneath the storm,
Too soft, too sweet for our stern upland vale,
Hear only one deep message borne to me,
From dark lagoon, from glimmering isle, from warm
Venetian midnight—hear the calling sea.

IV.

Lightning ; and o'er those hills the rattling shock
 Of Alpine thunder, short, a dropping fire ;
 Unformidable here, but on yon spire,
 Where snow lies ridged, splintering the solid rock.
 Slow heat ; the stout hinds swink in sweating smock ;
 The milking maidens pant by ben and byre ;
 No sooner cut than carried, high and higher
 The scented hay is stored by swathe and shock.—
 Such is our summer. Village greybeards swear
 They nor their fathers felt so sultry air.
 But I sit mute : how metal-molten glows
 Thy burnished sea ; one flame ; flamboyant dyes
 Of sulphur deepening into gold and rose !
 How o'er thy bell-towers boom those thunderous skies !

V.

Thou art not clamorous. Nay, thy silvery tongue
 And rhetoric that holds me night and noon
 Attentive to one tender monotone,
 Are clear as fairy chimes by lilies rung.
 They speak of twilight and grave ditties sung
 By seamen brown beneath a low broad moon ;
 And breezes with the sea-scent in them blown
 At sundown, when the few faint stars are hung
 Dim overhead in fields of hyacinth blue ;
 When, lifted between sea and sky, those isles
 North-gazing change from rose and blossoming rue
 To privet paleness ; and dark harbor piles
 Bar the wide fire-irradiate west ; wherethrough
 Declining day, like a dead hero, smiles.

VI.

Hours, weeks, and days bring round the golden moon ;
 While I still wait. I 'mid these solemn firs,
 Late-flowering meadows and gray mountain spurs,
 Watch summer fade and russet hues imbrune
 The stern sad hills, All while thy smooth lagoon
 Invites me ; like a murmured spell recurs,
 When south winds breathe and the cloud-landscape stirs,
 One sombre sweet Venetian slumberous tune.
 Arise ! ere autumn's penury be spent ;
 Ere winter in a snow-shroud wrap the year ;
 Ere the last oleanders droop and die ;
 Take we the rugged ways that southward lie ;
 Seek by the sea those wide eyes sapphire-clear,
 Those softened stars, that larger firmament.

Cornhill Magazine.

WAGNER AND WAGNERISM.*

BY EDMUND GURNEY.

Virtù diversi esser convegnon frutti
Di principj formali.

DANTE.

THERE is no more characteristic page in the whole of Rousseau's "Confessions" than the one where he describes a summer day in the woods, passed, without the faintest approach to love-making or flirtation, in the society of two young ladies whom he met riding there, and with whom he made friends by helping them to ford a brook. He left them in the evening after sharing their picnic meal, and never saw them again; but he asserts without the slightest doubt that, on examination, he finds this to have been the happiest day of his life. Not a very striking or creditable discovery after all, it will be said. But not one in a thousand of Rousseau's congeners in habits and temperament would have had the originality to make it or the honesty to avow it. * And the moral of the incident, though most immediately applicable to those who confound satiety with enjoyment, has in reality a far wider scope. The instinct of going straight for information as to what we really like to the best authority, namely ourselves, is truly a rare one. It would be a blow to most of us, could our feelings toward very much that we reckon among the pleasures of life be suddenly viewed from a standpoint as determinedly individual as Rousseau's, and divested of all reference to what we are expected to like, or vaguely suppose that other people like. So viewed, the various scenes which figure in novels as types of complete well-rounded enjoyment might often startle us with their patchy and scrappy appearance. Balls, parties, art-galleries, the Opera—the things the world says it likes and then believes what it says—what flaws might not each in turn reveal

to one and another of us? what vistas of weariness might we not look back along and recognize for our own?

It is naturally in the domain of Art that this thought becomes most oppressive. For social fictions much may always be said; on the whole, probably, the world would be worse instead of better off, if people never smiled and looked pleased at meeting unless they were really glad to see each other, and if all social gatherings were abandoned at which a majority of those present are inwardly bored. But with Art, it is different. There is not the slightest reason why any human being should spend a single minute of his life in looking at a picture or in listening to music, unless he either takes interest in it now, or expects by looking or listening to be enabled to take interest in it or something like it hereafter. In some cases the interest admits of wide varieties, and may be woven of many strands; it may have more direct relation to knowledge than to feeling; it may lie in suggestion and illustration rather than in form and color; it may be archæological and historical as well as æsthetic. But for most people it must needs be primarily the latter, whatever other elements be interfused. And there is one art in particular in which everything extraneous to the æsthetic element is lacking, in which the past as such has no existence, in which those who are dead speak to us indeed in clearest language, yet reveal to us dimly, if at all, what manner of men they were, and tell us nothing of how they lived in the world or how they conceived of it. Their revelation to us, so far as we have the key to it, is not of what was, but what is, is our life as much as their life, a *now* not a *then*, a renewal not a record: the temples they have made for us were

* The following pages on Wagner were already in type for this month's number of the *Nineteenth Century* when death closed his career—a career which, whatever criticism it may demand, at least demands from every candid critic the homage due to rare genius and dauntless consistency.

built
To Music, therefore never built at all,
And therefore built forever.

Surely, then, it is just to this art that we should look for an exceptionally clear distinction between true and false popularity, between enjoyment and vogue; here, if anywhere, might we hope to escape the blight of conventional admiration and pleasure done to order. Accordingly we look round and ask if it is so. And the answer is a mixed one. There is truly a sense in which Music is, of all the arts, the most literally and directly and clingingly popular, and the one whose popularity can be by far the most clearly and definitely evinced: on the other hand, there is a sense in which Music is, of all the arts, the greatest sufferer from the rarity among us of Rousseau's inveterate habit of calling things enjoyable when, and not before, he found them so.

This latter sense has to do partly with peculiarities in the mere presentation of the art, and not belonging to its nature. Music is (with the exception of a single branch of Poetry) the only great art in whose service *performers* as well as creators are enlisted, and it has the defect of its quality. Performance opens the door to vanity; and vanity is the paralysis of artistic achievement. That society-music should usually be a nuisance follows directly from the treatment of it as a means of personal display; and it is a solemn thought that the time draws near when perhaps half—not the wise half—of the virgins, now in the schoolroom, who have been "taking up the violin" will be turned loose on the drawing-room. Nor can we regard as much more than society-music of another kind the stale vocal frippery, which season after season sees expensively paraded on the alien stage of our national theatre.* It is not, however, so much with misfortunes of this sort as

with peculiarities lying deep down in the nature of the art, that I want here to connect Rousseau's test; the more fitly, inasmuch as it was *à propos* of the music of his own day that Rousseau himself, as it happens, set a signal example of its application.

Detachment from anything that has the pretension of a progressive artistic movement can never in itself be a pleasant attitude. Something seen ought, *primâ facie*, always to go for more than something not seen; and failure to admire what seems widely admired must always tend in the direction of self-distrust. In such a case only a resolute escape from the buzz of the immediate present to the great principles and features which distinguish permanent from ephemeral work, will restore the confident sense belonging to the wider view, the sense of being after all on the side of the great battalions. The way of arriving at this wider view by applying these principles is what I want here to indicate. But though not a long or arduous, neither is it exactly an amusing way; and this is a bull which it will be well to take at once by the horns. To be at once sound and sparkling is rarely given to the wine of musical criticism; and in separation, while the body of fact is specially dry, the bubbles of fancy are specially innutritious. We have, no doubt, a special and semi-technical literature of real value, whether in programme-analyses of particular works, not meant to retain their flavor in detachment from place and performance, or in permanent studies of particular composers; but in any more general and impersonal talk about this singular art, reality and common-sense are terribly handicapped. Most students of

* More distressing than even the purely conventional presentation of what is joyless is the deliberate substitution of it for something better, on the blind assumption that it is what people prefer. I have known a great singer, advertised to sing "Waft her, Angels," and able to do so in such a manner as would have steeped the very soul of all his hearers in beauty, jauntily defraud them of their spiritual rights, and substitute a trifling ballad, on the ground that they were "a popular audience." Of course they clapped, and only a minority knew what they had lost. So again, I was listening one Bank-holiday to a first-rate band in Regent's Park. The programme contained the names

of several good overtures and good German dances, and far on in the second part the words "Hallelujah Chorus." So warm was the appreciation of the audience, undamped even by pelting showers, that, though I knew the effect of this masterpiece was a certainty, I could not forbear waiting to watch it. I might have known better. The programme was steadily adhered to till that point, and then some jiggling piece of tuneless rubbish was substituted. Being there, I watched the faces lately so radiant, and the feet and umbrellas that had been so busy tapping time; not a gleam on any face, not a movement of any foot, and I am thankful to say on this occasion not a sound of applause at the end.

the "Oper und Drama" must have admired, as in a dream, the earnest minuteness with which every sort of conscious reference, theoretic and practical, is read into the past history of Opera and its public; the only point of view omitted being that which recognizes in the *genus* opera-goer, through all its varieties, a wholesale indifference to theory, and a quite unpractical habit of enjoying what it may and enduring what it must. So on contemporary questions, one may encounter in the writings of Wagner and his school page after page of quite delightful reading, as long as one can abstract one's self from all thought of music and language as one has actually experienced them. "Melodies" which last a whole evening; "infinite form;" union of Poetry and Music, "each at its highest," while yet both emanating from a single inventive source—or if from two, at any rate from a dramatist with music sufficiently on his brain to be able to accept Wagner's *dictum* that the sole test of worthy dramatic writing is suitability to be sung throughout, and from a musician in whom literary sensibilities are so dominant as to render him barren of notes, until fertilized by the minutest verbal details of the poem where his *melos* is "implicit;" a consequent mutual interdependence of words and notes extending to the "finest ramifications" of the phrases; the sufficiency of alliteration, if unintermittent, to keep "feeling" on a four hours' stretch of poetical excitement; the deliverance of Music from the burden of time and the materially-based laws of rhythmic stimulation, which have held it in such timid awe; the abandonment of the difficult search—difficult even to the facile Haydn, and to Beethoven matter for raving and stamping—after those rare combinations of sound which shall arrest and fascinate the attention, and which are unnecessary now that every variety of human emotion turns out to be expressible in sound-material at a moment's notice by a vague sort of poetic inspiration, and can be turned on and off as easily as the horns or the big drum: it all seems so comfortable for all concerned, till one remembers that the greatest melodies in the world, though years may have gone to their making, vary in length between a few

seconds and a few minutes; that form is as essentially finite in time as in space; that even taken in its loosest and most ambiguous sense, and with the aid of devices and modes of amplification which are out of the question in Opera, a musical form could not well be made to cover half an hour—while, in its more vital and definite sense, a few score of bars are the limit of the stretch in the direction of infinity which it will stand without either (1) going back on its own phrases, or (2) changing to something else, or (3) falling to pieces; that no considerable musician, with the possible exception of Wagner himself, has ever shown himself so much as a tenth-rate poet, and that not one in a hundred of even *his* most conscientious alliterations has any relation to feeling at all; that while by far the greater part of first-class dramatic poetry is eminently unsuited, an immense amount of less noticeable verse is eminently suited, for dramatic musical setting; that notes and words, being things absolutely disparate, can artistically concur only by both doing their independent duty from their independent resources, and so "ramifying" into phrases of independent significance and independently coherent growth; that in Music the spiritual power is so rooted in the temporal, that definite and unchangeable relations of time-length, felt as such, belong to the inmost nerve and fibre of musical vitality; that Music will artistically express human emotion only on the one condition that she shall first artistically impress human ears; and that there is no royal road to that impressiveness, by which a composer can skirk the pursuit of definite (and therefore extremely finite) forms in the dim region of rhythmically directed impulse, or the fashioning forth from the shapeless material, often by slow degrees, of that which he may first have divined only in shadowy outline. And here every clause shears off a glory from the brilliant Wagnerian phantasy, and substitutes a piece of dry truth. Every clause, too, if fully traced out, would become only truer and drier, and might demand the reader's attention to abstract-looking terms like "key," and "tonality," and even to more distinct technicalities like "modulation" and "diminished sevenths;" in place

of the familiar words and concrete images and vivid glimpses of life and nature with which the critic of visual art can light up his page. Not that there would be any difficulty in proving to the most casual reader that in mechanically whistling "Tommy, make room for your uncle" he has been exhibiting the essential meaning of tonality and modulation as truly as if he had written a symphony; or that the amused surprise at the chorale-like parody of the same melody in a recent London burlesque was ample guarantee for the general susceptibility to the artistic use of diminished sevenths. But it will be enough here to refer as a basis to two cardinal distinctions; of which one marks off Music as an art from other arts, and the other defines the two great elements of which Music itself consists. Music, then, is, first and foremost, a presentative and not (like Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture) a representative art; its distinctive function being unceasingly to present us, and uniquely to impress us, with things peculiar to itself, and unable to draw their impressive quality from any extraneous source, and in that sense always "absolute," to whatever further connections they may lend themselves. And its elements are abstract form and abstract color, *i.e.* form and color which occur nowhere outside it.

There is something so stale in the very look of these distinctions that I almost blush once again to write them down; yet the full point of them, which was never so important as now, is almost habitually missed. Everybody knows, indeed, that the melodic and harmonic combinations of Music cannot portray particular scenes and people in the same way that the forms of Painting can; everybody recognizes, too, that a tune is an *arrangement* of notes, and something different from the particular sort of tone-color or *timbre* of the particular instrument on which the notes are rendered. But press these axioms a little further, or expand them into truths only just less elementary, and what sort of recognition do they get? Do not nineteen out of twenty concert-books practically deny that in Music, at its highest no less than its lowest, the freedom from obligation to portray or represent extends just as much to *emotions* as to scenes

and people, and that the most distinctive impressions made by Music are emotional after a sort as little definable by a list of the passions as the sound-forms themselves by the lines of geometry? Again, does not the fashionable habit of just giving the passing glance of a single hearing to highly wrought works absolutely set at nought the fact that from every point of view the form, which may have cost nothing, and which almost invariably takes some acquaintance fully to reveal itself, is quite beyond all comparison, more important than the color, which may have cost hundreds of pounds, and which reveals itself in a moment?

It will be convenient to pursue the latter topic first; and an instance or two may make it plainer. Mozart, let us say, writes an air, to serve as a *morceau* in an opera, for the whole of which he receives perhaps a quarter of what sopranos of the future will receive nightly for singing in it. The air is a world's wonder: but unfortunately he has left, just before the closing bar, a place where the singer will be allowed to introduce a *cadenza*. She seizes the opportunity—would indeed hardly feel that she was acting honorably if she did not—occupies a couple of minutes with trills and roulades, which exhibit the remarkable constitution, not of Mozart's brain, but of her own larynx, and comes to a conclusion. It would not be hard to apply Rousseau's test here, and to show that though many of the audience thought it was the trills, it was really the tune, that they liked the most—being truly more akin to gods than to birds, and more at the mercy of a brain than of a larynx. But apart from this, let us look at what we have got. We have, first, Mozart's form and the vocalist's color combined in the performance of the song; then the color without form in the trills; is there now any third stage in which we shall get the form without the color? The answer is obvious. We shall be able to summon up that form next day without getting the prima donna to call on us, as with sufficient experience we shall be able to summon up much more complicated ones; or if we have not sufficient "ear" for this, we shall at any rate recognize and enjoy it when rendered in some far less

exceptional and expensive color. So far as we live in the kingdom of Music at all, that form will become, either at once or on reiteration, one of our permanent and familiar possessions there. It might even have become so without any prima donna at all, and *a fortiori* without her trills; in other words, its life is not confined to a few rich cities. Or again, Schubert writes a pianoforte duet, that is a set of connected forms to be rendered in the limited tints of pianoforte tone; for which, as usual, he gets nothing. Years afterward it is divined that the piece was conceived as a symphony, and it is arranged for instruments, and set before the world in all the rich and varied array of orchestral investiture. *All the better, of course: but the essence of it, that in it which it took a supreme musician to produce, was there before, just as much as in the songs of his which have been a joy to thousands who have never heard them sung by an exceptional voice. If Schubert had had to wait for prima donnas and orchestras, we should not have known much about him.

"But," it will be asked, "what is the bearing of all this on Wagner and Wagnerism?" Simply this; that color has become the bane of Music, and that Wagner and his orchestra have been one chief cause of its becoming so. "But surely," it may be objected, "you cannot reckon it against Wagner that he could not produce his effects without an elaborate orchestra, any more than you could reckon it against Wellington that he could not have won Waterloo without the Prussians: he never meant to." Perhaps not; but that some most legitimate effects absolutely demand an orchestra is no contradiction to this far more important fact—that all great composers, and others in so far as they have at all partaken of greatness, have won recognition simply and solely by strains which will outlive the hour of performance; which, even if scored for an orchestra, can dispense with the present blaze and actual sonority of orchestral presentation; adopting, it may be, some humbler guise, or else asserting themselves to the purely inward ear—whether of neophyte or expert, whether as a four-bars' melodic subject or as a whole symphonic movement—in the full

uncontrollable glory of their form. Such quiet moments may outweigh the tedium of many a sonorous evening. And, indeed, such music as about ninety per cent of the bars in the *Götterdämmerung*—stuff that can be rendered just endurable for one evening at the cost, say, of a thousand pounds, by the resonance of its dead and the ruin of its living instruments, by the natural tone of a superb band and the unnatural torture of an ultra-superb voice—makes an addition to the sum of human happiness which no one whose personal predilections do not swamp his arithmetic could compare with that of any single *morceau* of *Don Giovanni* or any single page of the *Messiah*.

"But has not Wagner," it will be said, "produced such vital strains?" Of course he has: if he had not, we should not be talking about him. They are what give him a lasting place among the great—were they more abundant in relation to his whole production, one might say among the greatest—of the musical hierarchy; but unfortunately they are just exactly *not* what his theories support or account for, and just exactly *not* what is representative of his influence on others. No one, after marvelling at the opening tune of *Tannhäuser* or the opening act of the *Meistersinger*, goes home and writes a twin to it; but it is only too easy to take the hint, that bits of impressive or attractive motive are things as important to *ménager* as they are hard to make; and that the public will enter no protest if the gaps between them are filled up with declamatory odds and ends, provided something on the stage be more or less occupying their attention, and the accompanying crashes and currents of orchestral noise be sufficiently full and varied. Why waste time in racking one's brains like Haydn, or stamping and fuming like Beethoven, forever seeking out and rescuing from dim dispersion the rarities of melodic and harmonic form, forever toiling, Pygmalion-like, over those vexatious delicately-poised organisms whose limbs and features must gather into lovely shape in the unity of close vital combination, or not at all—when it will do as well to tack on bar to bar, and passage to passage, that have never gathered shape out of dispersion nor

found their life in unity; to stir the many-hued sound-waves, and call them "dramatic" for now lapping, now thundering on the ear; to lash chaos into iridescence, and call it alive because it glitters?

Here, then, in the dazzling wealth of the modern orchestra, lay the great temptation; and Wagnerism in modern music means, before all things, succumbing to it. Not, of course, that in an opera the orchestra need be pedantically restricted to its highest mission, that of revealing, or helping the voices to reveal, really noble form. The form may be far from melodically inventive, may even run very much to mere figure-passages or chromatic scales on a rudimentary basis of brass and drum, and yet, as long as it is rhythmically coherent, may produce really successful and exciting scene-painting; as notably in the ride which opens, and the fire-charm which closes, the last act of the *Walküre*. But such scenes, necessarily few and far between, are not in the least representative of the verbal parts of the opera; and it is in these latter that Wagner's orchestral opportunities, flanked by his theory of "spreading his melody boldly," lead perpetually to such disastrous results. Professing to cast off Beethoven's shackles, i.e. the conditions of key and time by which alone successions of sound can be made organic, he "throws himself fearlessly into the sea of music;" and sinking, finds himself naturally in the variegated home of invertebrate strains, things with no shape to be squeezed out of, no rhythmic ribs to be broken, tossed hither and thither, as hard to grasp as jelly-fish, as nerveless as strings of seaweed. And to realize what this entails on the hearer, we have to translate these shapeless shapes, just like any other sound-forms, into terms of motion—of something which we do not just look at, but have in a way to live: they mean *our* enforced flurry, *our* active impotence. But their creator is wise in his generation. Give the public from a couple to a score of firm bars they can seize and feel reliance in, and keep their eyes employed; and on those terms their ears will be quite content to stray about without landmark or clue, arrested a moment by the trumpets, looking vainly for direction to the

voices, hustled on again by the fiddles (to whom, as to the rest of the orchestra, the chase is the best fun in the world), any way and every way, for the next quarter of an hour; or, if they are in danger of turning restive amid these "passages that lead nowhere," these keyless floundering on the ever-shifting quicksands of diminished sevenths, let one of the established motives crop up now and again for their support, and the faithful creatures will welcome it as an undeserved gratuity.

But *are* they quite so content? We seem to have got a long way from Rousseau; but what would he have said? He stated very distinctly his opinion of Rameau's recitatives, "que tout le monde admire en bâillant:" how would he have regarded the "noble declamation" of the modern "melos"? Brave words, and still confronted, after the lapse of a century, with the same humble fact. Successions of sound which have no melodic cogency, which as they proceed impress the ear with no sense that their notes ought to have, or to have had, this direction or duration rather than that or the other, not only have no possible element of nobility, but are all exactly on a par. The unshaped, the fortuitous, the abortive, as such, admits neither development nor degree; and it would specially have interested Rousseau to remark that an enormous proportion of the notes sung by Wotan and his companions, and standing not in musical subordination to some interesting orchestral motive but on their own declamatory legs, might just as well have been written by Rameau as by Wagner. Still, I think that on the whole he would have admitted a considerable improvement. Not only are Wagner's dramas, however crude in conception and lame in language, yet often redeemed in parts by well-imagined scenic effects; but none of his representative works are wanting in splendid musical features. The second act of *Lohengrin* itself has, between the part which is strongly repulsive and the part which is feebly attractive, about a score of bars of that ineffable kind which makes one doubt whether music should be called a spinal or a cutaneous affection. But, clearly, if the scores are ever to become thousands, the first point

is that the somewhat blind combination of faith, hope, and charity which supports the public through the formless tracts should not be mistaken for an artistic exercise; and that each inarticulate member of that public should learn explicitly to distinguish mere sensuous thrills and transient surprises of the ear from the true abiding objects of his and every musician's ideal world. Some natural tolerance of ungrasped or ungraspable sound may be admitted; there are doubtless persons who easily resign themselves to regard its presence as a vaguely emotional background to the passing scene, getting subdued or emphatic, bright or gloomy at appropriate places, like the gestures of the actors or the clouds that figure so largely in the Wagnerian stage effects. But the average opera-goer, the "naïve layman" for whom Wagner expressly professes to write, is far more distinctly "musical" than this; and, while accepting as the normal operatic dispensation an immense amount of sound that has no significance for him, still lives musically only for the passages of tangible form—genuine specimens of what I have elsewhere called the "Ideal Motion." And by this I do not mean merely bits that are rhythmically and tonally coherent; for Wagner's phrase-building, even where not incoherent or violently strained, is often singularly uninventive; witness (to take a single instance which can be suggested without music-type) the shamelessly frequent piling up of a sham crisis, by the mere repetition of a tuneless fragment on successively higher steps of the scale. Still less do I mean mere bits of *Leit-motiv*, real or spurious,*

* The list of ninety motives set out in that wonderfully humorous little book, "Guide through the Music of R. Wagner's 'Ring of the Nibelung'—which, not content with the "dusky harmonies of the cooking motive and the coaxing crawling-motive," familiarized us with the "spook" and with the mysteries of "brangling" and "brustling"—is made up in great part of minute fragments of note combination, arbitrarily selected and interpreted, and having no pretension to any melodic character—some of them moreover occurring only once, so that it seems impossible to find in what possible sense the term *Leit-motiv* can be applied to them. The manner of demonstrating the relationship and transformation of various members of this list may be perfectly exemplified, without the use of music-type, by the fol-

lowing extract from an almost equally amusing work, the "Benjamin Franklin Primer." "Nag is an English term derived from the Latin *equus*, a horse, from which we get *equine*. *Equi* is dropped, and the final *e* changed to *ag* for euphony."

which may dodge in and out of the petty hubbub of the *Rheingold*, or drift despairingly amid the turmoil of the second and third acts of the *Götterdämmerung*, too helpless themselves to help even a drowning ear.* I mean passages of genuine musical invention that can be welcomed and clung to; passages in which the ear's path seems new indeed, but preordained; whose mastery the ear owns in the process, not of being dragged about at their mercy, but of itself mastering them. And these, for all the treating them as belonging to "one large melody," and concealing their transience by the avoidance of frank full-closes, are often just as truly tit-bits as if they were embedded in *recitativo secco*, just as much the plums of Wagner's as of Verdi's confectionery. Music of the most individual and haunting kind it would indeed be absurd to demand throughout a long operatic scene. But there are many grades from the order of excellence which insures vivid and loving remembrance to that which merely insures pleased and active recognition on acquaintance; and sufficient individuality to satisfy the latter test is surely the least we can accept in the majority of the musical sentences of any scene that aspires to the dignity of healthy popular art.

"But how splendid the plums can be when we get them!" Yes, indeed; that is what so greatly complicates the Wagner question; simply because no composer approximately so great as he in his day has had approximately so few days. What may be the accurate measure of his greatness, as judged by his best efforts, we need not here particularly inquire: a valid answer must depend not on argument but on evidence, scarcely yet attainable, as to the width, the depth, and above all the permanence, of the effect. It may be worth remarking, however, that for those whose personal instincts on the matter are equally removed from both extremes of current opinion, the setting of this best work of his in the very highest class is,

just because of their genuine admiration of it, a more vexatiously puzzling phenomenon than the description of it as simply dull and unmelodious. In *Tristan*, for example, which contains considerable tracts of exciting and, for Wagner, unusually sustained beauty, is not the cloying quality at least as distinctive as the exciting, the sense of strain and mannerism at least equal to that of achievement? To the melody, even at its finest, there clings a faint flavor of disease, something overripe in its lusciousness and febrile in its passion. And this effect is strangely cumulative. Steadily through the whole evening one feels a growing sense of being imprisoned in the fragrance of a musical hot-house, across which the memory of some great motive of Handel's or Beethoven's sweeps like a whiff from breezy pine-woods by the sea. Or take a more compact instance, where, even if there lurk a certain strain of coarseness, there is certainly no hint of disease, the familiar overture to *Tannhäuser*—a piece of such superb popular qualities that, had Music done nothing greater, she might well hold up her head among the arts. Only—when one thinks of the *Leonora*? How the sphere of musical possibilities, which seemed so wide and perfect, breaks up on a sudden to unfathomable depths and heights; to ignore which is surely no true compliment to the lesser work. But the pursuit of such comparisons would carry us too far, even were it possible to make it profitable. Keeping to Wagner himself, one may still find the problem sufficiently puzzling, and the innocent question "Are you a Wagnerite?" the hardest in the world to answer in anything under five minutes. How singular is the art in which it is even possible for so lovely a will-o'-the-wisp as that burden of the "Rheingold, reines Gold" to lead on the trustful ear into so blind a morass; lightened indeed by some melodic rays from the fire-god, but not to be forgotten or forgiven even when, after two hours' eclipse, the "pure gold" of the earlier strain flashes out on the farther side. How strange must be the conditions of invention, for the brain that had filled the air of Europe with the haunting delight of the march in *Tannhäuser*, to produce afterward in

the same *genre*, as an elaborate masterpiece for a great occasion, anything so turgidly tame, so saliently flat, as the main "subject" of the *Huldigungsmarsch*. To do Wagner justice, however, he has often shown himself tolerably knowing as to where the plums come: in the *Walküre*, for instance, he has sweetened one of the longest of operatic love-scenes with the flavor of a single one, and has spread out another, like jam, through pretty well the whole of the *Meistersinger*—which alone would go far to account for the just popularity of those delightful works. But it is this very fineness of the plums which is a chief aid to disguising their paucity. It enables the composer to take advantage, not only of the long habituation of the operatic public not to dream of finding more than a small fraction of their evening artistically exhilarating, but also of their modesty; in that, finding a certain amount of exhilaration of a fine quality, they are always ready to attribute the sparseness of it, not to his want of invention, but to their own want of insight. Then, too, those opposite modes of listening, the drifting and the alert, which we just now distinguish, though typical are not constant. Few ears perhaps exemplify either of them for long together. They shift and alternate almost as uncertainly as sense and non-sense, form and fog, in the actual strains; and the facility of transition for the listener means also the facility of imposture for the composer, in the turning to fraudulent account of that indiscriminate cloak of color which in these days he can throw at will over every part of his work. All the more imperatively must the alert attitude, and the right of verdict which it gives, be urged on the public. For, indeed, except those to whom Music presents itself, not as an art of engrossing beauty, but only as a suffusive stimulant favorable to some independent play of thought, few can really so surrender their ears as to find pleasure in restless sonority for many minutes at a time. In a favored minority (especially if committed by a previous pilgrimage to Baireuth) the swallowing of dry unsweetened doses of "noble declamation," though rather suggestive of sulphur without treacle, may produce some pardonable self-satis-

faction—the Teutonic pleasure-taker's diligent pride in fulfilling his task getting quite a cultured tinge from a vague notion that this sort of thing was highly relished by "the Greeks." But that the "naïve layman" is not careful to measure the dose, means simply that he takes the affair *en bloc*; that this is "music," which is of course presupposed to be enjoyable, and comes all in one performance with what really is enjoyable; in short, that it has never occurred to him to ask, with Rousseau, "Did I find that last minute worth having? Do I want another like it?"

"But," it may be said, "are you not getting quite away from the normal conditions of average musical appreciation? Does not the more vivid enjoyment almost habitually come in fragments?" Now, while altogether demurring to this in respect of the numerous classical works which have won the truest popularity in this country, I admit of course that non-perception of form by any particular hearer is no proof of its absence, and that the blaze of sonority may cover fulness as well as emptiness. Rousseau's question might well be answered in the negative by many an honest amateur, on first introduction to many a masterpiece. The only mode of distinction I can here suggest is the *subjective* one, the much ignored test of repeated hearings (best realized often in pianoforte arrangements), whereby the forms, if they are there, may be seized and recalled—a test as truly satisfied of course by Wagner in his great moments as by any one else, and only the more recommended by his self-stultifying dread of it; by his express scorn of any theatrical music which is at all reproducible by untheatrical means; and by his express declaration that his "melody" is not meant to be seized and recalled, and that any one who complains of it on that score might with equal wisdom seek to whistle the vague multitudinous hum of a forest. *Objectively* to prove the emptiness I speak of, and the amazing hardness of Wagner's claim to have advanced on his greatest predecessor by applying the principles of symphonic construction to Opera, would require technicalities; and indeed could only be adequately done by confronting hundreds of pages of his figureless counter-

pointless see-sawings with some popular samples of the closely-wrought movements of Beethoven, perspicuous through all their elaboration and with all their living threads woven into a single larger life.

"But," again it may be urged, "music in Opera is not a structure but a stream; it is not meant primarily to gratify the ear, but to illustrate the passing action; it is expressive and dramatic; who wants it to be symphonic?" I, for one, certainly do not; only Wagner so repeatedly assures us that he does; that that is just what it ought to be, and what (in spite of being a forest-hum) his own is. However, let that pass; grant that it is to be expressive; what are the senses and the conditions of the expressiveness? The two views on this subject admit of no compromise. Either musical sounds can be artistically expressive of ultra-musical ideas and emotions without giving the ear anything it wants or cares about on its own account,* can press on to the common centres of artistic sensibility and association without paying their respects on the way to the head of their own department; or they cannot. I say *artistically* expressive: *mechanically*, no doubt unbeautiful sounds *can* be expressive, and that in two ways. By a mechanical *convention*, a particular personage or idea may be "expressed" by a particular label of notes, just as well as by the printed letters of a name; and by a mechanical *symbolism*, dismal sounds may express dismal emotions, and soft sounds soft emotions, and wabbling sounds uncertain emotions, and emphatic sounds determined emotions. In either case the sounds are read or recognized by the lamp, not of beauty, but of reason; they make the hearer think to himself, "this is to show that the hero feels soft," or "that is to suggest that the heroine feels wabbling"—"this

* This is an under-statement. Passages of the "Oper und Drama" go the length of asserting an absolute incompatibility between dramatic expression and the power of independently satisfying the ear. Equally amazing is the statement that it is impossible for *invention* to appear in any composition belonging to a recognized class or scheme, as aria, minuet, rondo; which is just like saying that invention cannot appear in any poetry written in a recognized metre.

combination means the motive of the treaty, and that the motive of the forge." Granting to the symbols, in their broader aspects, some æsthetic content of the sort above referred to, in the various ethical colorings, exciting or depressing, light or solemn, that may tinge the impression of sound on a simply drifting ear, I need hardly point out how transitory and intermittent must be the value of such a background for dramas constructed on ordinary principles—not consisting of a series of highly emotional tableaux, but of scenes where words tell the whole story, and where the personages carry on the logical machinery of intercourse in the usual way. The idea of making a dim emotional atmosphere for scenes of the sort of ponderous pettiness that abounds in the *Ring des Nibelungen*, is truly as vain as that boasted interpenetration of the finest tissues of note and word, which has so conveniently enabled *soi-disant* poetry and music to shelter their shortcomings each behind the stalking-horse of the other. But even were the possibility of such a vague atmosphere continuous, we have seen that normal ears will never for long forget their instinct of closer attention. A forgetfulness which would be a *reductio ad absurdum* of Opera, if engendered by an exciting libretto, is not likely to engender itself under the influence of a dull one. And where the attention does not get what it can musically assimilate, the only scope offered to it will be in discovering such appropriateness as it may in the purely external character of the sounds; in observing, *e.g.*, that the instruments have a little bit of flurry when the sentiment is violent, calm down again when the sentiment is slow, or take lugubrious steps when the sentiment is doleful; and in recognizing here and there the labelling phrases. And it can scarcely need proof that such abstract qualities as recognizability and appropriateness, in things which are neither pleasurable nor useful, do not come even within the outer circle of the æsthetic.

Clearly, then, if sound is to get beyond the barren stage of being readable, if it is to become artistically expressive and not merely crudely symbolic, it must take on something of its own, *i.e.* it must take on independent

musical quality by developing purely definite musical contour; just as the crude symbol of early pictorial art might be developed, say, into definite human contour. And of the presence and the interest of such contour the unreasoning ear is the sole arbiter. Its arbitration, too, is decidedly despotic, and its scrutiny of the strictest. For, first, it must be remembered that the ear has a rare way of attending to one thing at a time. It cannot shift about like the eye from point to point, and grasp in a moment a multitude of relations. The section of the series now being evolved before it is what engrosses it; and even in the most elaborate work, the sort of relations it may perceive in that section to other more or less contiguous sections are broadly reducible to the two simple ones of recurrence (with or without modification) and contrast. And, secondly, the things attended to by the ear being things *per se*, and having their life in independence of that outer life from which our knowledge and ideas are gathered, are, even when most suggestive of that outer life, yet wholly lacking in those instantaneous glimpses down numerous vistas of association which word after word opens up in Poetry. This is enough to suggest how it is that, while in Poetry and Painting neutral and even ugly things may be grouped round beautiful things or minister to a fine strain of thought, in the presence of which their presence is perceived and accounted for, in Music what is ugly and incoherent reveals itself in unrelated nakedness. And the ear's strictness is thus at once accounted for and justified. It must take kindly to the strains which salute it, and find in them the coherent stuff it wants, before it will at all credit them with emotional messages or pass those messages on farther. It must frankly enjoy the label before it will permit the slightest artistic appreciation of the labelled idea. Only give it its due, and it will open the channel with astounding, almost with indiscriminating, readiness to every sort of artistic association and fusion. But no outside signs of expression, no noisy stamps of determination, no spasms of exaggerated intervals, will take it in; no juggling with the labels, or mixing them up together, will move it to more

than scornful amusement, unless the juggling be the true magician's juggling, and produce the musical magician's prime result—beauty. And inasmuch as this beauty is essentially an attribute of form, and musical forms are built, just as much as human ones, out of definite elements, the substitution in opera of the dramatic *stream* for the symphonic *structure*—however rightly descriptive of the general arrangement of the larger musical sections—is a perpetual trap. For that most intimate and organic sort of structure, which lies in the constant vital necessity of each bar as it stands to its neighbors as they stand, can never be abandoned while the ear holds the keys of emotion—a musical ear being nothing more nor less than one which is percipient of such structure.

Here again, then, is the place for self-questionings à la Rousseau. We need not go even this short way in the examination of the claim of structureless sound to be dramatically expressive before asking ourselves whether expressiveness so produced is what we like. The personages of the *Ring* make many pages-full of remarks which are simply typical of their dull and disreputable characters, but which—since words and music profess to well up from the same inward source—it would be self-stultification to say cannot be set to notes: and as it would be highly inappropriate to give them beautiful notes, Wagner has appropriately given them ugly ones. Let the hearer discover for himself how far the abstract fact that they satisfy that condition is a nourishing piece of imaginative food; or how far under the surrender of the musical sense to hours of sustained incoherence, it becomes really a subject for delighted contemplation that the story is also a trifle higgledy-piggledy, and much of the dialogue very unsuited to fine rhythmic setting. And if he is so fortunate as to be able for a time to take refuge in passive self-abandonment to the shifting tides, and can forget to care what particular ways the notes go, so long as he feels that a good number of them are going, let him still consider how far this formless effect, this relapse to the vaguest, most general, and least musical of musical attitudes, testifies to the "bold regeneration" we hear so much about, and is calculated to

"be the fair beginning of a time" in Art.

And here we have really merged into the assertion and vindication of our second cardinal point—Music's constant and characteristic independence, alike at its highest and lowest, of ideas and emotions known and namable outside itself. The reason why Wagner has been safely able to ignore this elementary fact in musical psychology is this—that the clear perception of it demands something quite alien both to the actual impressions of the art, and to the habits of mind of most of those impressed, namely a moment or two of deliberate analysis. For want of this, those whose every intuition of musical beauty exemplifies the fact are often the first to deny and resent it. "You talk about beautiful music not expressing things," one of them will urge; "why to me the bits of music I most care about express things beyond all words, whole worlds of emotion, and infinity and eternity into the bargain." Quite so; that is accurate; that is a way they have; and it is just what is *not* (however much compatible with) the expression of this or that particular emotion—i.e. of that which is proved *not* to be beyond all words by being accurately definable in words, as gayety, dejection, yearning, triumph. And whoever remembers the places where he gets this ineffable feeling will find on looking that, while it is only *occasionally* connected with the sort of definable expression which makes him say "That is very melancholy," or "That is very jubilant," it is absolutely *invariably* connected with a piece of sound-movement of which each unit and fragment in turn has its irresistible rightness, and comes charged with the sense of a necessary "whence" and "whither"—that is to say, a piece of objective and organic form. But as long as those who truly enjoy do not exercise this amount of reflection on their enjoyment, then, however clear be their intuition, they will always be in danger, when they talk about it, of confounding the occasional and definable with the essential and undefinable emotion; and of attributing their delight in some passage of music which is as much an individual object as the Venus of Milo, to some perfectly general ground—as that it "expresses

peace"—instead of to the fact of its notes going not any other way but just that one way, which is delightful to them, and able permanently to remain so, just in proportion as genius went to the divining it and fashioning it forth. And as long as this confusion is possible, Wagner and his school can always take refuge in the *ad captandum* fallacy that the expression of definable emotions and ideas is the one great thing for Music to aim at; can discredit the opposite view as a narrow plea for "absolute music," in the sense of music which has no need or power of fusion with poetry and drama; and can ignore the all-essential work of divining and fashioning forth the cogent way for notes to go, to which the makers of modern music devoted their whole energy, and which, so far from excluding any more definable sort of expression, will alone lift such expression out of the mechanical into the æsthetic region.* And I would fain pause for a moment on the wanton injustice that is done to Opera itself by not recognizing that even here, in the very sphere where Music is summoned to take on the depiction of definable passions to the utmost of her power, the vague but powerful expression of these is but a fraction of what she has done and is ready to do for word and scene; that the emotional element in her which is her own, and therefore unnamable, is not on that account condemned to an isolated existence; that the ethical suggestion may become so fragmentary, or the tinge of special sentiment so faint, as practically to vanish in the atmosphere of purely musical delight, and yet that that delight will glorify and transfigure and seem part of the inmost essence of any at all artistic elements in that to which it is wedded. In that transfiguration, what is serious takes on

sublimity, and what is ludicrous gets edged with loveliness; nay, even hackneyed things will become haunting, and commonplace things possessing. It would be an immense gain if composers would only put to various specimens of music commonly called "expressive" the simple test of asking how far, if heard in detachment, each would inevitably suggest some particular namable idea or sentiment and no other; and would thus learn explicitly to recognize how extremely loose and general are the conditions of external reference within which Music *if true to itself*, may still be most genuinely dramatic in the sense of enormously intensifying dramatic effect. To those who had thus consciously confuted for themselves the central principle emphasized in almost every page of the "Oper und Drama," we might readily concede the advantage of possessing, in word and scene, a definite starting-point, *raison d'être*, and control, for their inventive stream; without having always to fear the chartered libertinism so characteristic of modern "dramatic" writing. And truly a theory which would exclude from the stage such music as half the solos in the *Beggar's Opera* and half the concerted pieces in *Fidelio*, as "Batti batti" and the minuet in *Don Giovanni*, as the prize-song in the *Meistersinger* and the shadow-song in *Dinorah*, as the pilgrim's hymn in *Tannhäuser* and the gypsy-chorus in *Preciosa*—inventions whose power to impress the hearer may be proved in any popular concert-room to lie just in expressing themselves, but which borrow from their stage-concomitants almost as much romance as they lend—is negatively as great an outrage on this joint art of Opera as the positive one which "unites" Poetry and Music by dogging bald words with intervals flung out of a bag.

Here, then, in the false theory of expression, lay the second great trap. The prosaic fallacy that the essence of Music is vague nameable expressiveness, instead of definite unnamable impressiveness, is only carried out by making the expressiveness itself mechanical and independent of any impressiveness whatever. And the root-fallacy was the more dangerous to Wagner, in that just as color was the practical, so this is the

* As Music stands so singularly apart among human interests, so the various things that can be said about it always seem to me in a special degree connected among themselves, and incapable of being supplied from analogy. The result is that an omission (and in a paper of this length very much, of course, has to be omitted) may suggest a flaw. To guard myself against this, and still more against a possible charge of on-sidedness and dogmatism, I may perhaps be allowed to refer especially to the chapters on Color, Expression, Opera, and Criticism, in the *Power of Sound*.

theoretical mode of excusing and concealing the fitfulness of his enormous musical gift; besides affording scope to that other gift, always a hazardous one to non-literary art, of considerable literary ingenuity. I need not repeat what I have said before in this very Review, about the particular mode of support selected for the theory—the solemn joke of making out Beethoven (poor Beethoven! with his uncouth mutterings and shoutings, driving his invention along the rhythmic tracks where alone melodies will ever be surprised and caught) to have been dependent on “preconceived poetical ideas;” and of setting a gulf between his sources of inspiration and those of his predecessors. Some of the ideas have even been written down for him by Wagner, in the mountains of flabby verbiage known as “*Programmatische Erläuterungen*” which occasionally figure in our concert-books—impotent heaviness of that portent of prose *Dichtung* which is so apt to entrap the Jonahs whom Poetry casts overboard. The convenience of this means of claiming descent from the greatest of musicians on the side of “poetical ideas,” when musical ones too obviously fail, is undeniable; and a theory born of a deficiency may appropriately be bolstered by a blunder—historic neatly replacing melodic invention. But I must hurry on to a final word—as to the further bearing of these latter points on production in general. The first great bane of contemporary music lay, we saw, in displacement of coherent form by incoherent color; the second no less certainly lies in a cognate displacement of steady effort to produce the distinctively musical exaltation by random attempts at definite representation and suggestion. Wagner’s successes in this line—e.g. the wonderful passage where Siegfried is breaking through the ring of fire*—of

course defy imitation, because they result from splendid musical invention, in other words, from the presence of the distinctive exaltation; equally, of course, the *genre* without the invention is imitated. Would that the evil influence were confined to the theatre! But it only needs now to salute some loose jumble of images and sentiments as “poetry,” for that alien parentage, which all great musical work from Handel and Bach to Schumann and Brahms scornfully disowns, to become a true Sycorax for the monstrosities of the modern programme-music; while Caliban can go through his pantomime bedizened in all the gaudy trappings, can wield all the thunderbolts and turn on all the lime-lights of the wonderful modern orchestra.

And here, again, no hearer should be so humble as to refrain from asking himself how much he really likes it. A most natural impulse to that humility is found in the reflection that technically-instructed musicians, who must “know more about it” than he does, encourage and perform in such exhibitions. But it cannot be too strongly urged that the conditions of enjoyment in performing and in listening may be widely different, and that Music, being so much in the hands of performers, runs a peculiar risk from that very fact. All skilful performance of difficult things, and accurate thridding of labyrinthine things, and collaboration in the production of overpowering things, are exciting outlets of energy; and in these respects connoisseurs, who appreciate technical difficulties and can see how the thing is made, are more or less one with the performers. But I am speaking of the average music-lover: it is surely for him rather than for the exceptional experts that Music must be held to exist. All this may be amusing for *them*: is it amusing for *him*, whose attention is mainly occupied in verifying the printed assurance that the noise means this, that, and the other? Or even if it be for a time amusing, is not that the utmost that can be said for it? unless or until perchance the strains wander, sure of a forgiving welcome, into the paths of musical beauty, still seeking there, if they will, such delicate suggestiveness of outer things, as under Schumann’s wand could

* Alas for the uninitiated! Having been forewarned of this passage, I felt my pleasure in listening to it distinctly increased by the idea that the hero’s advance through the flames was typified by the manner in which the melodic strain seems again and again to force its way through the changing harmonies. What, then, was my chagrin, on consulting the “Guide through the Music” above mentioned, to discover that the strain was the “slumber-motive,” and that what was really being typified was Brünnhilde’s repose!

make of a humble piano a joker of divinest jokes. At any rate, whoever it be who truly finds his poetry in the "desolate disarray" of ordinary programme-images and his music in their broken sound-reflection—if this is what he prefers to the art which is no more truly typified by *Volkslied* and chorale, by Beethoven's sonatas and Schubert's songs, than by the noble melodies that have won Wagner the popular heart—let him at least say so and recognize the

distinction, that we may know where we are. For it would be speculatively interesting, however mournful, to mark how, so far as his taste prevails, the symbolism from which Painting and Sculpture were able to emerge, just because in their case it was frank and rigid and expressionless, need only seize in sound the chance of making itself ingenious and fluctuant and pseudo-expressive, to become the engulging death of the sister art.—*The Nineteenth Century*.

A CARPET.

I HAVE no need to describe the object in question, to which, properly speaking, no legend hangs. I bought it at Candahar, for lawful money of the empire, and any adventures that occurred in bringing it down have been chronicled elsewhere. There is nothing particular to distinguish it from other Persian carpets. The size is perhaps unusual, and the color. These slight peculiarities attracted the notice of our young Brahui guide, when I chanced to unroll it at Bagh. He exclaimed at once: "I have a carpet like that at home! We took dozens of them once in the Bolan."

I like to sketch a background for my little pictures of strange men, strange incidents, and nowhere could a scene be found more striking than that before our eyes as we listened to Rahim's story—for a story he had, of course, attaching to his carpet. The place was Bagh, in the Kutchi desert. Government had built a row of sheds outside the filthy town, where returning troops encamped. Imagine us seated by the door at evening in the shadow of the hut. The foreground is occupied by tethered horses, soldiers passing to and fro, wild Brahuīs and Beloochīs reckoning their pay suspiciously. Behind them lies a waste of sand, dotted here and there with a solitary camel. Our young Adonis of the Brahui nation stands leaning on his jezail. The horizontal sunrays outline his beautiful face, gild his silken ringlets hanging nearly to the waist, and his flowing, graceful costume. Away upon his left rises that stately tomb renowned throughout the desert. Its great yellow dome throws a shadow almost

to our feet, obscuring those unsightly mounds of rubbish round its base. Terrace upon terrace the huge building rises to that well-proportioned vault. Graceful pillars and pinnacles, latticed windows painted blue, relieve the dullness of the vast mud pie. Its solid foundations are walled in with blind arches and pilasters. Umbrella-like kiosks, domed with azure tiles, bound the steps of the main entrance. Beyond them, mysterious and still, almost picturesque, lies the flat-roofed town of Bagh, among orchard trees in bloom, and pale green thickets of tamarisk. People in bright loose garments, saffron and white and pink, green, blue, and purple, loiter on the road. Horsemen go by, rapidly pacing, their four-knobbed targets slung behind the shoulder, their ready weapons glittering.

Upon the other side the tomb lowers a dark wood of cypress, the burial-ground of this oasis. A pilgrim kneels upon the sand, gleaming white against that shadow. Far has he travelled to behold the sacred place. He prostrates himself and beats the earth with front and palms, veiled in his mane of hair—rises to press his hands together—falls prone again. What would be the conduct of that devotee could he glance into my portmanteau? Rahim Khan himself, our trusty friend, would scarcely draw sword for me in that quarrel. Three tiles from the very sanctuary, the grave of the holy man, are locked up there! It would be vain to urge that the chief moolah sold them me for a rupee apiece; tore them from the monument with his consecrated hands,

after timorous scrutiny of the neighborhood. Those three tiles now form a bracket in my drawing-room, and support the "Cross" of which you will shortly hear.

I asked the story of this tomb, a surprising structure in the middle of the desert. Unfortunately, I made no note, and it has slipped my recollection. The merest fragment remains. The building was erected, by whom I forget, in honor of two Persian saints, one of whom is interred there. They were great princes. Either the Shah or the Ameer sent for them, and one obeyed; he never came back. I remember no more, and these legends would be valueless and uninteresting if they did not preserve the strictest truth of history, scenery and manners.

When Rahim Khan was quite a child, he often saw at his uncle's residence a Candahari merchant named Asaf Jah; Rahim is nephew of Alla-ood-dina Khan, head chief of the Brahuïs, who kept the Bolan Pass, and levied dues on all who traversed it. With this potent freebooter Asaf Jah had an hereditary friendship. When setting out for a commercial trip to India, he always gave notice to the Brahui chieftian, and an escort of honor met him at the Dasht-i-be-doulat. If Alla-ood-dina was at home, he invited his friend to the castle, where in feast and gossip he passed the time, while his kafila laboriously but safely threaded the Bolan. A smart ride upon the Khan's Beloochi mare carried him to Dadur in the twenty-four hours, where he overtook his merchandise. Upon these visits young Rahim, a lovely boy, no doubt, had often perched on the Candahari's knee.

Things went on thus for years. Asaf Jah grew old and rich. Once, after some days' entertainment at the castle, he rode down the pass to rejoin his kafila, as usual. An escort followed him. But Alla-odd-dina's friend ran not the slightest peril, and his Brahuïs lingered, discussing news with a party of their countrymen just returned from the south. There is a rock by Mach, whereon Mahomet stepped during one of those unrecorded journeys of which every land in Islam keeps a tradition. His footprint may be discerned to this day, if one have the eyes of faith. I

haven't, and the holy mark appears to me much like any other hollow in a slab of stone. The footprint is clear enough, however, to be venerated by Dumar and Kakar, Brahui and Belooch, for a hundred miles about. Asaf Jah was a pious man, and he never passed this spot without adding his stick and bit of rag to the fluttering memorials that encircle it.

The stone actually overhangs the pass, some ten or twelve feet above. A well-worn ascent leads to it, practicable on horseback. Generations of pilgrims have cleared a little space where a man may leave his horse while paying his devotions. But in summer-time a handsome pista tree hides all this tiny area from below. It is rooted in the pass itself, and at its foot bubbles a spring. The basin has been enlarged, and a rude arch built over it, beautifully hung with maidenhair and common English ferns, plastered with liverwort—for we are still upon the highlands. The waters of the spring vanish at some feet distance, sinking in the mass of pebbles, and flowing underground toward the Bolan River, which has its reputed source some hundred yards below. This is a favorite halting-place for Kakar Pathans. The cross road leading to their wilds debouches nearly opposite. It is a long march the kafilas habitually take to this their first camp on the journey to India. The road is waterless for many miles. By resting here several objects are attained. In the first place, they put themselves directly under protection of Mahomet, who chose this place for a grand testimony; in the second, they water their camels in peace; in the third, they escape the danger of camping side by side with Brahuïs, Candaharis, Dumars, and all those people, mostly unfriends, who habitually halt at the source of the Bolan.

After saying his prayers, and putting up his pious trophy, Asaf Jah sat in the shade, to wait the arrival of his escort. He talked with his slave awhile, and then both dozed. A sound of voices disturbed the merchant, who recognized the Kakar speech, and the merry chatter of young women. Somewhat alarmed, he crept on hands and knees and peered below, through the close and

twisted branches of the pista. At the middle of the pass, some hundred yards in width at this point, three donkeys stood in the blaze of sunshine. They were handsomely caparisoned for women's riding, and slaves held them. A number of horsemen, fully armed, of course, waited at a distance. But the voices did not come from thence. At the spring right beneath his eyes, Asaf Jah beheld three gils unveiled, scooping the water in their palms, and laughing at their awkwardness. In that glance the elderly and prosaic merchant lost his heart.

It would have stopped Rahim's tale at the outset, offended him sorely, and imbued him with scorn for us never to be effaced, had we asked curious questions about this incident. As matter of history he did not refuse allusion to the sex, nor even to love. But the allusion must be quite abstract, void of all personal reference. I never forget the lesson in Moslem *savoir vivre* which this youth gave me once upon a time. Against the advice of an experienced companion, I asked him how many daughters had Alla-ood-dina Khan—such daughters being his own cousins. The concentrated frigidity of Rahim's "I don't know!" the sudden pause in his flow of gossip and bright talk, gave me a first, a final warning that individual woman must not be referred to in any shape or way with the Brahui.

But I can imagine the portrait of a handsome Kakar maiden, high in rank. She is tall, white, stately, formed like a mother of giants and heroes. Her great black eyes are superb of spirit and intensity, not slow even to laugh in those young days, but incapable of tears. The mouth is rigid even now, for all its perfection of shape and color, its smooth fulness of outline. That face represents a character wherein love is very near to hate, suspicious, pitiless, unrelenting, a wild-beast passion. The girlish virtues are all missing, even modesty and chastity. Some male virtues appear, indeed, at their strongest: high spirit, dauntless enterprise, tenacity, and intelligence. But others which should be common to either sex have not a trace—such, I mean, as truth and kindness; while the germs of every bad passion are lying in congenial soil.

You think I am sketching a monster, and the charge is not to be denied. Monsters the Pathans are and have ever been, since history first mentions the race. Of the innumerable statesmen who have dealt with them in ancient and modern times; of the many writers who in Persian, Hindu, Arabic, and English have treated of them, not one records a national virtue, saving courage. Their own historians are bitterest of all in warning the human race against this desperate enemy of mankind.

But Asaf Jah was used to the type of woman I have drawn, and he looked at this Kakar maiden only to covet her loveliness. He sat still, hungrily gazing. Presently the girls resumed their veils and mounted, riding toward Quetta. When they had passed beyond sight, Asaf Jah hurried to question his escort, and learned that the party they had just encountered were retainers of Usman Khan, a subordinate chief of the Kakars. Asaf pushed on, resolved to sell all his goods at Shikarpore, and return to woo this peerless beauty.

Yah Mohammad Khan, eldest son and heir-apparent of Alla-ood-dina, chanced to be at Dadur. Asaf had known him intimately since he was a boy, and he delicately sounded the young chief. There is fierce hatred between Kakar and Brahui, but for the moment they had a truce. Yah Mohammad gravely remarked that his father would regret it if his ally took a wife among his enemies, but he did not speak with anger. And Asaf drew comfort from this indifference; for the ugly, squat sabreur, whose acquaintance I recall with pleasure, speaks with terrible emphasis when he is in earnest.

Asaf went on to Shikarpore, after despatching a note to Alla-ood-dina. He named his intention of proposing for the daughter of Usman Khan, and observed that Yah Mohammad approved. At Shikarpore he sold his merchandise for what it would fetch, and within a month returned to Dadur. Alla-ood-dina's reply was waiting. It accused his friend of deception. Yah Mohammad had not understood that the lady was daughter of Usman Khan. With that chieftain, Alla-ood-dina had a family feud, which for the moment lay at rest, but was not, nor could be, ap-

peased. No one who allied himself with one party could expect to keep on terms with the other. Perplexed and disheartened, but clinging to his purpose, Asaf pursued his journey home.

I did not interrupt Rahim, but a question arose in my mind which may occur to others who know something of the country. How could a subordinate chief of the Kakars hold his own against Alla-ood-dina? This puzzle was explained to me afterward. Usman lived far away in the mountains. The Brahui Khan could not reach him without disturbing powerful Kakar septs with whom he was at peace. But a more honorable motive was hinted, perhaps with truth. Alla-ood-dina scorned to use his might as supreme head of the Brahuis in a family quarrel. He fought Usman with his own clan, and his subjects, as a people, were uninterested.

Asaf replied submissively and gratefully, declaring that since his patron held such strong views, he put away the thought. And so soon as he had passed the Brahui frontier, he sent a message to Usman Khan with gifts. A professional match-maker was easily found at Quetta. To this old dame Asaf confided his means and intentions, authorized her to propose such and such terms; then he went on to Candahar. Usman Khan meanwhile returned an answer, haughty though polite, stating that he preferred a warrior son-in-law to a merchant. But the match-maker, well paid, came to his village. The precise declarations she carried were given, not to the Khan, of course, but to his wife. In speaking of the daughter—let us call her Raziah—I have tried to show what like are Kakar women. It may be believed that such persons have authority in a household. The Khan's wife was tempted. Of men and arms a Pathan chief has abundance, but he wants cash dreadfully as a rule. Asaf's proposals included, of course, a handsome sum to the bride's father. And Usman Khan approved the match when this was clearly appraised.

The negotiations came to Alla-ood-dina's knowledge. He wrote to Asaf once more. Upon the falsehood practiced toward himself the chief did not insist, perhaps he did not think much of that. He appealed to the honorable

feelings of his old friend. "Oh, my brother, let not our fathers hear that for a woman's sake we have wasted the legacy they bequeathed us! My liver is inflamed, thinking of the disappointment and danger that await you. The Kakars are false. Though this maiden have beautiful colors and bright eyes, so has the snake which bears poison in its lips. If your heart needs a young wife, choose which you will among my people. But if you persist in marrying Usman Khan's daughter, there is death between you, merchant of Candahar, and me, Alla-ood-dina, Khankhanan of the Brahui nation, and all of our kin."

Asaf wrote an abject answer, but without hope that it would move the fierce old chief. The Bolan henceforward would be closed to him. No merchant would undertake even to cover with his name the goods of a man proclaimed enemy of the Brahuis—none, at least, whom he could trust. But Asaf was consumed with that fond, foolish passion of age which discounts the years remaining. He determined to retire from business. And in due time Usman Khan rode into the city, with his wife and daughter, and a ragged retinue of dhuni-wassails; in due time Raziah was handsomely married to Asaf Jah.

"Some years after that," continued Rahim, "this foolish fellow was persuaded to take a great kafla through the Bolan, and—"

I could not restrain my questions here. "Who persuaded him? Why did he risk death almost certain?"

"I don't know!" Rahim answered resolutely.

I saw by his manner that our young guide knew very well, but there was no arguing with his sense of decorum. I do not profess to have had other means of information. But from the incidents suggested, I have formed a theory, a legend, to explain Asaf Jah's mad action. It may not be true, but I am sure that it is not improbable in that land, with those people.

Candahar was then in the hands of Abdul-rahman, now Ameer of Cabul. He carried matters with a high hand toward the trading class, too well used to oppression. Among his great officers was Bahram Khan, of Kakar birth, but of a family long since exiled from its

native seat. In some assessment of contributions, Asaf Jah was entered for a sum much heavier than was just. Bahram Khan had it in charge to execute the order, and to him the merchant appealed. Among the faults of a Pathan woman, indifference to a husband's affairs of business is certainly not to be counted. Learning who was the person in authority about this matter, Raziah primed her lord with various facts and details regarding Bahram's family in Kakaristan which were likely to earn his good-will. Asaf used the information shrewdly, gained his case, and won the sympathies of this powerful officer. Bahram Khan often visited the house to feast and drink. We may fancy him a stalwart soldier, with blue eyes keen as a hawk's, a slender mustache, straw-colored, shading his false, handsome mouth; of such types the Afghan army is full. Raziah saw him often from the lattice of the zenana, through a hole in the curtains; and she continually met him, superb on horseback, in the bazaar. She fell in love. For her elderly husband, a Candahari, a trader, she had of course no regard. The unaccustomed luxury which had given such delight began to pall. No impulse or training held her back. From childhood Raziah had listened to stories of intrigue which none rebuked. Neither the modesty, nor the sense of honor, nor the physical alarms that restrain other women have influence on the Pathan.

Means lay to her hand, as they do to all in that vicious city. Raziah wrote to Bahram Khan, and he replied, not knowing his correspondent. But she did not desire a mere intrigue. After assuring herself that Bahram's heart—what they call the heart yonder—was free, she turned to another thread of the combination. The husband was now insupportable. She tried poison, fantastic substances recommended by Pathan tradition. But Asaf ate her powdered diamonds, her tiger's whiskers, and the rest, without inconvenience. I do not mean to say that either diamonds or tiger's whiskers are harmless. But their effect depends on accident, and Asaf was lucky so far. While Raziah cautiously inquired how to obtain more certain agents, chance assisted her.

Bahram Khan suggested an enterprise which promised great advantage. Some Persian merchants had been seized by Abdulrahman, and their stock confiscated. Bahram obtained the offer of it at a price which must yield enormous profit, if the carpets and things could be transported to Kurrachi. His old instincts roused by this chance of profit, Asaf bewailed the ill-will of the Brahui Khan. He talked to his wife upon the subject, and she saw an opportunity. Taking up the question with the savage but cunning eagerness that belonged to her nature, Raziah taunted him with his fears. She worked herself into a storm of passion, declared she would be no wife to a man afraid of Alla-ood-dina, with whom her father had waged many a battle. Other merchants threatened had forced the Bolan Pass, without the aid which Usman Khan would give his son-in-law. And so they had a serious quarrel—all quarrels, indeed, are serious with that people.

Asaf endeavored to explain that in cases when the Bolan had been forced, Alla-ood-dina had not taken part in the affray. It had always arisen from illegal exactions of his officers, whom he left to fight it out. The case was different here. But Raziah would not listen, and the uxorious old man gave way. He bought the Persian goods, fitted out his kafila, and engaged a very powerful guard. But Asaf principally relied on a diversion which the Kakars promised to make. When all was prepared, with such secrecy as might be, another storm burst. The merchant had never thought of going himself. So soon as Raziah understood this, or pretended to learn it, she raved with scornful passion, called her husband coward, and used other epithets quite unrefined. This sort of objurgation is not patiently supported twice in a Pathan household. Asaf seized his riding whip, and laid the knotted thong across her shoulders. Raziah sprang at him, forced him down, and drew the ever-ready knife. But in the tempest of fury, these people do not lose their heads. Domestic affrays are common enough among them, but when they end in the murder of the husband Afghan law punishes them with the extremest

severity ; for every man is interested in this matter. Raziah withdrew, sternly declaring that she would not see her husband's face again till he returned from India.

Such refusal of marital rights is not uncommon. Strangely enough, etiquette supports a wife in any such freak of temper. There are exceptions, naturally ; but as a rule the husband has no remedy except divorce, if a wife be obstinate. Asaf yielded after a time, and was restored to favor on conditions. He strengthened the guard, obtained a company of soldiers from Bahram Khan. To deceive the Brahui, it was put about that the *kafila* would rendezvous at Chaman ; a week before the time appointed, it had all collected there. Asaf slipped away at night, and reached the Kojak Pass in twelve hours' hard riding. Forthwith, the *kafila* got into motion. Alla-ood-dina was doubtless aware of its approach. But if the elaborate arrangements for misleading him were successful, Asaf might hope he would be taken by surprise, and that the caravan would escape before he could raise men enough to attack such a powerful body. The return by Lahore and Cabul gave no anxiety.

But Alla-ood-dina was informed of every movement. He had, moreover, an assurance that the Kakars would not stir, and that the troops would not fight if let alone. So soon as her husband gave way, Raziah made known to Bahram Khan who was his correspondent. The confidential messenger exhausted herself in describing her employer's beauty and her wealth. Raziah would not see the Khan ; but thoughtfully, frankly, in business-like style, she suggested how his friend, her husband, might be betrayed, that he might marry the widow. And Bahram accepted, of course, without a qualm.

The *kafila* marched rapidly. In four days it reached the Dasht-i-be-Doulat, where Alla-ood-dina's officers were waiting, as usual, to receive black mail. Their presence reassured Asaf. Taking it as a sign that the Brahuis had not been warned, he peremptorily refused to pay. The officers acted their part well, threatened vengeance, and drew off. For three days the caravan proceeded peacefully, passed the Kotal,

passed Mach, and gained that plateau in the middle of the defile the name of which I grieve to forget. The Kakars did not join, as expected ; but military combinations in that land may be spoiled by innumerable accidents. The more dangerous portions of the defile had been traversed. Asaf felt tolerably secure, with his armed guard and his soldiers.

But while the sirwans were mustering at earliest dawn, their heads enveloped in long rolls of cloth, a panic seized them. No sound could they hear through that muffling ; the plain was dark and misty, but shadowy forms flitted all round. They shouted, and the camp awoke. Then rose the Brahui yell, chorused by hundreds. Rattling, clashing through the pebbles, a storm of hoofs burst in on every side, swept through the camp, returned. No sentry had raised an alarm—they were all soldiers. Men struggling to their feet were cut down, lay writhing, trampled under foot. Asaf ran out of his tent. A dusky horseman met him—the mare, checked in her stride, reared upright amid a splash of flying stones—and Asaf fell, cleft to the nose by Yah Mohammad.

There were cries for quarter, answered by the vengeful yell—ringing chases and savage laughter. But when the dawn, fast whitening, displayed the scene, no man of all the *kafila* survived. The soldiers, drawn up, stood to their arms. A knot of horsemen mounted guard over the merchandise, others, dismounted, went to and fro, searching for corpses not yet rifled, while their mares stood quiet on the very spot where they were left. Camels trooped in leisurely, driven by the victorious Brahuis, gossiping, laughing, telling their adventures, looking under every rock for loot. An hour afterward, all had vanished but the burying party—these heaped pebbles on the corpses as they lay. A large cairn was raised over Asaf Jah. Every passing Brahui throws a stone upon it to this day.

The plunder was immense. Common men fed their mares on melons and dried apricots and figs. Such was the number of carpets that Rahim, Yah Mohammad's page at the time, received a bundle of them. Every woman of Alla-ood-dina's clan robbed herself in silk.

Bahram Khan also obtained his re-

ward. Within the briefest time allowable he married Raziah. But as these events happened shortly before Yakoob's victory over Abdul-rahman, it is likely that the honeymoon was interrupted. One may faintly hope that vengeance overtook the treacherous Bahram Khan; but it is much more probable that he ratted in time. FREDERICK BOYLE.

NOTE.—I have repeated this story as Rahim Khan told it. But within the last few weeks I have seen cause to suspect that Alla-ood-dina Khan and his zealous family deceived me—and also persons quite otherwise important—as to his real position in the Belooch confederacy. An opportunity arose to consult Lieut.-Col. Sir Oliver St. John, K.C.S.I., lately Political Agent at Candahar, who sends me the letter following:—

"My dear Boyle—Save on one point the *couleur locale* of your story is as accurate as vivid. The solitary exception is your calling our venerable friend Alla-ood-dina 'chief of all the Brahuïs.' This he certainly is not; indeed, he and his clan of Kurds are only Brahuïs in a certain restricted sense. In the course of my travels in the country I have come across clans descended from Arabs of Aleppo and Nejd, Jats from India, Afghans from the Helmund, Leks from Shiraz, Toorks from North Persia, and Kurds from Armenia. Of a clan of these last Alla-ood-dina is chief. All the various tribes now speak a dialect of Persian known as Beloochi. Among them, but not of them, are the Brahuïs, of whose history it can only be affirmed that they are not aborigines, and whose language is so unlike Persian or Pushtu that philologists cannot make up their minds whether it is Aryan, Turanian, or Dravidian. According to some, the Brahuïs are descendants of a colony brought from the north by Alexander; others believe them to be of identical origin with the Rajputs; while a third story has it that they are remnants of the last Scythian invasion of India. Wherever they came from, they are very remarkable people. Though decidedly inferior in courage and physique to their neighbors, with no genius for domination or for spreading over the land, they have not only held their

own, but have been the preponderating power in Beloochistan. Their two great chieftains, lords of Sirawan (the highlands) and Jhalawan (the lowlands), are the principal members of the Belooch confederacy, of which the Khan of Khelat is the head.

"So much for the Brahuïs proper. To return to our friend Alla-ood-dina and his Kurds. It is not uncommon in Western Asia to find smaller and numerically weaker clans affiliating themselves, so to speak, to bigger ones. Thus it is the custom for lesser chiefs who are members of the Belooch confederacy to speak of themselves and to be spoken of as Brahuïs, though they would be indignant to be thought of Brahui blood. In the western part of the country, the term Belooch is used in the same way; the Belooch proper is a peaceful nomad herdsman. I remember, ten years ago, rousing the wrath of a stalwart chieftain of the Regis (Dwellers in the Sand), with whom I was trying to bargain for conveyance across the great desert to the Helmund. He excused himself by saying: 'What would you have? This is not India or Persia. We are Beloochis!' I asked him, therefore, whether his was a Belooch tribe, and I was startled by the lofty and indignant air he put on. 'We Beloochis! no! Regis are men of the sword, whose trade is fighting, not tenders of sheep!'

"Thus it happens that Alla-ood-dina Kurd, a descendant of the Karduchi who hampered the retreat of the Ten Thousand, and tried gallantly to stem the tide of Macedonian invasion, is styled a Brahui. If his family history could be known, I have little doubt we should find that his ancestors were expelled from their native hills as too bad even for Kurdistan, and found no resting-place till they reached the Dashti-be-Doulat; a convenient asylum, whence their descendants have been pursuing for the last few centuries the hereditary occupation of robbing caravans and cutting throats, as described in your story.—Yours sincerely,

"O. ST. JOHN.

"ARMY AND NAVY CLUB,
"June 23rd, 1882."

—*Belgravia Magazine.*

TRANSFERRED IMPRESSIONS AND TELEPATHY.

BY EDMUND GURNEY AND F. W. H. MYERS.

I.

"Νοῦς ὅρη καὶ νοῦς ἀκόνει· τὰλλα κῶφα καὶ τυφλά."
—EPICHRMUS.

THERE appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* in the course of last year an article, written by us in conjunction with Professor Barrett, on "Thought Reading," or, as we now prefer to call it, Thought-transference—the communication of ideas otherwise than through the recognized organs of sense. That article has been much more favorably received than we expected; and it has proved a starting-point for many promising series of experiments. It naturally also called forth certain objections. These objections, so far as they seem to need a reply, will be dealt with in the second part of the Proceedings of the Society for Physical Research; in which also will be recorded a considerable number of further observations. We propose in the present paper to enter upon a wider discussion of the subject; for which the material amassed by ourselves and others, primarily on behalf of the above-named society, has now attained an amply sufficient volume. Several groups of narratives have been kindly communicated to us by friends; and a letter which we sent to the public press received a wide response—wide enough, at any rate, absolutely to force on us the necessity of some such generalizations as those on which we are about to enter; though, for reasons which will appear later, the body of evidence still needs enlargement to an indefinite extent.*

A public appeal for information of this kind has, no doubt, one conceivable drawback, which some eyes have magnified even into a fatal objection—the possibility, namely, of hoaxes. The same possibility, it may be remarked, has to be faced in antiquarian, historical, and some other kinds of scientific research. It is a danger which can be obviated by care; and the process of

sifting to which a Committee of our Society subjects every narrative sent to us is, we think, a sufficiently severe one. No evidence is considered at all unless authenticated by names and dates (not necessarily for publication); and in most cases we make the personal acquaintance of the narrator, and hear his story told in a manner which pledges his honor to its truth.* We also communicate with such other living persons as may be concerned, and obtain all the independent corroboration possible. It is therefore in the last degree unlikely that any one who allows the publication of his name is vouching for anything which he does not, at any rate, believe to be the fact. And if he were to withhold permission to publish his name, while yet contriving his plot with sufficient elaboration to take us in, he could derive but small pleasure from seeing his false story, in small print and dull anonymity, used to reinforce the better-attested evidence of some three hundred more honorable correspondents. The value of other possible objections—such as the natural proneness to exaggeration and the love of exciting wonder—will be better estimated when the evidence itself is presented in full. It will then be seen, we think, that these elements of narration, even when the utmost allowance is made for them, could not conceivably affect the main fact reported.

We have just used the words "dull anonymity." Why, it may be said, should accounts dealing with these mysterious subjects, whether real or fictitious, be dull? Well, we are perhaps somewhat *blasted* by the number that we have lately read; but we can scarcely hope that those who, in turn, follow our guidance through the same path will escape the same fate. The very last thing that we expect to produce is a collection of narratives of a startling or

* Further evidence will gladly be received by either of us, at the office of the S.P.R., 14 Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

* Cases of occasional relaxation of this rule are, e.g., where the testimony of illiterate persons, difficult to reach, has been accepted as genuine, on the authority of the clergyman of the parish.

blood-chilling character; our pages are far more likely to provoke sleep in the course of perusal than to banish it afterward. The point in the evidence that impresses us is not its exciting or terrific quality, but its overwhelming quantity—overwhelming, we mean, to any possibility of further doubting the reality of the class of phenomena. Those who are used, as most of us have been all our lives, to hearing now and again a stray story at third or fourth hand, with the usual commentary of vague wonderment or shallow explanation, but without any suggestion of analyzing or probing it, can scarcely imagine the effect on the mind of a sudden large accumulation of direct, well-attested, and harmonious testimony. The similarities of unlooked-for detail which bind the phenomena together into distinct groups, the very similarities which make the accounts of them monotonous reading, give the strength of a fagot to the dispersed units which looked as if the mere dead weight of uninquiring incredulity might easily break them.

Further, we must warn future readers that the details of the evidence are in many cases not only dull, but of a trivial and even ludicrous kind; and they will be presented for the most part in the narrator's simplest phraseology, quite unspiced for the literary palate. Our tales will resemble neither the "Mysteries of Udolpho" nor the dignified reports of a learned society. The romanticist may easily grow indignant over them; still more easily may the journalist grow facetious. The collection may be easily described as a *farrago*; but it will at any rate be a *farrago* of facts. For its miscellaneous character we and our colleagues will hardly be responsible. However caused, these phenomena are interwoven with the everyday tissue of human existence, and pay no more regard to what men call appalling than to what men call ridiculous.

The facts which we are thus collecting belong to every department of our subject. That subject, however, must evidently be treated in separate instalments, for which the work of years will be necessary. During the course of this year we hope, in conjunction with our colleagues, to publish the next consider-

able instalment in the form of a book which will deal more at large with the subject of this paper. But for present purposes, and until the mass of our evidence can be fully set forth, we must claim to assume its general credibility, and confine ourselves mainly to the mode of arranging it. In a chaos such as this subject presents, classification, however rude, is itself light-bringing; it is at any rate an indispensable prerequisite of any true analysis.

Having continually-growing reason to believe that the primary phenomenon of Thought-transference is solidly established, we naturally desired, in framing the scheme of the forthcoming book, to link its matter as logically as possible with the results already achieved. Taking Thought-transference, then, as our starting-point, we propose to examine other cases of transferred or sympathetic impressions. In Thought-transference, so far as we have hitherto dealt with it, both parties (whom, for convenience' sake, we will call the Agent and the Percipient) are supposed to be in a normal state; and we have a few cases which appear to differ from our previous experiments in Thought-transference only in the facts that the transference of the impression was not accompanied by any definite exercise of will, and that the transferred image seemed more objective. Such a case is the following, given us by Mr. J. G. Keulemans, of 2 Mountfort Terrace, Barnsbury Square—a scientific draughtsman—with whom one of us is personally acquainted:

"One morning, not long ago, while engaged with some very easy work, I saw in my mind's eye a little wicker basket, containing five eggs, two very clean, of a more than usually elongated oval and of a yellowish hue, one very round, plain white, but smudged all over with dirt; the remaining two bore no peculiar marks. I asked myself what that insignificant but sudden image could mean. I never think of similar objects. But that basket remained fixed in my mind, and occupied it for some moments. About two hours later I went into another room for lunch. I was at once struck with the remarkable similarity between the eggs standing on the breakfast table and those two very long ones I had seen in my imagination. 'Why do you keep looking at those eggs so carefully?' asked my wife; and it caused her great astonishment to learn from me how many eggs had been sent by her mother half-an-hour before. She then brought

up the remaining three: there was the one with the dirt on it, and the basket, the same I had seen. On further inquiry, I found that the eggs had been kept together by my mother-in-law, that she had placed them in the basket and thought of sending them to me; and, to use her own words, 'I did of course think of you at that moment.' She did this at ten in the morning, which (as I know from my regular habits) must have been just the time of my impression."

Such an incident, however, seems very exceptional: and in the great body of our cases one or other of the parties is, or both of them are, in some condition other than that of normal waking consciousness. In the first place, then, the Percipient may be asleep, and may receive in a dream or vision some impression which may be noted, and subsequently proved to have been coincident with an impression, derived either from outward or inward sources, in a waking mind—that of him whom we call the Agent. The following account, given to us by a personal friend of our own (whose name and address we are at liberty to mention privately), differs from ordinary Thought-transference, not only in the vividness of the impression, but in the fact that one at least of the Percipients was asleep:

"One Sunday night last winter, at 1 A.M., I wished strongly to communicate the idea of my presence to two friends, who resided about three miles from the house where I was staying. When I next saw them, a few days afterward I expressly refrained from mentioning my experiment; but in the course of conversation, one of them said, 'You would not believe what a strange night we spent last Sunday;' and then recounted that both the friends had believed themselves to see my figure standing in their room. The experience was vivid enough to wake them completely, and they both looked at their watches, and found it to be exactly one o'clock." [One of these friends has supplied independent testimony to this circumstance.]

In this case there was a deliberate exercise of will. Similar cases where that feature is absent are likely often to pass unobserved; and all the observed ones that happen to have come under our notice have been complicated by the pre-existence of some sort of mesmeric *rapprochement* between the persons concerned.

This circumstance affords a natural transition to the next class of cases, where the Percipient is in that rarer and deeper state of slumber known as the

"mesmeric trance." Instances of impression transferred from the Agent to the Percipient, when the latter is in this state, are of course exceedingly numerous. *Clairvoyance* will, we hope, be fully and separately dealt with hereafter; but we have little doubt that many of the facts recorded under that head will be found to resolve themselves into simple transference of impression. This distinction, which we think is of the greatest importance to keep in mind, is well illustrated by the following incident:

A mesmerist, well known to us, was requested by a lady to mesmerize her, in order to enable her to visit in spirit certain places of which he himself had no knowledge. He failed to produce this effect; but found that he could lead her to describe places unknown to her but familiar to him. Thus on one occasion he enabled her to describe a particular room which she had never entered, but which she described in perfect conformity with his recollection of it. It then occurred to him to imagine a large open umbrella as lying on a table in this room, whereupon the lady immediately exclaimed, "I see a large open umbrella on the table."

Here we must certainly suppose that the impression proceeded from no other source than the operator's mind: and it is to transferences of this sort that for the present we intend to confine our treatment of mesmerism, reserving mesmerism in general and *clairvoyance* proper for subsequent treatment.

We come now to a third class of cases, which at first sight seem to differ in a singular way from those already enumerated. For it seems that not only the apparent *depression* of the vital energies in sleep or trance, but also their apparent *exaltation* in moments of excitement or danger, may have a decisive effect in engendering or increasing the Percipient's susceptibility to impressions from a distance. There is, however, we may suggest, one strongly marked condition which would seem to unite in itself the characteristics both of depression and exaltation: we mean death, or, as in this connection we prefer to call it, the process of dissolution. During this process, often a prolonged one, mental conditions are undoubtedly observed analogous on the one hand to trance, on the other to exalted excitement. We would venture to suggest, therefore, that in death may

be seen a possible key to the mysterious parallelism, in their effects, of conditions so opposite as mesmeric sleep and the excitement of peril. If we may borrow a phrase from magnetism, we may perhaps picture these cases to ourselves as involving a relaxation of some *coercitive force*, which under normal conditions is able to limit the channels of impression to those through which the recognized senses act in the recognized way. However this may be, it would appear that the excitement of danger or imminent death has a potent influence in facilitating the transference of super-sensory impressions; and though, as a rule, it is not the Percipient, but the Agent, who is dying or in danger, this is by no means always the case. There seems sometimes to be a distinct interchange of perception, as in the following instance. The narrative is abridged from the words of the late Mrs. Charles Fox, of Trebah, Falmouth, (a lady well-known to one of us), who had heard the story from her grandmother, one of the children who witnessed the apparition. Few families could be named in which such traditions were likely to be at once more sacredly and more soberly preserved.

In 1739 Mrs. Birkbeck, wife of William Birkbeck, banker, of Settle, and a member of the Society of Friends, was taken ill and died at Cockermouth, while returning from a journey to Scotland, which she had undertaken alone—her husband and three children, aged seven, five, and four years respectively, remaining at Settle. The friends at whose house the death occurred made notes of every circumstance attending Mrs. Birkbeck's last hours, so that the accuracy of the several statements as to time as well as place was beyond the doubtfulness of man's memory, or of any even unconscious attempt to bring them into agreement with each other.

One morning, between seven and eight o'clock, the relation to whom the care of the children at Settle had been intrusted, and who kept a minute journal of all that concerned them, went into their bedroom as usual, and found them all sitting up in their beds in great excitement and delight. "Mamma has been here!" they cried, and the little one said, "She called, 'Come, Esther!'" Nothing could make them doubt the fact, and it was carefully noted down to entertain the mother on her return home. That same morning as their mother lay on her dying bed at Cockermouth, she said, "I should be ready to go if I could but see my children." She then closed her eyes, to reopen them, as they thought, no more. But after ten minutes of perfect still-

ness she looked up brightly and said, "I am ready now: I have been with my children;" and then at once peacefully passed away. When the notes taken at the two places were compared, the day, hour, and minutes were the same.

One of the three children was my grandmother, *née* Sarah Birkbeck, afterward the wife of Dr. Fell, of Ulverstone. From her lips I heard the above almost literally as I have repeated it. The elder was Morris Birkbeck, afterward of Guildford. Both these lived to old age, and retained to the last so solemn and reverential a remembrance of the circumstance that they rarely would speak of it. Esther, the youngest, died soon after. Her brother and sister heard the child say that her mother called her, but could not speak with any certainty of having themselves heard the words, nor were sensible of more than their mother's standing there and looking on them.

We have at first hand some other very interesting examples of this double percipience. Commander Aylesbury, late of the Indian navy, tells us how, when nearly drowning as a boy, he had a vivid vision of his home-circle, engaged as they actually were at the time, while they simultaneously and distinctly heard his voice, and were thereby rendered apprehensive that evil had befallen him. Singularly like this is the personal experience which the celebrated conjurer, Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, recorded in the *Daily Telegraph* of October 24, 1881. And rare as the type is, it is perhaps less so than that where a dying person perceives, and correctly describes, the surroundings of a living friend who himself has no impression of the dying person's presence.

We pass over now to the second great family of cases; where the transference of impressions is facilitated by some abnormal condition on the side of the Agent, while the condition of the Percipient remains normal.

In the first place, the Agent may himself be asleep, and his vivid dream may communicate itself as an apparently objective reality to a wakeful mind. To this category belongs the following singular dream, written down by the dreamer, the Rev. Joseph Wilkins, a dissenting minister at Weymouth (who died in 1800), and indorsed by the late Dr. Abercrombie, of Edinburgh, a man, we need hardly say, of the greatest scientific acumen:

Joseph Wilkins, while a young man, absent from home, dreamt, without any apparent

reason, that he returned home, reached the house at night, found the front door locked, entered by the back door, visited his mother's room, found her awake and said to her, "Mother, I am going on a long journey and am come to bid you good-by." A day or two afterward this young man received a letter from his father, asking how he was, and alleging his mother's anxiety on account of a vision which had visited her on a night which was, in fact, that of the son's dream. The mother, lying awake in bed, had heard some one try the front door and enter by the back door, and had then seen the son enter her room, heard him say to her, "Mother, I am going on a long journey and am come to bid you good-by," and had answered, "O dear son, thou art dead!" words which the son also had heard her say in his dream.

There are other cases of this type, and the class fades into the next one, where the Agent is in a state of trance, either natural or induced, and is perceived by waking persons at a distance. To this category belong a large number of somnambulist stories; as for instance the well-known account, vouched for by Dr. J. H. Jung-Stilling, of a man who, falling into a trance in Philadelphia, conversed with a ship captain in a London coffee-house, and communicated the results of the interview, which were subsequently confirmed, to the captain's wife in America. Such cases, however, belong to the deferred subject of trance and mesmerism. We may pass, therefore, to the far larger and more important class of apparitions, perceived at moments when the Agent is excited or in danger, and especially at or about the time of his death. We are obliged to use the vague phrase "at or about the time of death," in order to cover the whole process of dissolution; for in fact some of these appearances would seem to have been witnessed at some little interval before death, others at the moment of apparent death, and others again some hours or even days after apparent death had supervened. It is obvious that when the interval between death and the apparition exceeds a certain length, we are brought face to face with problems, and possibly with phenomena, of a quite different kind from those which we have been discussing. These phenomena and these problems live outside the scope of the book on which we are at present engaged. But the cases in which there is approximate coincidence between the

death and the apparition are extremely numerous, and comprise, perhaps, as many as half of the first-hand accounts which we shall have to bring forward. In many of these cases (as of those where the excited or dying person is the Percipient), the evidence seems to point rather to a vivification of a general *rapport* already existing between the parties, than to any special transference of the thought or emotion of the moment; and the impression produced on the Percipient's mind is either that of the sensible presence of the Agent, or is a strong general idea of him, without any distinct reference to what is passing in his mind.

We have received the following account from our friend Mr. John Addington Symonds:

"I was a boy in the Sixth Form at Harrow; and, as head of Mr. Rendall's house, had a room to myself. It was in the summer of 1858. I woke about dawn, and felt for my books upon a chair between the bed and the window; when I knew that I must turn my head the other way, and there between me and the door stood Dr. Maclean, dressed in a clergyman's black clothes. He bent his sorrowful face a little toward me and said, 'I am going a long way—take care of my son.' While I was attending to him I suddenly saw the door in the place where Dr. Maclean had been. Dr. Maclean died that night (at what hour I cannot precisely say) at Clifton. My father, who was a great friend of his, was with him. I was not aware that he was more than usually ill. He was a chronic invalid."

Captain G. F. Russell Colt, of Gartsherrie, Coatbridge, N. B., allows us to publish the following narrative:

"I was at home for my holidays, and residing with my father and mother, not here, but at another old family place in Mid-Lothian, built by an ancestor in Mary Queen of Scots' time, called Inveresk House. My bedroom was a curious old room, long and narrow, with a window at one end of the room and a door at the other. My bed was on the right of the window, looking toward the door. I had a very dear brother (my eldest brother), Oliver, lieutenant in the 7th Royal Fusiliers. He was about nineteen years old, and had at that time been some months before Sebastopol. I corresponded frequently with him, and once when he wrote in low spirits, not being well, I said in answer that he was to cheer up, but that if anything did happen to him he must let me know by appearing to me in my room, where we had often as boys together sat at night and indulged in a surreptitious pipe and chat. This letter (I found subsequently) he received as he was starting to receive the sacrament from a clergyman who has since related the

fact to me. Having done this he went to the entrenchments and never returned, as in a few hours afterward the storming of the Redan commenced. He, on the captain of his company falling, took his place, and led his men bravely on. He had just led them within the walls, though already wounded in several places, when a bullet struck him on the right temple and he fell among heaps of others, where he was found in a sort of kneeling posture (being propped up by other dead bodies) thirty-six hours afterward. His death took place, or rather he *fell*, though he may not have died immediately, on the 8th September, 1855.

"That night I awoke suddenly, and saw facing the window of my room, by my bedside, surrounded by a light sort of phosphorescent mist as it were, my brother kneeling. I tried to speak but could not. I buried my head in the bedclothes, not at all afraid (because we had all been brought up not to believe in ghosts or apparitions), but simply to collect my ideas, because I had not been thinking or dreaming of him, and indeed had forgotten all about what I had written to him a fortnight before. I decided that it must be fancy, and the moonlight playing on a towel, or something out of place. But on looking up there he was again, looking lovingly, imploringly, and sadly at me. I tried again to speak, but found myself tongue-tied. I could not utter a sound. I sprang out of bed, glanced through the window, and saw that there was no moon, but it was very dark and raining hard, by the sounds against the panes. I turned, and still saw poor Oliver. I shut my eyes, walked through it, and reached the room. As I turned the handle, before leaving the room, I looked once more back. The apparition turned round his head slowly and again looked anxiously and lovingly at me, and I saw then for the first time a wound on the right temple with a red stream from it. His face was of a waxy pale tint, but transparent-looking, and so was the reddish mark. But it is almost impossible to describe his appearance. I only know I shall never forget it. I left the room and went into a friend's room, and lay on the sofa the rest of the night. I told him why. I told others in the house, but when I told my father he ordered me not to repeat such nonsense, and especially not to let my mother know. On the Monday following he received a note from Sir Alexander Milne to say that the Redan was stormed, but no particulars. I told my friend to let me know if he saw the name among the killed and wounded before me. About a fortnight later he came to my bedroom in his mother's house, in Athol House, in Edinburgh, with a very grave face. I said, 'I suppose it is to tell me the sad news I expect,' and he said, 'Yes.' Both the colonel of the regiment and one or two officers who saw the body confirmed the fact that the appearance was much according to my description, and the death wound was exactly where I had seen it. But none could say whether he actually died at the moment. His appearance, if so, must have been some hours after death, as he appeared to me a few minutes after two in the morning. Months later his small prayer-book and the letter I had written

to him were returned to Inveresk, found in the inner breast pocket of the tunic which he wore at his death. I have them now."

Mr. Colt mentioned several persons who could corroborate this narrative. We add the following letter from Mrs. Hope, of Fermoy, sister of Mr. Colt :

"On the morning of September 8, 1855, my brother, Mr. Colt, told myself, Captain Ferguson of the 42d Regiment, since dead, and Major Borthwick of the Rifle Brigade (who is living), and others, that he had during the night awakened from sleep and seen, as he thought, my eldest brother, Lieut. Oliver Colt of the Royal Fusiliers (who was in the Crimea), standing between his bed and the door; that he saw he was wounded in more than one place—I remember he named the temple as one place—by bullet-wounds; that he roused himself, rushed to the door with closed eyes and looked back at the apparition, which stood between him and the bed. My father enjoined silence, lest my mother should be made uneasy; but shortly afterward came the news of the fall of the Redan and my brother's death. Two years afterward my husband, Colonel Hope, invited my brother to dine with him; the former being still a lieutenant in the Royal Fusiliers, the latter an ensign in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. While dining they were talking of my eldest brother. My husband was about to describe his appearance when found, when my brother described what he had seen, and to the astonishment of all present the description of the wounds tallied with the facts. My husband was my eldest brother's greatest friend, and was among those who saw the body as soon as it was found."

Miss Summerbell, of 140 Kensington Park Road, W. (who is personally known to us), communicates the following story :

"My mother married, at a very early age, without the consent of her parents. My grandmother vowed she would never see her daughter again. A few months after her marriage my mother was awakened about 2 A. M. by a loud knocking at the door. To her great surprise my father did not wake. The knocking was resumed; my mother spoke to my father, but, as he still slept, she got up, opened the window and looked out, when to her amazement she saw her mother in full court dress, standing on the step and looking up at her. My mother called to her, but my grandmother, frowning and shaking her head, disappeared. At this moment my father woke, and my mother told him what had happened. He went to the window, but saw nothing. My mother was sure that my grandmother, even at that late hour had come to forgive her, and entreated my father to let her in. He went down and opened the door, but nobody was there. He assured my mother that she had been dreaming, and she at last believed that it was so. The next morning the servants were ques-

tioned, but they had heard nothing, and the matter was dismissed from the minds of my parents till the evening, when they heard that my grandmother had been, in court dress, at a ball the night before—I think at Kensington Palace, but of this I am not sure—that, feeling unwell, she had returned home, and after about an hour's illness had died at 2 A.M. She had not mentioned my mother's name during her short illness."

It will be observed that in this case the impression from the dying mother, although fully realized only in wakefulness, made itself felt in the first instance during sleep.

Mr. J. G. Keulemans, whom we have already mentioned, gives us the following account :

In December, 1880, he was living with his family in Paris. The outbreak of an epidemic of small-pox caused him to remove three of his children, including a favorite little boy of five, to London, whence he received, in the course of the ensuing month, several letters giving an excellent account of their health. "On the 24th of January, 1881, at half-past seven in the morning, I was suddenly awoke by hearing his voice, as I fancied, very near me. I saw a bright, opaque, white mass before my eyes, and in the centre of this light I saw the face of my little darling, his eyes bright, his mouth smiling. The apparition, accompanied by the sound of his voice, was too short and too sudden to be called a dream: it was too clear, too decided, to be called an effect of imagination. So distinctly did I hear his voice that I looked round the room to see whether he was actually there. The sound I heard was that of extreme delight, such as only a happy child can utter. I thought it was the moment he woke up in London, happy and thinking of me. I said to myself, 'Thank God, little Isidore is happy as always.'" Mr. Keulemans describes the ensuing day as one of peculiar brightness and cheerfulness. He took a long walk with a friend, with whom he dined; and was afterward playing a game at billiards, when he again saw the apparition of his child. This made him seriously uneasy, and in spite of having received within three days the assurance of the child's perfect health, he expressed to his wife a conviction that he was dead. Next day a letter arrived saying that the child was ill; but the father was convinced that this was only an attempt to break the news; and, in fact, the child had died, after a few hours' illness, at the exact time of the first apparition.

The Rev. W. S. Grignon, Hambrook, Bristol, writes to us as follows :

"I give the annexed narrative of the apparition of a deceased or dying person on the authority of my mother, the late Mrs. Elizabeth A. Grignon, wife of the late William Stanford Grignon, of Upton, near Montego Bay, Jamaica, Esq., and youngest sister of the well-known counsel, Sir James Scarlett, after-

ward the first Lord Abinger. I received the account from her, and have had it confirmed by my late sister, Miss Elizabeth Scarlett Grignon, who had often heard it from our mother. I may say that my mother was a cool-headed, accurate person.

"About the year 1820 she was resident at Upton, in Jamaica, and had as an upper-nurse in her family a Mrs. Duchoux, an English woman who had married a Frenchman; with the exception of this nurse, every servant in the house was black or brown. One morning my mother observed that this woman seemed much depressed, so much so that she pressed her for the reason. She said she was sure she should hear of the death of an aunt of hers resident in England. Her statement was as follows:—She had got into bed, but not yet fallen asleep, and had before this locked the door of her bedroom. A negro girl was sleeping on a mattress on the floor of her room. Near the foot of her bed was a small table on which stood a candle under a shade. Looking up, she saw a female figure in a night-dress, standing with its back toward her at the foot of the bed, near the table with the light on it, and holding a roll of paper in its hand. As she looked, the figure turned its face round toward her, when she at once recognized an aunt then living in England. The figure then moved toward the door, and seemed to pass out of it or disappear. Mrs. Duchoux was not at all frightened, but jumped out of bed, and found the door still locked on the inside, and the negro girl asleep. She was quite sure that it was her aunt's and no other face which she saw, and that she should hear of her death. My mother told her that she must have dreamed the whole scene; but nevertheless was so far impressed by the woman's reiterated assurance that she had been wide awake, that she at once made a note of the statement, with the date. On the arrival of the packet which left England shortly after the date of the apparition, a letter reached Mrs. Duchoux informing her that her aunt had died just about the date of the vision, and had in her will left her £100. I cannot say that the time of the apparition coincided exactly with the last moments of the deceased. I doubt if this was inquired into at the time. But I remember that my mother stated that the woman had not previously heard anything to make her anxious about her aunt."

The following account has been placed at our disposal by the Miss Sarah Jardine of the story :

"In 1833, Sarah and Margaret Jardine, daughters of a barrister on the Western Circuit, were girls of about ten and twelve respectively. They lived with their parents in a house in the suburbs of London, and their grandfather and grandmother on the opposite side of the road. Their grandmother was a woman of decided character and very firm will, and between her and the children there was strong affection. One night as the children lay in their four-post bed, sleeping as they did with a rush-light in the room, Sarah saw her grandmother in her

night-dress standing at the foot of the bed, looking at them with a pleased smile on her face. She moved round the bed, keeping her eyes constantly fixed upon the children, till she passed behind the curtain at the head of the bed on Sarah's side, and seemed to sit down on the chair that was placed there. Sarah raised herself up and drew back the curtain in order to speak to her, when, to her great surprise, she saw no one there. She was not at all frightened, and awoke her sister, saying, 'Grand-mamma is in the room?' They both got up and looked about for her, and finding that there really was no one in the room, Margaret said that her sister must have been dreaming, and scolded her for awaking her. In the morning they were awoke by their father, who told them that a dreadful thing had happened, that their grandmamma had died in the course of the night. She had been ailing, but nothing serious had been apprehended until her son was sent for, after the children had gone to bed. On hearing that her grandmother was dead, Sarah became much terrified at the thought of having seen a ghost and gave a violent scream, without saying anything of the cause of her fright. A day or two afterward her sister told what Sarah had seen, and in order to reassure her they tried to persuade her that it had been a dream. But she herself was quite certain that it was not; and for long afterward she had such a dread of seeing the apparition again that they dared not leave her alone at night. After the lapse of more than forty years she still retains the most vivid remembrance of the whole incident."

We received the next narrative from Mrs. Hunter, of 2 Ellesmere Villas, Forest Hill, who is personally known to us:

Mrs. Hunter had had a friend from whom she had parted in coldness, and whom she had not since seen or corresponded with. "Poor Z. was very far from my thoughts, when one night I had just got into bed. The fire burned brightly, and there was my usual night-light. I was placing my head on the pillows, when I beheld, close to the side of the bed, and on a level with it, Z.'s head, and the same wistful look on his face which it had worn when we parted years before. Starting up, I cried out, 'What do you want?' I did not fear; anger was my feeling. Slowly it retreated, and just as it disappeared in the shadow of the wall, a bright spark of light shone for a few seconds, and slowly expired. A few days after my sister wrote, 'You will have heard of poor Z.'s death, on his way to the South of France.' I had heard nothing about him for years. Special reasons prevented my inquiring particularly into the precise moment of his death. Strange to say, my bedfellow was his great pet among my children; she, however, slept through this strange interview."

The next account, also given to us by Mrs. Hunter, is made specially remarkable by the prolonged character of the

apparition, and the number of persons by whom it was seen:

Mrs. Hunter's husband had had a Scotch wet-nurse of the old-fashioned sort, more devoted to him than even to her own children. Mrs. Hunter, soon after her marriage, made acquaintance with this nurse, Mrs. Macfarlane, who paid her several visits during Mr. Hunter's absence in India. In June, 1857, Mrs. Hunter, who was travelling to a health-resort, confided to Mrs. Macfarlane's keeping a box of valuables. One evening in the following August Mrs. Hunter was entertaining some friends; but having occasion to return to the dining-room for a moment, she passed the open door of her bedroom, and felt irresistibly impelled to look in; and there on the bed was a large coffin, and sitting at the foot of it was a tall old woman steadfastly regarding it. "Returning to my friends, I announced the vision, which was received with shouts of laughter, in which after a time I joined. However, I had seen what I have described, and moreover could have told the very dress the old woman wore. When my friends left, and I had paid my usual last visit to the nursery, my nurse looked odd and *distracted*, and to my astonishment followed me into the landing. 'O ma'am,' she began, 'I feel so queer; such a strange thing happened. At seven o'clock I went to the kitchen for hot water, and when I came out I saw a tall old woman coming down-stairs, and I stopped to let her pass, but, ma'am, there was something strange about her so I turned to look after her. The hall door was wide open and she was making for it when in a moment she melted away. I can swear I saw her, and can tell you her very dress, a big black poke bonnet and a checked black and white shawl.'" This description of the dress exactly corresponded with what Mrs. Hunter had herself seen. Mrs. Hunter laughed the matter off, and did not even think of connecting her own vision with the nurse's. About half an hour afterward, when in bed, she heard a piercing scream from her little daughter, aged five, followed by loud frightened tones, and she then heard the nurse soothing the child. "Next morning little E— was full of her wrongs. She said that 'a naughty old woman was sitting at the table and staring at her, and that made her scream.' Nurse told me that she found the child wide awake, sitting up in bed, pointing to the table, and crying out. 'Go away, go away, naughty old woman!' There was no one there. Nurse had been in bed some time and the door was locked. My child's vision I treated as I did her nurse's, and dosed both. However, a day or two afterward, I received a letter from Mrs. Macfarlane's son, announcing her death, and telling me how her last hours were disturbed by anxiety for my husband and his family. My nurse, on being told the news, exclaimed, 'Good Lord, it was *her* I saw that night, and her very dress!' I never ascertained the exact hour of her death. My letter of inquiry and condolence was never answered, though my box was duly sent to me."

The following account, given us by

Mr. C. Colchester, of Bushey Heath, Herts, somewhat resembles the last, in that the apparition was seen by three persons and in two different rooms :

"Forty-two or three years ago my father was with a detachment of his regiment, the Royal Artillery, stationed at Montreal, Canada. He had left his mother some months before in England in an indifferent state of health. One evening he was sitting at his desk, writing to her, when my mother, looking up from her work, was startled to see *his* mother looking over his shoulder, seemingly intent on the letter. My mother gave a cry of alarm, and on my father turning round the apparition vanished. On the same evening I and my brother (aged about six and five years) were in bed, watching the bright moon-light, when suddenly we saw a figure, a lady with her hands folded on her breast, walking slowly, between the bed and the window, backward and forward. She wore a cap with a frill tied under her chin, and a dressing-gown of the appearance of white flannel, her white hair being neatly arranged. She continued to walk, it seemed to me, fully five minutes, and then was gone. We did not cry out, and were not even alarmed, but after her disappearance we said to each other, 'What a nice, kind lady!' and then went to sleep." The children mentioned what they had seen to their mother next morning, but were told not to talk about it. The news of their grandmother's death on that same evening arrived a few weeks afterward. "I may add," Mr. Colchester concludes, "that neither I nor my brother had ever seen our grandmother till that evening, nor knew of what my mother had seen till years after. The apparition I saw is as palpably before me now as it was forty years since."

Mr. Colchester also sends us the following extract from a MS. work on Bermuda, written by his late father, who, at the time of the occurrence narrated, was assistant-surgeon in the Royal Artillery. We abridge the extract, and give the full names of the two officers, viz. Lieutenants Creigh and Liston, which are given in initial in the MS. The author had the account from Lieutenant Creigh, and pledged himself to its strict accuracy.

"The passage from Bermuda to Halifax is in certain seasons hazardous, and in 1830 a transport, containing some two hundred and twenty men, was lost at sea between these two ports. Two officers of the regiment to which the detachment belonged had in a half-jesting way made a sort of promise that whoever died first should come back if he could and let the other know whether there was another world. This conversation was heard by the narrator, as it took place in his presence, perhaps a year before the events happened, though not remembered till afterward. Liston embarked in charge of the detachment, and had been

gone about a fortnight, when Creigh, who had one night left the mess early and retired to bed, and was beginning to close his eyes, saw his door open and Liston enter. Forgetting his absence, and thinking he had come to pull him out of bed (for practical joking was then more common in the army than it is now), he cried, 'No, no, d—n it, Liston, don't, old fellow! I'm tired, be off!' But the vision came nearer to the bed foot, and Creigh then saw that Liston looked as if very ill (for it was bright moonlight), and that his hair seemed wet and hung down over his face like a drowned man's. The apparition moved its head mournfully; and when Creigh in surprise sat up, rubbed his eyes, and looked again: it was gone. Still Creigh avers that all this time he had no idea of its being a spectre, and, believing that he had seen Liston himself, he went to sleep. In the morning he related the occurrence, when he recollected, but not till then, Liston's absence on duty from the island."

In this case it is of course impossible to say whether the transport foundered at the precise moment that the vision occurred. We may remark in passing that a large proportion of these appearances at death seem to have been preceded by some such half-jesting compact as existed between Liston and Creigh.

We proceed now to give a few cases where the agent was not at or near the point of death, but in some condition of abnormal disturbance or excitement. The following account was given us by Mrs. Gates, of 24 Montpelier Road, Brighton, whom we know personally, and who has given us several instances of the singular sympathy existing between herself and her children, and manifesting itself by marked disquiet at moments when they are in danger or pain, although she may have no means of knowing it. The fact, in the present instance, of her premonitory alarm and vision of blood has been confirmed to us independently by the daughter to whom she described it. We suppress the son's name, and that of the monastery where he resides.

"One August morning at breakfast the well-known feeling feeling stole over me. Waiting till all had left the table excepting my second daughter, I remarked to her, 'I am feeling so restless about one of our absent boys! It is —; and I feel as if I was looking at blood!'" The son in question, in a letter received a few days later, inquired of Mrs. Gates as follows: "Write in your next if you had any presentiments during last week. We were going to — canal, fishing, and I got up at the first sound of the bell, and taking my razor to shave, began to sharpen it on my hand, and being, I suppose, only half awake, failed to

turn the razor, and cut a piece clean out of my left hand. An artery was cut in two places, and bled dreadfully." Further details are given which show that the pain and bleeding were probably at their maximum at the hour of Mrs. Gates's breakfast that same morning.

We are allowed to publish the following letter, written by a clergyman to his daughter, who is an intimate friend of our own :

"When your brother E. was at Winchester College (about 1856 or 1857), on going to bed one Saturday night, I could not sleep. When your mother came into the room, she found me restless and uneasy. I told her that a strong impression had seized me that something had happened to your brother. The next day, your mother, on writing to E., asked me if I had any message for him, when I replied, 'Tell him I particularly want to know if anything happened to him yesterday.' Your mother laughed, and made the remark that I should be frightened if a letter in Dr. Moberly's handwriting reached us on Monday. I replied, 'I should be afraid to open it.' On the Monday morning a letter did come from Dr. Moberly, to tell me that E. had met with an accident, that one of his schoolfellows had thrown a piece of cheese at him which had struck one of his eyes; and that the medical man, Mr. Wickham, thought I had better come down immediately and take your brother to a London oculist."

The next account was given us by Mrs. Swithinbank, of Ormleigh, Anerley Park, S.E., with whom we are personally acquainted :

"When my son H. was a boy, I one day saw him off to school, watching him down the grove, and then went into the library to sit, a room I rarely used at that time of the day. Shortly after, he appeared, walking over the wall opposite the window. The wall was about thirteen feet distant from the window, and low, so that when my son stood on it, his face was a level with mine, and close to me. I hastily threw up the sash, and called to ask why he had returned from school, and why he was there; he did not answer, but looked full at me with a frightened expression, and dropped down the other side of the wall and disappeared. Never doubting but that it was some boyish trick, I called a servant to tell him to come to me, but not a trace of him was to be found, though there was no screen or place of concealment. I myself searched with the same result. As I sat still wondering where and how he had so suddenly disappeared, a cab drove up with H. in an almost unconscious state, brought home by a friend and schoolfellow, who said that during a dictation lesson he had suddenly fallen backward over his seat, calling out in a shrill voice, 'Mamma will know,' and becoming insensible. He was ill that day, prostrate the next; but our doctor could not account for the attack, nor did anything follow to throw any light on his

appearance to me. That the time of his attack exactly corresponded with that at which I saw his figure, was proved both by his master and classmates."

The Reverend H. Swithinbank, eldest son of the writer of the above, explains that the point at which the figure was seen was in a direct line between the house (situated in Summerhill Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne) and the school, but that "no animal but a bird could come direct that way," and that the walking distance between the two places was nearly a mile. He describes his brother as of a nervous temperament, but his mother as just the opposite, a calm person, who has never in her life had any other similar experience.

Still more remarkable is the following case, from the fact that the exciting experience on the part of the Agent was not of pain or danger, but only of strong momentary surprise and shock. The account is from Mr. R. P. Roberts, 10 Exchange Street, Cheetham, Manchester, who is personally known to one of us.

"When I was an apprentice in a drapery establishment, I used to go to dinner at 12 and return at 12.30. My employer was very strict and hot-tempered, which made me anxious to avoid his displeasure. The shop stood at the corner of Castle Street and Rating Row, Beaumaris, and I lived in the latter street. One day I went home to dinner at the usual hour. When I had partly finished I looked at the clock. To my astonishment it appeared that the time by the clock was 12.30. I gave an unusual start. I certainly thought it was most extraordinary. I had only half finished my dinner and it was time for me to be at the shop. I felt dubious, so in a few seconds had another look, when to my agreeable surprise I found that I had been mistaken. It was only just turned 12.15. I could never explain how it was that I made the mistake. The error gave me such a shock for a few minutes I felt as if something serious had happened, and had to make an effort to shake off the sensation.

"I finished my dinner and returned to business at 12.30. On entering the shop I was accosted by Mrs. Owen, my employer's wife, who used to assist in the business. She asked me rather sternly where I had been since my return from dinner? I replied that I had come straight from dinner. A long discussion followed which brought out the following facts. About a quarter of an hour previous to my actually entering the shop (i.e. at about 12.15) I was seen by Mr. and Mrs. Owen, and a well-known customer, a Mrs. Jones, to walk into the shop, go behind the counter, and place my hat on the peg. As I was going behind the counter Mrs. Owen remarked, with the intention that I should hear, 'that I had arrived

now that I was not wanted.' This remark was prompted by the fact that a few minutes previous a customer was in the shop in want of an article which belonged to the stock under my charge, and which could not be found in my absence. As soon as this customer left I was seen to enter the shop. It was observed by Mr. and Mrs. Owen and Mrs. Jones, that I did not appear to notice the remark made. In fact I looked quite absent-minded and vague. Immediately after putting my hat on the peg I returned to the same spot, put my hat on again, and walked out of the shop, still looking in a very mysterious manner, which incensed one of the parties, I think Mrs. Owen, to say, 'that my behavior was very odd, and she wondered where I was off to.' I of course contradicted these statements, and endeavored to prove that I could not have eaten my dinner and returned in a quarter of an hour. This, however, availed nothing, and during our discussion the above-mentioned Mrs. Jones came into the shop again, and was appealed to at once by Mr. and Mrs. Owen. She corroborated every word of their account, and added that she saw me coming down Rating Row when within a few yards of the shop; that she was only a step or two behind me, and entered the shop in time to hear Mrs. Owen's remark about my coming too late. These three persons gave their statement of the affair quite independently of each other. There was no other person near my age in the Owens' employment, and there could be no reasonable doubt that my form had been seen by them and by Mrs. Jones. They would not believe my story till my aunt, who had dined with me, said positively that I did not leave the table before my time was up. You will no doubt notice the coincidence. At the moment when I felt, with a startling sensation, that I ought to be at the shop, and when Mr. and Mrs. Owen were extremely anxious that I should be there, I appeared to them, looking, as they said, 'as if in a dream or in a state of somnambulism.'"

Of a still rarer type is the next account, where an impression, though unmistakably produced, was only physically felt, and not understood by the Perceptant. It has been placed at our disposal by our friend, Mr. F. Corder, a gentleman of very high reputation in the musical world.

"On July 8, 1882, my wife went to London

to have an operation (which we both believed to be a slight one) performed on her eyes by the late Mr. Critchett. The appointment was for 1.30, and, knowing from long previous experience the close sympathy of our minds, about that time I, at Brighton, got rather fidgety, and was much relieved—and perhaps a little surprised and disappointed—at not feeling any decided sensation which I could construe as sympathetic. Taking it therefore for granted that all was well, I went out at 2.45 to conduct my concert at the Aquarium, expecting to find there a telegram, as had been arranged, to say that all was well. On my way I stopped, as usual, to compare my watch with the big clock outside Lawson's, the clock-maker's. At that instant I felt my eyes flooded with water, just as when a chill wind gives one a sudden cold in the eyes, though it was a hot still summer's day. The affection was so unusual and startling that my attention could not but be strongly directed to it; yet, the time being then eleven minutes to three, I was sure it could have nothing to do with my wife's operation, and as it continued for some little time, thought I must have taken cold. However, it passed off, and the concert immediately afterward put it out of my mind. At 4.0 I received a telegram from my wife, 'All well over. A great success,' and this quite took away all anxiety. But on going to town in the evening, I found her in a terrible state of nervous prostration; and it appeared that the operation, though marvellously successful, had been of a very severe character. Quite accidentally it came out that it was not till 2.30 that Mrs. Corder entered the operating room, and that the operation commenced after the due administration of an anæsthetic, at about ten minutes to three, as near as we could calculate."

Exigences of space compel us here to break off our classification—to be resumed at an early date by the discussion of the family of cases, logically last on our list, where *both* the parties concerned are in a state to some extent abnormal. And we shall conclude with a consideration of some objections, general and particular, which we must expect to pass through our readers' minds in much the same order as, upon our first introduction to these subjects, they passed through our own.—*Fortnightly Review*.

AN INDIAN FESTIVAL.

To the north of Mexico, and south of the State of Colorado, lies the territory of New Mexico—a region which was repeatedly explored during the sixteenth century by Spanish adventurers, from whose account of it the Viceroy of Mexico was encouraged to send an expedi-

tion into the country in 1599. The Spaniards found there a peaceable tribe of Indians, living in villages and cultivating the soil. Pueblo—their name for a town—gained for them the name of Pueblo Indians; but they are presumably descended from the Aztecs, who

once inhabited the whole region, and whose ruined villages and temples are still to be found here and there. Several forts and colonies were successfully founded by the Spaniards; and the Jesuit priests who accompanied the expedition also established missions near many of the Indian settlements, and converted numbers of the people to the Roman Catholic religion. Most of the present Mexican towns here originated with these mission churches, which soon gathered habitations round them. The capital of the territory, Santa Fè, is said to have been built on the site of some old Indian buildings found by the Spaniards, and on this account it claims to be the oldest city in the United States. The new-comers encouraged the Pueblos to continue in their villages, and even to build new ones; but they otherwise treated them as slaves, compelling them to work in the gold, silver, and turquoise mines that were discovered in the country. After eighty years of oppression, indeed, the patient Pueblos rebelled; they drove away the interlopers and had their own way for some eighteen years, but in 1695 the Spaniards returned and took possession of New Mexico once more. They now treated the Indians rather better, but all the wealth and resources of the country being in their own hands, it was easy for them to keep the Pueblos and the Mexican half-breeds, who formed the mass of the population, in virtual servitude. These wretched peons, as they are called, were perpetually in debt to the Spanish proprietors and obliged to make up for their insolvency by incessant and hopeless toil on the lands of their creditors. When Mexico was declared a Republic, New Mexico formed part of it, and was governed under its laws, until the American war with Mexico began, and the United States' troops took possession of the territory in 1847. The Pueblo Indians then received grants of the land surrounding their villages from the United States' Government, and the general condition of the country was improved, although it is to be feared that many of the Spanish land-owners keep the poorer Mexican peasants in the condition of peons still. There are yet in the country some old Spanish families who lay claims to pure

Castilian descent, and are very proud, while even Mexicans of the better class hold their heads high and profess great unconcern, and even contempt, toward the Americans and their institutions. The oldest family of all, however, is more simple and more affable. The Pueblo Indians do not give themselves many airs, although they are the descendants of an ancient race, among whose ruined homes they have built their own already venerable villages. They are in some ways less barbarous than the Mexicans, and certainly more pious, although they still cling with one hand to many of their old superstitions. Here the Jesuit priests have shown great discrimination—they have grafted Roman Catholic festivals on to some of the old Indian holy days. For instance, at the Pueblo of Taos, which is the best preserved, and probably the oldest town still inhabited in New Mexico, the Indians hold a grand festival on St. Jerome's Day, a day which is, however, further hallowed by some memory of Montezuma! This festival is widely renowned, and many other Indians as well as Mexicans from the neighborhood flock to take part in it. Even some few of the Apaches and Navajos tribes of a more wandering and warlike character, inhabiting other parts of New Mexico and Arizona, visit Taos for the festival, if they do not happen to be "on the war-path," and are at peace with the whites and the Pueblos.

This year the fame of the Taos festival spread even to Colorado, and so it happened that, from a little bran-new western town, where we have all the latest American improvements, and speak a good deal of "progress," we determined to go down into this strange region, near us and yet so far, so full of old monuments, old memories, old ideas.

By way of contrast, a railway, an extension of the Colorado, Denver and Rio Grande Line, runs within thirty miles of Taos, and much nearer to some of the other Pueblos. This simplified the first stage of our journey, and a private sleeping-car, with the addition of a good stock of provisions, made us independent of the miserable accommodation the country affords. The scenery of Northern New Mexico resembles that of

Southern Colorado; there are the same deep grassy basins, once filled by great lakes, the same mesas or table lands, covered with the low piñon-fir or the sage-brush, and bounded by ranges of glorious mountains, the same deep cañons or gorges and narrow mountain passes. Ascending and descending, over passes and plains, we reached, after twenty hours of travel, the small station of Embudo, in a ravine on the banks of the Rio Grande River. Here, as there was absolutely no accommodation, our car was shunted into a siding, and we slept in it.

A friend, who knew the country, had with difficulty persuaded a Mexican in Taos to send conveyances to meet us at Embudo; so, early next morning, the party was stowed away in a variety of rickety wagons and buggies, and started on a thirty-mile drive. At first, having but just turned our backs on the prosaic railway station, and becoming aware that our harness was rotten and our horses balky, we "disremembered," as they say in New England, the picturesqueness of the expedition. The road before us was indescribably stony and precipitous, and though it wound by the banks of the green Rio Grande torrent, it was hemmed in by arid brown hills, scantily covered with sage-brush and cactus, and strewn with volcanic rocks. Here the sun baked pitilessly down, and we fancied ourselves in a desert, until a turn of the road brought some Mexican settlements in sight. These strange, mud-colored houses are usually built in the form of a square, or half a square, the door and windows all opening into an inner court, the outer walls presenting a dead blank. They are rarely more than one story high and have flat roofs, on which the long grass waves undisturbed. The dull hue of the adobe, or unbaked brick, of which they are built makes a harmony with the brown hills and the dry prairie grass, but a contrast comes in with the strings of vivid red peppers that hang on the walls of the houses and the fresh green orchards that surround them. From one of these houses a woman, wearing the usual gay pink cotton dress and with a white "serape" or mantilla, draped on her head, ran out to see us pass. Taking a cigarette from her lips she cried out "that we should pay

toll" for passing before her house! No one felt called upon to make use of their slight knowledge of Spanish upon this occasion, though all the party had been studying it hard during the past few days. After our weary mules and horses had dragged us up and down through two deep and dry ravines, we reached at last the top of a broad mesa, swept by a refreshing breeze and commanding a generous view over the surrounding country. Below us wound the deep cañon of the Rio Grande, cutting a dark, mysterious line right through the sunlit prairie. Here and there the flats were broken by strangely-shaped peaks and bluffs, or by other mesas covered with glossy fir-woods. Far away the whole was bounded by ranges of mountains, luminous and blue. At the foot of a nearer range to the northeast a gray outline was pointed out as the Mexican town of Taos, the longed-for end of our journey. It seemed close at hand, yet with all the weary horses could do, it was dusk when we entered the silent, empty streets. A town that suggested Egypt or Algiers, in the midst of a landscape which vividly recalled Colorado—how strange it seemed! At first all the houses turned blank mud walls on us, and when a cottage with a gabled roof came in sight we felt startled. The cottage stood by a lofty old stone church, and turned out to be a new parsonage, built by the parish priest, who, like many of the clergy in New Mexico, is a Frenchman. In the public the adobe houses presented a more lively appearance, having their doors and windows opening on to the square and shaded by low verandas. Here stood the inn, a building with huge, disconsolate-looking rooms, backed by a network of walled courtyards, which seemed of no particular use. The house was very full, and only two rooms, enormous indeed, and full of big bedsteads, were provided for the accommodation of our party of thirteen. The landlord was an American, but his wife was Mexican, and so were his servants, with the exception of an anomalous French man-cook, who in spite of his nationality never gave us anything fit to eat. The best thing about that inn, as about other Mexican dwellings, was the flat roof, whereon one could climb, and, standing

on the soft grass, watch the sun set and the moon rise across the prairie.

In the evening we were invited to a ball in a house near by, where the better part of the Mexican population was assembled. The ball-room was a long low apartment, smelling like a cellar. The behavior of the guests was dreary in the extreme. Most of them sat round the room on benches, and looked coldly at us when we joined them. Few of them were good-looking; and especially among the women there was a predominance of sallow complexions, heavy features, dull, black eyes, apathetic expressions. Not a spark of the vivacity attributed to Southern races was visible. There was scarcely any picturesque costume, most of the women wearing ungainly imitations of antiquated French fashions, and crude, inharmonious colors. The dancing was in the same style as the dress, and they did not perform anything national or characteristic. Partners spoke little to each other, and at the end of the dance, the gentleman discharged his social duties by bringing the lady a little figure of colored sugar. We left the *baile*, disappointed; but we were subsequently assured on good authority that our presence alone had been the cause of the dullness, the stiffness, the want of "local color." Not only do they resent being looked at, and by Americans especially, but it is a matter of absolute etiquette never to have any "larks" when a stranger is present. If we could go back and peep in at the window, it was affirmed, we should behold a very different scene. As it was, our impression of the middle-class Mexicans remained uninteresting. There were prettier faces, livelier and more kindly manners among the Mexican peasants and the Indians, whose pretty ways and vivacious expressions often recalled those of the Italian peasants. The day of the festival rose bright and cloudless. In the square, a scramble began early in the morning for seats in the wagons that were starting for the Indian Pueblo, four miles off; and as we jolted over the prairie, we overtook crowds of holiday-makers on every side. The lonely plain was all at once alive with people; it seemed as if they must have sprung up from the prairie-grass. And what a

motley assemblage! Mexican families in covered wagons, the women gorgeously dressed out and carrying Japanese parasols; Mexican youths dashing recklessly along on fiery broucho ponies; Mexican peasants on foot; and here and there an Indian *père de famille* riding proudly and silently in front of his squaw, who follows on an inferior horse, with one papoose tied on her back, and two more in her arms. Now, there are more Indians mingling with the crowd—we are entering the Pueblo de Taos. First we pass the ruined church, founded by the Jesuits early in the seventeenth century, and bombarded by the Americans in 1847; next, on the right, is the little new whitewashed church, and on its roof sits an Indian in a red blanket, beating with a stone the sheet of copper that hangs above the door; he is calling people to worship. Soon the crowd collects in an open space before the principal building of the Pueblo, on the north bank of a small, clear stream. Just beyond the village, this stream is shaded by a magnificent grove—supposed to be the sacred grove—of cottonwood trees. Autumn has now changed their green leaves to flames of red and gold, that blaze against the blue mountain-slope rising close behind them. This is the unchanging background; in the foreground, under the shadows of the old buildings, the picture shifts and changes all through the brilliant, burning autumn day. The Pueblo of Taos has two adobe buildings, the larger to the north, and the smaller to the south of the stream. They are very much alike, but the larger and older of the two is perhaps the most characteristic. It probably began as a small hut, built by the founders of the settlement—who knows how long ago? It was enlarged, as the tribe increased, until it has grown into a huge pile, four or five stories high, each new story being built a little smaller and further back than the last, so as to leave in front of the building a succession of terraces or steps, narrowing as they ascend. Each separate terrace, again, has been raised or depressed here and there, so that the entire *façade* presents the strangest and most irregular appearance imaginable. Inside, the whole building is honeycombed with

small rooms generally built in separate couples, which have no communication with other rooms. There are no regular entrance doors, although some tiny doors, and a few windows, open from the upper walls on to the terraces. But the most usual mode of ingress is by trap-doors which open on the terraces, and whence the steepest of ladders descend into the rooms below. A very lattice-work of ladders hanging on the outer walls lead from the ground to the first terraces and so on to the topmost ones. As the ladders are all very steep and rickety, and the terraces only protected by low copings of mud, the process of gaining access to the building seems perilous and fatiguing to the uninitiated. As for the inhabitants—old men, two-year-old babies, women, and girls laden with heavy burdens, are crawling, climbing, and skipping up and down the ladders all day long, and brilliant patches of color they make, clinging to the brown walls. I shall always remember seeing, as we drove into the square, a solitary Indian standing motionless on the topmost wall of the Pueblo, his tall figure draped in a red blanket and backed by the intense blue sky. Groups were already beginning to assemble on the terraces below, and by ten o'clock the whole *façade* was a mass of moving forms and brilliant colors; Indians in every shade of plain or striped blankets, and Mexican women in gay cotton dresses and white "serapes."

Before the festivities began, the alcade, or chief of that year—for a new chief is elected every year by general vote in the Pueblo—asked us to visit him. A plunge through a trap-door and down a ladder brought us into a small room, where a very pretty Indian girl, the chief's wife, met us and led us to the inner room in which the chief was sitting. Chief though he was, his appearance was far less imposing and dignified than that of many other men in the tribe; his fat figure, clad in a dirty cotton shirt and brown blanket, his face marked with small-pox, and his lack-lustre eyes, made up as unprepossessing a whole as can be imagined. He seemed glad to see the white people and showed us some curious old sacred paintings, which had been in his

family, he said, for centuries. This did not prevent him from asking us for money, and it was said he was the only man in the tribe who would do so!

This un-ideal chief maintains the old rules and keeps good order in the tribe, however; though, to be sure, his people are naturally hard-working, gentle, and peaceable. Drunkenness is severely punished; and although they do sometimes get drunk—the proximity of a Mexican town being too much for their morals—they dare not show themselves openly at the Pueblo in that condition. The chief's rooms, which are a pattern of all the others, are almost empty of furniture, but look a great deal cleaner than do the inhabitants of them. A broad shelf of adobe, projecting from the wall and covered with skins, serves for bench and bedstead alike; a few household utensils of copper and iron, and some old Aztec potteries, hang or stand in niches; two flat stones for grinding corn occupy one corner. A circle of stones on the floor marks the fire-place, for all the ovens are out of doors, on the ground near the house—queer round-shaped mud contrivances, like huge kennels. The chief's wife wore a lovely old necklace of silver and coral, but her ideas—or her husband's—on the question of price were too lofty, and we went to try our luck elsewhere. Among the crowd outside, many of the Indians wore beautiful and curious things. The Apaches especially—who were easily distinguished from the Pueblos by their more spirited, not to say fierce, expression, and a certain style of riding—seemed to have put on all their best things for the party. Though they came from so far, they wore the most gorgeously beaded and embroidered buck-skin jackets and moccasins. It was always the men, too, who displayed the finery. By this, one could distinguish them from the women—a hard matter otherwise, as their long black hair cut square on the forehead, their moccasins and leggings, and their blankets wrapped round the shoulders, give them a puzzling similarity of appearance. The only differences are, that the poor squaws wear an assemblage of ancient rags under their blankets (whereas the *braves* generally adopt the modern cotton shirt), that

their leggings and moccasins are of a remarkable and snowy whiteness, that they have the most uncomfortable saddles—on which they sit astride—and the worst horses. They also carry all the bundles and papooses. The younger ones among these patient creatures often seem bright and vivacious, but the older ones generally wear a dull, oppressed air, and their black eyes have a puzzled, questioning look, as if they were weary of trying to express themselves in broken Spanish. The Indians speak this language with the whites and the foreign tribes, but the women know it very imperfectly; and among themselves, each tribe speaks its own language. Every tribe, too, has its own special industry. The Pueblos cultivate the soil and fulfil the Scriptures to the letter, by making their "oxen tread out the corn." The Apaches make splendid baskets, ornamenting them with pretty designs in various colors. But the Navajos are the truly artistic tribe; they make the pottery, the waterproof blankets, which for design, color, and quality are prized throughout the West; and they hammer out the silver bangles and other trinkets of which the Indian women are so fond. Wandering among the crowd and fastening upon any of the *braves* or squaws, who seemed to have promising ornaments, we succeeded at last in scraping together a collection of "curios." One man, perceiving us to be good customers, dragged his squaw from her house, and made her give up all her trinkets; another squaw was luckier, and was allowed to keep her necklace when she begged her lord and master not to sell it. Most of the *braves*, however, could not resist the thought of the whiskey those shining dollars represented; and especially among the Apaches (who are in no degree restricted from getting drunk, as are the Pueblos, by fears of punishment), I am afraid the poor squaws' trinkets mostly melted into drink. The Indians are abundantly aware of the value of money, and were mostly indifferent to the articles we had brought to "trade" with them. To be sure, a fine trade might have been done in umbrellas, but nobody had foreseen this. Beaded jackets and Navajo blankets were not to be obtained, the male

owners arming themselves with indifference and refusing to part with them. We tried to console ourselves with large pieces of turquoise-stone—probably dug by the Indians long ago from the mine at Santa Fè, where they worked as slaves—and worn as charms ever since. One old squaw took an unconscious revenge for the depredations practised on her sisters. Seizing hold of the bangles I had just bought and slipped on to my wrist, she looked at them admiringly, and peering into my face, made the usual curt inquiry, "*Cuanto quiere?*"—How much do you want?

During the first part of the morning, a service took place in the little church, numbers of Indians and Mexicans piously assisting. Within, the congregation knelt upon the sandy floor and bowed before the host; above, on the roof, the Indian beat louder on his sheet of copper; outside the door, enthusiastic natives fired off their guns freely, reminding one of the way little boys at an Italian "festa" fire off their mock cannon. But all the while a band of Mexican youths, numbering thirty or forty, were tearing up and down the square, spurring their brave ponies' bloody sides, and endangering the safety of pedestrians. Amid the clouds of dust raised by these stampedes, one could see a miserable chicken held aloft by the foremost rider. Clearly, the game was to try and catch hold, while in full gallop, of this wretched bird, which was torn limb from limb in a few minutes among the contending riders. In many ways, indeed, these Mexicans appeared more uncivilized and barbarous than the Indians. Another of their ideas was to fasten a live sheep by its legs to the top of a greased pole which the Indians had erected in the square. There hung the poor creature, an object of torture to humane spectators, waiting to be climbed for among the other prizes, which consisted of fruit and vegetables. The pole was not climbed till sundown, when the sheep came down alive—and actually survived the festival!

These same Mexican riders proved unruly when it was presently time to clear the square for the foot-races, the great event of the day. The course was kept clear by some of the older Indians, who paced to and fro, holding the folds

of their blankets in one hand, and with the other waving back the crowd with branches of the golden-colored cottonwood. Soon the eager spectators on the terraces of the northern Pueblo could see a strange procession crossing the river from the south side. These were the runners, who are chosen equally among the inhabitants of the northern and southern Pueblos, and with whom it is etiquette to visit both villages before and after the race; for there is a lively competition between the two places on this occasion, and the prize to the conquerors is, that the conquered must pay the priest during the ensuing year!

The runners advanced in two lines, facing each other, and performing a sort of quick hopping step. This was called a dance, but looked like a simple jump. All the while they waved boughs of cottonwood over their heads, and uttered a weird, quavering cry, or whoop. Their tall and well-shaped figures were rather slender and wiry than strongly-built; but the alertness and eagerness expressed in every muscle and feature as they stood awaiting the signal to start, and the fleet motion of their bare limbs as they flew like winged creatures down the course, are things never to be forgotten. Their naked bodies were painted in stripes of white and blue, or brown, reminding one of the English athlete's jersey; around their loins they wore tunics of bright-colored cotton, trimmed, according to the taste of the wearer, with little bells or fringes of brilliant cottonwood leaves. The sides of their arms and legs were adorned with bands of downy, white and gray feathers, stuck to the skin with pitch. More feathers, bells, and leaves were fastened in their flowing black hair; some had diadems of long feathers stuck round their foreheads, others had huge horns of them behind their ears. Their faces were painted with bands of red, white, and yellow—in short, they wore full dress. These young bucks were placed in semicircles, facing east and west, one at either end of the 300-yard course, each circle having an equal number of members from the rival sides. Now two runners, each representing a side, start from the eastward circle, and before one can see it, they

have reached the winning-line of the westward one. But as the foot of the foremost runner touches the line, one of his comrades in the westward circle flies away down the course, whereas the rival competitor here must wait to start till *his* man gets in. And so on, backward and forward, till every one has run in turn. Thus the man who gets ahead in the first race usually determines the issue of the whole, as the start he gets is carried forward by his side, and the rival runners seldom have time to make up the lost ground. Nevertheless, the race is watched with breathless interest, and it is exciting to see the agonized impatience, the quivering muscles, of the poor handicapped runners, who may not start till the lagging comrade is in. Occasionally the Indians would give vent to their excitement in a whoop, or a Mexican would bolt across the road on his impatient horse, while the old officials with their branches waved back the picturesque, excited, surging crowd. Once a drunken Apache and a Pueblo, eager probably for the honor of his side, got to fighting right under the shrine of red boughs, to which the saint had been carried in procession at the beginning of the race. They were soon down on the ground, with finger's in each other's scalp locks, and the Apache presently whipped out his weapons, but upon this the alcalde had the combatants separated, and the Apache was subsequently observed, looking chastened and subdued! When the race ended, which it did in favor of the southern Pueblo, the runners formed into lines, and set up their hopping and whooping once more, while from the terraces all the squaws flung loaves of black bread to the victors, much as other people would throw flowers on a like occasion.

The great excitement of the day being over, many spectators withdrew, and the Indian crowd collected about the booths, which were now set up on the empty racecourse by Mexican sellers of fruit, maize, and wheat. Close by one of these booths was a deep pit, protected by a high fence and furnished with a ladder which led abruptly into the depths below. Several other such pits surrounded the Pueblo, and we learned that these were the *estufas* or sacred

places of the Pueblo Indians. Here the chief still holds councils with his *braves*—here the fire to Montezuma used to be kept brightly burning; it is even affirmed that a few coals of that fire are still kept alive—a token of the lingering life of the old superstitions. The people are very shy of letting outsiders know anything about these secrets, and seldom let any one descend into the *estufas*, where some very ancient and curious frescoes are still to be seen. The Catholic priests, however, feel assured that they still cling in their hearts to many of the old beliefs, and tell how the Indian youths may be seen morning and evening on the river banks, facing the rising or the setting sun, and singing a solemn chant, while they watch for the coming of the Montezuma.

The sight of these mysterious caverns contrasted strangely with the appearance of the merry crowd in the square. Groups of brown-faced, bright-eyed girls, in snowy moccasins and leggings and bright draperies, gathered round the baskets of fruit, or munched their peaches contentedly, leaning against the queer old adobe ovens; and in the dust at their feet, papooses rolled about, their small, wise faces painted with dabs

of vermillion. Presently the groups were stirred into greater animation by the arrival of a band of youths—probably the runners of the morning, for their bodies were still painted and befeathered—but they had blacked their faces and presented a truly fiendish appearance. They skipped about like imps, frightening the babies, stealing the Mexican's wares, dancing, singing, playing the most fantastic pranks, and even making a mock attack upon the astonished tourists. The square was still in a turmoil when we left it at the close of this burning, bewildering day, taking with us kindly farewells from some of our acquaintances among these simple people. Poor souls! if it be indeed true that their race is dying out, they will at any rate carry safely with them to the grave their mysteries and their traditions. Yet, looking back at the untiring, eager crowd, beside the brown terraced building, with its glorious background of mountain, wood, and sky, it seemed hard to think that in a short time—short compared with the centuries it has seen—that strange old pile may be nothing but a ruin, to mark the burying-place of the last sons of the soil.

MISS DAIRSIE'S DIARY.

(A FRAGMENT.)

BY LADY LINDSAY (OF BALCARRES).

September 6th, 18—. I am fifty years old to-day. I have toiled onward through more than two thirds of the allotted threescore and ten we call the span of human life; I am ready to stay or to go, as it may please the Lord.

Janet came to my room early this morning, and, taking her stand at the door, with her arms a-kimbo, she eyed me in kindly condescension.

"Awel, Mistress Dairsie," she said, "and fifty's a long age, ay, an awfu' long age."

"So it is, Janet," I replied as cheerfully as I could; "I wish I had made better use of my time, and of the days I have spent in this world, which is but a preparation, after all."

"Hootakins, Miss, and dinna fash yersel'. Ye're a gude leddy, and ye've been a humble one to the poor; and as for the bit burdens on yer ain conscience, we're all of us miserable sinners at the best, and nae mistake."

Birthdays are delightful in early youth. They come to us laden with cakes, and presents, and good wishes; each new anniversary seems an additional advantage, a thing to be proud of, an honor like a school-medal for good conduct; we are so anxious to be promoted, so eager to grow old! But, in after-years, a birthday is, to my thinking, somewhat like a bundle of ancient letters; redolent of lavender, and faint perfumes, it recalls our dead hopes and affections; it is

all scribbled over with the handwriting of those dear ones who have passed away; the words are fresh, so is the pain at our hearts—only the ink is yellow, only the happy time has faded. . . .

I put on my bonnet after breakfast, and strolled out. I could not endure to remain indoors to-day; the room seemed full of eager, restless thoughts that took shape and danced before me in wild phantasmagoria. I am afraid I allowed myself to brood upon the dreariness of my lonely life, my monotonous days and my dull colorless future; I am afraid I began to feel discontented. Satan has such a cunning trick of using the best side of our natures as sheep's clothing in which to array himself, and seize us unawares; for, surely, it was no wrong to turn back for awhile to the happiness of my youth, and dream and ponder lovingly over sweet times that were bestowed on me, though the remembrance of the past made the present seem the darker, and my former blessings caused my present troubles to appear the greater.

I passed out of the house, and sat down in my favorite sheltered nook among the rocks. The Mill Farm lies close to the sea, so close indeed that at high tide I can throw a pebble from the balcony of my little parlor into the clear blue water, while, in stormy weather, the waves beat up against the wall of the garden, and our window-panes are covered with salt spray. At low tide, the brown rocks and strips of wet sand stretch out for a quarter of a mile, and close to the house there is a big yellow corn-field, where the stooks are standing already, and which, with two or three other fields, has long since been reclaimed from the grassy "links," for the Mill Farm is old, and land is valuable hereabout. I sit and gaze out at the blue Firth, the pale line of coast with the noble Bass and Berwick Law in the distance; I gaze at the harbor and piled-up red-roofed houses of the neighboring "toun" (near to which some brown-sailed boats are rocking at anchor), one of the many rich towns now devoted to fishing merely, but which, in ancient smuggling days, caused men to compare our somewhat barren "Kingdom of Fife" to a russet cloak with a golden fringe. I sit so still that the seagulls

come and paddle in the shallow pools beside me, fearless of my presence. The lapping waves of the calm sea rise and fall with gentle monotonous sound; there is a soothing tranquillity in the air, a balmy breath that is in part a legacy of summer, in part a herald of autumn.

Here I love to dream alone, the last relic of the elder house of Dairsie, a house that for numberless generations prospered in one long unbroken line. There are still living many Dairsies of Laddycully, and Dairsies of Balcombiequhar, but they are a poor lot, (the Lord forgive me!) and can trace their descent no farther back than Robert Dairsie, who fell at Bannockburn, and who was considered a Dairsie it is true, but of uncertain lineage. The original Dairsies are of Norman extraction, Guy d'Arcy having been the first to run to the rescue of William the Conqueror, when he fell as he leaped out of the ship in the very act of his invasion of England. Guy picked up William, who gave him much gold and treasure in consequence, as well as a fair share of English ground. Guy's descendants afterward fought the Picts and Scots, and settled in Fife, where, among other great works, they founded the Priory of Dairsiemuir.

Methinks I hear my good father holding forth on the ancient house of Dairsie, a subject of which he was never weary. I seem to see him even now before me, in his bottle-green coat, his high satin neckcloth massively folded around his slender throat, proffering with courteous grace the snuffbox he dearly loved, or tapping it with his thin white fingers, as he tells a racy story of the "East Neuk." He was wont to call my mother "Madam," and bowed to her as respectfully as though she had been a queen. For, in the old days, we were not ashamed of good manners, and gentlemen were not as eager as they are now to pass for clowns. My mother, dear soul! was fond of household pursuits, and loved to sit bending over her embroidery frame by the fireside; she even enjoyed making a pudding, and collected many a cunning recipe for the gooseberry preserve that was liberally spread upon the "scones" or "cookies." Yet she was a fine musician; she played dexterously on the harp, and sang Jaco-

bite ballads very sweetly. She was a great lady by birth, and had been presented at Court in London, both as a girl and on the occasion of her marriage, though afterward my parents never went south, and migrated to Edinburgh only as a change from the dear old house in the east of Fife. But my mother died when I was still a child, and I was sent to London to be educated while my father travelled abroad, which is perhaps the reason why I have learned to speak with English intonation, and not in the broad accent that my ears and my heart alike hold dear.

As I sit alone on the rocks, and gaze out to seaward, a scene of the past rises up before my eyes. I am once more a fair young girl, Margaret Dairsie, the heiress, dancing gayly through the brightly-lighted rooms of my aunt's house in Portman Square. The festivities are in my honor; the ball is given because I have come of age, and the guests have all flocked around me, with smiles and congratulations. The night is far advanced; I have already waltzed my white satin slippers into holes, but the pleasantest moment is yet to come. Early dawn streams in through the open windows; I am standing in the conservatory, amid the ferns and roses, and Douglas is with me, my Douglas, Marquis of Clankeith. We are talking of our marriage-day, our future life in the north, our joyful hopes of happy years to come. Life lies before us like a beauteous garden in which we are to walk hand in hand, loving and beloved. Ah, Douglas! there is a garden wherein we shall wander by and by; it is filled with lilies and asphodels; its walls are radiant with jasper and jacinth; I have read of it in the Book of Life, and I am content to wait!

Sorrows mostly come together. My Douglas went on a short voyage, and the ship was lost; my father, who had gambled heavily abroad, found himself utterly ruined; he died of grief and heart-disease, and the old house in the glen was sold. It passed into the hands of strangers, worthy people, I am told, connected with a mercantile firm in Glasgow. Only the Mill Farm remained to me of my patrimony; it is a small property, that lies apart from the rest.

For some years after these disasters I

remained living with my uncle and aunt; but, when my uncle died, my aunt broke up her London establishment, and went to reside permanently in the south of France. She wished me to accompany her, but the lease of the Mill Farm had just fallen in, and I was actuated by a strong desire to dwell in my "ain countrie" among my "ain folk." I came north, and took up my abode here with faithful Janet (who had already been my maid and attendant for some time), and I have never left the place again. I pray the Lord I may never leave it, for where should I find a spot on earth that I love like this? I know every rock, every line of the coast; methinks I could recognize the very pebbles in the road, or the individual sprigs of the sweetbrier hedge surrounding my tiny garden. Yonder, beside the barn, stand a couple of picturesque green English elms, somewhat broken by the storm-winds, also my favorite rowan-tree, laden with red berries; and, though I was never taught to draw with pencil or brush, yet, when I close my eyes, I can count each branch of those brave trees as I see them in my dreams against the clear sky. . . .

Old Lisbeth Morrison hereupon broke in upon my reminiscences. She had been to fill her pail at the well in the farm-yard, and, on her return, had evidently come slightly out of her way to enjoy a short "crack" or gossip with me. She put down the dripping bucket on the sandy path, and remained standing, a yard or two above where I sat, nodding and smiling at me.

"It's a gran' day this for the hairvest, Mistress Dairsie!"

"It is indeed, Lisbeth. And how are you to-day?"

"Eh, mum, I'm no that weel in my circumstances. I'm a frail body the noo. It's maist the legs wi' me, Mistress Dairsie, ye ken."

"And how's your son getting on?"

"Hech, sirs, he's but a puir body, like his auld mither, but he's aye that better for the broths ye sent him, Miss Dairsie, many thanks to ye, mum. He's had the doctor to him yesterday, he was that sair in the boots. But his wife, she's weel, ye ken, and the bairns are bonnie, big, lusty laddies. Eh, but ye should see them, Mistress Dairsie.

They're jist in fine mischief a' the day, and they're awfu' fond of sweeties, and when ye're no looking, they maks their pinnies and their faces in a muckle mess, ye never knew the like."

"And what do you think of the new minister, Lisbeth?"

"Aweel, Miss Dairsie, but he'll be a sicht better than the pair creature that's awa'. He was nae much to my thinking, though there were some that said he was a fine mon at a sick-bed, he was. But the new minister, eh, he's grand! I was at the kirk mysel' on the Sabbath, and he moved his airms aboot in the pulpit that brawly ye could na but listen to him—eh it's grand, it is, and he dang'd the goots oot o' twa Bibles during the sairvice, that he did! He's a great preacher, Mistress Dairsie: ay, he is that, surely!"

Lisbeth thereupon bent slowly down, and picked up her pail, and, as she nodded farewell to me, she tottered feebly along the path, while I, whose meditations she had somewhat disturbed, roused myself also, and walked away.

I crossed the little burn that ran rippling down beside the steep road toward the big mill-wheel that gave its name to the farm, and so wended my way toward the village, intending to call at the post-office. It is not often that a letter comes for me; still I thought, perchance, to-day, my birthday—yet who should remember this day? There is surely no one living now to whom the anniversary brings any recollection.

Half-way up the hill, I turned back and looked down upon my house. The long golden-red roofs glistened in the sun. I remember how once my cousin Phil, who has travelled much abroad, told me that our Fife farms reminded him not a little of the brown Lombard buildings he delighted in, and that the Mill Farm especially, whose large, low-roofed sheds formed a quadrangle of goodly size, somewhat resembled the cloisters of the ancient convents of Northern Italy. There, haply, the black-robed figures pass to and fro, with quiet tread and solemn aspect, missal and beads in hand; here, only my good Janet, her blue apron flung over her head, stands, holding a well-filled plate, to feed the hungry chickens that come scrambling from every direction, her white

pigeons flying down from the eaves, and the very sparrows twittering and hopping about, greedily joining in the banquet.

I pass along the narrow road between the corn-fields. Yonder lies the manse, a cosey gray house nestled in trees, with a quaint terraced garden full of red gladioli and hollyhocks, hedges of sweet-peas and patches of straggling yellow marigolds. Yonder stands the church, with its quaint roughly-hewn Norman spire, and beneath it, on an undulating green slope, are dotted the tombstones of many generations of inhabitants of this remote corner of the earth, agriculturists for the most part, though here and there the record stands of some poor fisherman lost at sea in the terrible gales that have ravaged the east coast. In contrast to these are a few ancient graves of noble personages, their heraldic and armorial bearings carved upon the stone wall, broken and defaced now, overgrown with grass and lichens, and almost undefinable, yet bringing to our minds a vague and pleasant picture of knights and noble deeds, old feudal romance, and the poetic glory of the past.

The post-office stands at the south end of the village; it consists of only the upper room of a small cottage, which is reached by a quaint outside stone staircase, and is guarded by a wooden door, painted a pretty pale blue, and wreathed in blossoming honeysuckle. On the stair sits the postmistress, unkempt and barefooted; a baby lies sprawling on her knee, while its chubby sister, her rosy face half lost in masses of "lint-white locks," hangs on to her mother's back in merry romping. As I approach, the postmistress struggles to her feet.

"Yon's a letter for ye, Mistress Dairsie," she says.

It was a letter from India, addressed in a strange handwriting. Alas, even when I had read the first few lines; I did not guess that the writer was already numbered with the dead, lying, in a distant land, in an alien grave. Yet is not the whole of this earth equally God's acre?

This was the letter:

"DEAREST MARGARET,

"It is several years since I have seen you, but surely our old affection

binds our hearts together still. It is several years since I left the dear old country, and gave up my profession to follow my husband out to India. I never regretted doing so. Oh, Daisy (let me call you once again by the old girlish name!), he has been so kind always, so good that he has never allowed me to know a moment's unhappiness! But now I must leave him; God sees fit that I should die. My career as an artist has long been over; I have done but little painting since I came here. My health and strength have ebbed away; even happiness, that best of physicians, has had no power to stay the gradual decline. We have one child, a little Daisy, named in loving remembrance of you, a tender little blossom, and the doctor says she must not stay here—she must go to England.

"Dearest Margaret, in these last days my thoughts have often turned to you. Do you remember our old friendship, our talks and walks along your lovely northern gray-green links, your peaceful regrets, my restless aspirations? I know you have not forgotten me; your letters have brought me your loving thoughts from time to time, and so I do not feel myself a stranger when I venture to ask you to take my Daisy for a little while. I should like to think of her trotting by the side of her mother's best friend, comforted in her innocent grief by the kind heart that has so often guided and cheered her mother.

"We are rich, dear Margaret; I will not permit my little Margaret to be a burden on your slender resources, for slender I know them to be, as mine were of old, when you, dear friend, helped me through many a difficulty. You will love her—will you not?—and keep her with you for awhile for the sake of auld lang syne, for the sake of

"Yours affectionately,"

"MARY MACDONALD."

With this was a slip of black-edged paper:

"I address and inclose my dear wife's letter, and, in her name and mine, I earnestly beg of you to accede to her request. I have lost her, alas! to my inexpressible sorrow. The doctors urge

me to send Daisy soon; I will write to you again. To-day I can say no more."

The wind was blowing lightly in from the sea as I walked slowly home. A white-sailed ship was drifting down the Firth; tears blurred my eyesight as I gazed out dreamily, tears for the friend whose last act, perhaps, on earth, had been to write to me, whose hand should never write again, whose face I might never see in its earthly and therefore faulty, but dearly, oh dearly-loved humanity. Friendship, like love, is stronger than death. I bent down among the corn-fields, and picked a daisy, and kissed it. I am not a person of much emotional feeling; I have a hard exterior, a hard heart, perhaps (I will not say that I am not sometimes proud of that very hardness), yet, how I long to fold my coming little Daisy in my arms! Will she learn to like me, I wonder? Can any one care for an old maid, a woman of fifty, worn and weary, one who has naught of beauty or grace left to recommend her, who cannot attract and may possibly even repel?

Wending my way back to the Mill Farm, my soul was filled with a newly-born dread, a shy humility, as deep as that of any bashful lover, lest I might not be worthy to win the affection of this little child.

As I passed into the house, I noticed with pleasure the fluttering pink roses that climb up against the porch. Surely our hearts, when at their warmest, expand most readily to the tenderness of nature. Love is a key that quickly unlocks for us the book of this world's beauty, and the soul that has no human sympathies must ever remain deaf to the language of scenery and flowers.

Janet was awaiting me; in fact, she had been leaning out of the parlor window, shading her eyes with her hand, straining her sight to see me come down the hill.

"Ye'll be tired and good for naething noo," she murmured discontentedly.

"Oh, but I have news, Janet; I must tell you."

"Maybe ye'll tak yer dinner first, and the news maun bide a bit," said Janet contemptuously.

Janet is one of those old family retainers who are treasures in the earlier

stages of their existence, but who, later on, are apt to develop into the sternest tyrants. It is natural, nay, praiseworthy in me occasionally to assert myself against Janet's authority, but I am speedily quelled. And she is doubtless right; she is a good, honest creature, possessed evidently of greater worldly wisdom and common-sense than the simple soul ironically termed her mistress.

One day, not long since, Janet and I had a little tiff; I had asserted myself somewhat too vehemently. It was unwise on my part, for I knew that I was going too far.

"Janet," I said then, with much dignity, "things cannot continue thus; one of us two must leave this place."

"Ma certie, Miss Dairsie," responded Janet, much surprised, "and where will ye be so weel as in yer ain hoos?"

My good Janet reminds me somewhat of Jock, the minister's man, who resented any interference from his master. One morning, Jock was about to drive the cart on an errand, when the minister stopped him to see that all was right, and finally asked if he had said his prayers.

"Deed no, sir," said Jock: "I had nae time and was jist gaun to say them on the road."

"Hoot, toot," said the minister; "go into the stable and say them before you start, and that will make sure work."

"Weel then, sir," said Jock dryly. "ye'll haud the horse, and I'll gang in bye and pray."

Meanwhile, rain began to fall heavily. Jock, who was in the stable, was in no hurry; he had seated himself on a sack of straw, from which he was eyeing the minister. The latter, nearly drenched to the skin, lost patience and cried out:

"Jock, are you nearly through?"

"Very near, sir," answered Jock, "but I hae twa or three sins to blot out yet, which I had better do on the road."

"Ay, just so," said the minister, glad to get rid of his charge on any terms, and Jock having obtained his own way, drove off contentedly. Well, haply it is best to be independent, or, as Janet would say: *Ilka haddie maun hang by*

its ain heid.* Only, I would plead for as much advantage from this argument as Janet herself.

October 1st.—Little Daisy's room is made ready; a pleasant spacious chamber overlooking the sea, open to the fresh winds and warm sunshine. Outside her windows, on the brown roof, there are tribes of cooing pigeons, and a creeping spray of honeysuckle. The room is plain, but furnished with a comfortable bed, a large press, and as many white dimity curtains as possible; above all, one of the doors opens into my own bedroom, so that I can steal in and kiss my Daisy (unperceived by Janet), and tuck her up at night, or hear her say her morning prayers, and say them with her, only she and I alone, praying to our Father.

October 4th.—I have had a second letter from Daisy's father; the child will soon be here, but I am not quite clear who is to bring her. I suppose I shall have another letter, and then probably go to Edinburgh to meet my charge. It is hard to say whether Janet is pleased or not. She has taken a great deal of trouble to help me to prepare Daisy's room; but she makes no comment. Yesterday, however, she stopped in her work, duster and broom in hand, and turned to me with a curious smile.

"Ye're little better than a bairn yer-sel" Mistress Dairsie," said Janet, and indeed I must own that I had, half unwittingly, been singing to the tune of my favorite old ballad "Lizzie Lindsay" (that my dear Douglas loved to sing), a new version:

"Will ye gang wi' me, Daisy Dairsie?"

October 15th.—My Daisy has come! She is here, under this very roof. She came very unexpectedly. I had strolled out this morning after breakfast, to sit for awhile on the rocks, when James Thomson's laddie came tearing up to me, and said with a somewhat scared expression of countenance:

"There's a machine with the deil in it, ganging roond by the back road, and

* "Every haddock must hang by its own head." This alludes to the custom of hanging fish outside the cottage doors, for the purpose of drying and curing.

the driver says they're jist boond for the Mill Fairm."

I walked, or rather ran (forgetting the dignity and decorum of my fifty years), arriving at my own door in time to see the machine (a fly from the neighboring town) draw up, while a strange apparition leaned out of the window—an Indian woman, an ayah, whose small dark face was half hidden by voluminous folds of white drapery, which also completely shrouded, and enwrapped her figure. Two bony little brown hands gesticulated wildly from the window, while the ayah poured forth a volley of remarks expressed in the most extraordinary and unintelligible language I ever heard.

"Hech, sirs, the pair heathen body!" said Janet, with lefty scorn, and then I opened the door of the fly, and took my Daisy into my arms.

She was sitting, huddled closely up behind her nurse, silent yet apparently self-possessed, a black-robed pale child with large, luminous dark eyes that gazed sadly and curiously round at us all. She was in reality five years old, but she seemed no more than three, a light and tiny burden as I carried her into the house, into the parlor, where I put her down on her feet, and knelt beside her, my heart beating stormily, an hundred tender thoughts and words pressing from my brain to my lips that I was yet too strangely shy to utter. But Daisy was not shy.

"Are you Mamsie?" she asked confidently, looking up into my face.

"I am Margaret Dairsie, darling; your mother's friend, you know."

"I know," said Daisy, nodding her head sagely. "I was called Daisy because of you. And my mamma said I was to call you Mamsie."

"Yes, yes," I murmured tremblingly.

I do not think the child can have been afraid of me, nor of my hard, old-maidish looks, for she gazed at me with a dawning smile on her soft mouth. And then I took her in my arms again, and kissed her, just for her mother's dear sake, I suppose, and the tears coursed down my face the while.

But Daisy shook her head.

"You mustn't cry," she said very gravely. "My mamma told me never to cry. She said she was happy, and Daisy

was to be happy too, because it's right to be happy. So you must be happy, Mamsie."

The child spoke as though she were repeating a lesson; it was perchance the last lesson her mother had taught her to say, that lesson of happiness. A moment later, she ran quickly to the window.

"Oh, what a nice big, beautiful pussycat! May I go and play with him in the garden?"

November 3d.—Daisy and I have become great friends; in fact Daisy is very kind to me. I speak advisedly, for the child rules me already, not with a rod of iron, but with a gentle soft wisp of something unutterably delightful, and certainly far more effectual than iron.

As for Janet, she is Daisy's most abject slave, nothing more nor less. She is (I scarcely like to own the fact, but it is true), she is absolutely subservient where Daisy is concerned. Daisy trots after her, holding her hand or hanging on to her apron, giving stern, childish orders, visiting the cows and the old pony in their respective sheds, counting and recounting the ducks and geese with unflagging interest, asking extravagant questions on all subjects, and certainly wasting Janet's time. I am conscious in my foolish heart of a slight, a very slight jealousy of my good Janet, and yet Daisy is kind to me. She allows me to sew sometimes, while she explores the contents of my work-basket; she permits me to wander with her among the rocks, searching for pale pink shells or tiny crabs, and one day she nearly persuaded me to paddle with her in the foam of the shallow waves. I verily believe, had it not been that I dreaded lest the exploit should be chronicled to Janet, that I should have yielded to the temptation.

November 16th.—Daisy is not at all a model child. We are all of us, alas! born in sin, and naturally wicked, and so I could expect nothing better; but at times I am rather terrified to see my child stiffen her small body in a paroxysm of rage, striking out with her little clenched fists in impotent fury, and screaming with all her might and main. At such times the poor ayah rocks herself to and fro, wailing softly, and I

stare aghast, till Daisy ceases her passion quite suddenly, and comes running up to me, putting her arms round my neck, to say :

"Daisy sorry, Mamsie."

"Will you never do it again, Daisy?"

"Never, never," says the child with extreme penitence.

Then I take her on my lap, and explain her sins to her at some length, but I have an uncomfortable consciousness that Janet knows best how to manage her, for if she happens to be present, she checks my Daisy with a sentence :

"Eh, the wicked hussy ! She'll be needing to have her whips the noo !"

November 25th.—This afternoon, I came upon Janet vainly trying to warm our poor ayah by the kitchen fire ; the latter having caught cold, shivering, and crouching, with her hands outstretched to receive the welcome heat. Merciful powers ! if she be cold in this fine autumn weather, how will she bear the snow and frost of our northern winters ? I had always understood that people coming from hot countries bring with them a certain amount of caloric which holds them in good stead for some time. But the Mill Farm is fresh-like, certainly. Janet stood beside the ayah, stirring a tumbler of stiff toddy.

"It's a cauld stomach that canna warm its ain drink," said Janet persuasively ; "and of a' the meat in the world drink gangs best doon."

But the Indian woman shook her head. I fear that Janet's kindness and Janet's conversation were alike unintelligible to her.

November 30th.—I need scarcely have been jealous of my little Daisy's affections, after all. She dearly loves to come and nestle on my knee, when there is no one by to see us or listen to us, and I talk to her then in the fulness of my heart, with that curious strong sense of fellowship that the society of young children so often brings to those who are old and solitary.

Sometimes I ask her if she would be glad to see her father, and she answers, "Yes, very much," or, in her childish dialect, which seems at variance with her grave and quiet remarks, "Es, vesy muts." Often I tell her of her mother, as I remember her, young, eager, hard-

working, and full of life and ambition. Would Daisy like to be a painter ? I ask. But Daisy shakes her head with unhesitating denial. The child speaks little of her mother ; usually, when appealed to on the subject, she repeats her stereotyped phrase : "Mamma said Daisy was to be happy, and call you Mamsie," then, with a little laugh, her volatile thoughts depart to other regions, to roam in unknown phantasies.

One evening, as she sat, her bonnie soft head on my shoulder, and her arms tightly clasping a very old and broken doll that she had brought from India, I tried to tell her a really long story. It was somewhat difficult to me to tell it, and I felt absolutely nervous when I began, but after a while I progressed splendidly. My story was all about giants and fairies, ogres and dwarfs, and the many strange and wonderful things that children, I believe, delight in. It was partly a reminiscence of the legends told to me in my early youth, partly a great imaginative effort of my own for the child's benefit. When I came to an end I anxiously awaited Daisy's commendation.

"Shall I tell *you* a story?" asked that small person composedly, and thereupon she proceeded to give me a lengthy narrative which consisted entirely of the adventures of a broken doll, the pussy-cat, and the kitchen table.

"*That*," said Daisy impressively, by way of summing up, "*that*, is a very nice story indeed, Mamsie !"

Then, without further comment, she slipped off my knee, and ran joyously out of the room, banging the door loudly. Half an hour later, hearing strange cries which apparently proceeded from the nursery, I went upstairs, and found the ayah vainly attempting to give Daisy her evening bath, while that unprincipled young person was racing round and round the room, in a state of complete nudity, clapping her hands above her head, and shouting, "Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !"

I vainly endeavored to address the ayah with seriousness ; Daisy's mischievous expression overcame me, and I ignominiously smiled. I have of late been reading a most excellent treatise on Education. It contains an exhaustive chapter on sullenness, and another on deceit,

but Daisy is never sullen nor untruthful ; it gives admirable rules on the treatment of greed and covetousness early developed in the infant mind, but Daisy is apparently an ascetic child, and requires no such cure. In fact, the book, which helps me but little in the management of my young charge, reminds me somewhat of those hand-books which give a traveller every opportunity of making a graceful repartee to an ambassador, but leave him in utter ignorance how to express himself to the waiter or the coachman.

December 14th.—Daisy looks pale ; Janet says the "wee bit bairnie" does not thrive. Certainly, she has a poor appetite, and gets easily tired. I must write to her father at once.

December 22d.—I have been lying awake all night, thinking what I shall do for my Daisy. I will write to her father again and suggest that I should take her to the south. I can start at once. For her sake I would willingly leave this dear home. My Daisy resembles a sweet young plant, a creeper that has grown over my old associations and effaced and hidden them away from sight. She is a tender plant, more like an exotic than the mountain daisy, the gowan of our northern poets.

* * * * *

March 1st.—It is long, long since I opened the pages of this diary. When last I wrote a few hurried words therein, and carelessly closed the page, I did not know, God help me, the trial that was in store for me. Alas ! we may not close down the pages of our lives, nor yet hold them open, at our own will. Now, in my grief, the tears fall thickly on the paper, and I cannot see to write.

And yet : "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away ; blessed be the name of the Lord."

We did all that could be done for the child, but the end came rapidly. Two doctors attended her ; the parish doctor was unremitting in his efforts, and I telegraphed to my dear old friend Dr. Bryce, at Edinburgh, who set out at once without loss of time. Yet all their efforts, all their skill and science proved of no avail ; nothing could have saved the child, they said. What her illness was, I scarcely know to this day ; the medical men gave it a long name and a

close analysis. There is no doubt that the seeds of it were sown before she left India. To me they signify but little, those technical details ; it is enough to know that my Daisy could not be saved. She had no strength, the doctors said, to resist the slightest chill ; no rallying power. She was not an ordinary child, they said ; oh no, she was not that, my Daisy !

The night before she died, she lay quite still in the flickering candle-light, her little pinched face whiter than the pillow. She clasped the old doll yet ; she hugged it closely, though one of her tiny thin hands was folded within mine. Her eyes were wide open, fixed on my face with that look of serious self-possession they so often assumed ; her voice had been husky of late ; she was tired and spoke but little.

Janet stood, silently crying behind the door, wiping her eyes with her apron, and wringing her hands from time to time. The poor ayah, who never left her place on the floor at the foot of Daisy's bed, sat rocking herself to and fro, gazing wistfully at her charge with the look of a faithful dog.

"Mamsie," said Daisy at last, and I bent my ear to listen. Her voice had become very weak, and strangely harsh and unlike itself.

"Mamsie, I want mamma ; oh, Daisy does so want mamma !"

I nodded ; I could not answer her. My tears dropped like rain on her dear little hand, on the dear little upturned face I passionately kissed.

"Mamsie, poor Mamsie," said Daisy, feebly trying to stroke my cheek.

And those were her last words, for in the cold gray of morning twilight there was nothing but a dead white Daisy lying stretched and silent on the little bed, and a terrible pain surging and throbbing in my unresigned heart.

* * * * *

The child's father arrived too late. He spent one afternoon at the Mill Farm. He went with me to the nursery, where Daisy had lived ; he sat beside me on the shore, where Daisy had played ; we stood together in the quiet kirkyard, where Daisy lay asleep, and he spoke to me of the child a little but chiefly and lingeringly of the wife he had loved so dearly. For Daisy was to

him but a passing remembrance, a faint reflection of another image that filled and overflowed his mind with its great brightness to the exclusion of all other thoughts.

And when that afternoon was spent he went back to the busy world.

Well, Daisy is the more mine own ; my jealous love delights to claim, not only the last few weeks of her short life, but also the tenderest and truest memory of her. I am Daisy's chief mourner. And sometimes I let Janet share my sorrow.

* * * * *

Time goes by ; I live on alone at the

Mill Farm. It is the dearest place on earth to me, for now, added to the many associations of other years that crowd around me in my loneliness, there is a recollection of later days that clings very closely to my heart.

Often, as I sit in my favorite nook among the rocks, watching the thin line of waves receding upon the yellow shore, when the air is silent, and balmy with the scents of autumn, a strange awe and delight encompass me, and I seem to hear the light steps of tiny bare feet upon the wet sand, and the sound of a childish voice that whispers :

"Mamsie !"—*Temple Bar.*

COMMON-SENSE IN DRESS AND FASHION.

BY LADY PAGET.

IN an article upon "Taste in Dress" in the *Nineteenth Century*, January 1883, Mr. Watts says : "In all matters where it is necessary to lift ideas out of an established groove and bring about reform, those are wanted who will speak with the bitterness of conviction and the weight of authority."

Unfortunately those who speak with "the bitterness of conviction" on the topic Mr. Watts so ably enlarges upon are generally men, and therefore wanting in the weight of authority ; they speak theoretically, and in consequence are apt to exaggerate ; or they point out defects without saying how to remedy them. No authority could outweigh that of Mr. Watts as far as the beautiful and the artistic view of the question goes ; but there is the practical side to be considered, and that will always, in the end, carry the day, at least with the masses.

What I propose to show is, how the practical may be united with the beautiful or, rather, that one is the natural outcome of the other. There is no doubt that tight-lacing is, as Mr. Watts says, the root of many evils. You see its ruinous effect in the sunken eye, the muddy complexion, the puffed features, and rounded back ; you see it in every movement, even to the forced smile of the victim ; all life and buoyancy seem to vanish from the doomed form ; but I

think it does not follow that every woman who has what is called a small waist is laced tight. "The stiff unyielding machine, crushing the ribs and destroying the fibre of the muscle," to which Mr. Watts alludes, is not, fortunately, what sensible women wear ; and the well-made, dainty production of a good French "artiste," manufactured of lightest material and delicate whalebone, is no greater impediment to free breathing or movement, than the elastic Jersey recommended by him.

Supposing the Venus of Milo or that of Medici were to become flesh and blood, these slight stays would no doubt turn them into women with small waists, upon whom one of Mr. Worth's dresses would not look out of place.

The two greatest arguments against dispensing with stays (always supposing we do not adopt the Greek costume) are, first, the utter impossibility of appearing neat and tidy ; and, second, the expense entailed by the additional but indispensable strength of the bodices, which would, however, not prevent them becoming shapeless and wearing out very quickly.

If women would only allow common-sense to govern them, they would feel that for the inch or two they diminish the circumference of their waists by tightening themselves in, they become unattractive in so many other ways ;

quite leaving on one side the hygienic part of the question, which, alas! the vain and foolish will never consider. There are few indeed, who, like the clever and beautiful *Maréchale de Soubise*, *Louis the Fourteenth's* faithful friend, will make the sacrifice of giving up all meat except chicken, and never wearing stays, for fear of injuring their health or their complexion.

Another absurd practice is that of tying the skirts so tight that walking becomes an agony; there is no doubt that many have thereby been debarred from healthful exercise for years. Much harm has also been done by the profuse use of perfumes, of which musk, patchouli, jasmine, etc., form the basis. These ingredients are depressing to the nervous system, acting upon it as poisons; just as they would, if given inwardly and at the right time, prove the most powerful medicines. Ladies quite forget the inconvenience and discomfort caused by this practice to their more sensitive neighbors in church, at the theatre, or at dinner; for mutton tasting of musk, or chicken à la patchouli, is not likely to increase the appetite. At the best of times the suggestion of the perfumer's shop is not a poetic one, and the faintest suspicion of violets, lavender, or

The new-mown hay
Gives a sweet and wholesome odor,

and are quite sufficient to remove any disagreeable smell that might cling to such textures as wool or lace.

Cosmetics and paints, too, are at present much used, especially in England. They are as fatal to health and beauty as they are misleading in effect. The blackened eye may look larger and the painted lip redder under the uncertain flare of the gas-lamp; but when seen at home in the broad and honest noonday sun, the eye is lustreless, the flaming carmine distorts the mouth, the powdered skin loses its transparency, and the soft brown hair which formerly enhanced the whiteness of the skin, now appears a lifeless growth of metallic yellow or mahogany red without light or shade in it. The very men who pretend to admire these artificial dolls, would hesitate to range their sisters among or choose their wives from their ranks, thus once more

verifying the old dictum, that a thing may look well in the shop window and yet not be adapted for home wear and tear.

Lady Coventry, the most lovely of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings, died at twenty-seven a cripple and in fearful sufferings, entirely owing to the use and abuse of cosmetics; but had she died yesterday, before the eyes of her fair imitators, I doubt whether it would deter them for a week from so silly and repulsive a practice.

Mr. Watts deserves our thanks for calling attention to the mistaken notion of attaching undue importance to the smallness of hands and feet; they ought always to be in proportion to the rest of the body, or they are ugly. The high-heeled, pinching, pointed shoe has not even beauty to recommend it; if the shoe must be pointed, why not wear it long, thus obviating any harm to the foot or creating any impediment to the walk?

There is so much character in a hand, that, even if somewhat enlarged by use, a little additional size will not detract from its beauty. The open, generous palm meting out bread and wine to the poor, the young mother's protecting fingers as they steal round the crying infant, the firm and loving touch that smooths the ruffled pillow, and gives comfort and courage to the sufferer—none of these suggest the helpless and undersized hand so many appear to envy. Vandyck's much-admired hands are not small; he knew that, had he made them so, the heads would appear heavy; they are white, long, refined, but always large enough to cover the face entirely with them.

The great beauty of a small head is widely appreciated in England—too much so, almost, I should say; for hundreds of young girls squeeze and plait up their beautiful hair into the very smallest compass, till it is more like a pigtail than anything else, under the impression that ampler, softer coils would make the head look large. It is only false hair piled up in hard masses and in unnatural places that increases the size of the head. Hair that grows can always be disposed of in such a way as to obtain its full value and yet show the shape of the head. Look at the kneeling woman in the "Transfigura-

tion : " what a wealth of hair, and yet how small and compact the head !

A small head does not always mean a small face ; and when what the French call *le masque* is large, the hair ought not to be dragged away, but, on the contrary, allowed to encroach upon it. A person with a large nose will do well to wear much at the back of her head, so as to re-establish the balance. A long face is improved by something on the top of the head—a short one, by a small and flat headgear. The pretty fashion of uncovering the nape of the neck is only adapted to the young, and specially to those with small features ; it shows that greatest beauty, the spring of the head from the neck, and all those *boucles folles* so often praised by Balzac and other French writers of the days of crops.

The dressing of the hair ought, if necessary, to be modified somewhat, so as to be in harmony with the attire. For instance, the Louis the Fifteenth, Louis the Sixteenth, and Directoire costumes so much worn now ill accord with the strictly classical *bandeau* parted on the forehead, or the small clump of plaits in the nape of the neck.

All beauty in this world is based on harmony—two separate things may be good, when together they appear incongruous. It is in this incongruity that the mistake of the present day seems to lie. Every woman, old and young, pretty or plain, no matter to what rank in society she may belong or what avocations she may follow, wears the same colors, the same shapes, and the same things : the only check imposed upon her appears to be that of her purse-strings.

The effect of this system cannot conduce to comfort or beauty. The housemaid's shapeless and exaggerated crinoline or crinoline impedes her in her work and does not set off her cotton frock ; but she wears it because her mistress does, for whom (though never really pretty) it may be almost a necessity, to help her to support the heavy pleats of silk or velvet on her skirt.

Small women are crushed and dwarfed by large patterns, besides which a design gains in beauty by frequent repetition. A bad color spoils everything, but a true color can be used in endless

combinations. The make of a dress must be adapted to the material : a rococo stripe cannot be made up into a Renaissance shape ; it would be like putting a Boucher into a Quattro-cento frame.

Those will be well dressed who wear the right thing at the right time. The example ought to come from the educated and refined. We constantly hear French dressing extolled ; the reason is that the Frenchwoman, being of a more positive turn of mind, is less prone to the effective and picturesque, and her appearance, therefore, will generally be in harmony with her surroundings. The *bonne* in spotless cap and apron going to the market ; the grisette in sober-colored but well-made merino, the plain straw bonnet relieved by a touch of crimson ; the grande dame walking to mass in her rich but simple black silk, trimmed with a few yards of Chantilly round neck and wrists—are all dressed in reference to the hour of the day and the errand they pursue. Here it is different : the neat muslin cap is replaced by the charwoman's greasy black bonnet—a soiled lilac flower, and crumpled blue strings, being the invariable accompaniments ; tawdry black satin and a hat or bonnet profusely ornamented with light-colored feathers—not the freshest—meet the eye instead of the grisette's neat costume ; and, should you chance to take a walk in the park one morning, you encounter figures of every hue and shape, clad in every texture from limpest cotton to canary satin, covered with lace, flounces, beads, and embroidery, regardless of expense, harmony, or fitness. It is not that many of these dresses are not very pretty and picturesque in themselves—for instance, that maroon velvet, trailing along in the dust and suggestive only of heat and discomfort this hot summer morning, would look beautiful and rich at a five o'clock tea on a January afternoon. In yonder red plush parasol there can be no redeeming point ; it always must be an anomaly ; but that slim girl in pink muslin with huge fur tippet on her shoulders would have done much better had she worn a warmer dress or a more appropriate covering. It is, of course, not easy to have clothes adapted to every occasion, especially if they are to

be picturesque. A Frenchwoman contents herself with a few very well made and not too showy dresses, with everything thereto pertaining complete. Should some opportunity arise when none of them will do, she remains at home. Now, though an Englishwoman often possesses many advantages over women of other nations, the very charm and originality of her appearance proves her snare. She is apt to be misled by ideas taken from pictures and poetry, but

A sweet disorder in the dress,

and

A careless shoestring in whose tie
I see a wild civility,

are better in verse than in prose. Dress may and ought to express the character and idiosyncrasy of the wearer, but never at the expense of fitness and neatness. The impress of the mind upon dress is often seen in the case of ladies who hunt and race. The necessity of taking quick decisions clears their ideas, and they always know exactly what they want. Their appearance is the acme of neatness, but shows neither variety nor imagination. With artists it is the contrary: a certain negligence of attire and eccentricity in shape and color indicate a turn of thought speculative and ideal.

Anything too much like a costume, be it ever so pretty, will look out of place in the streets or other public resorts; but it is quite legitimate to go for inspiration to the apse of "Michel Angelo's Bride" for a dressing-gown to be worn only in your own sanctum.

Dressing for effect in bad or inferior stuffs ever denotes an unreal and unrefined mind; simplicity of outline is the basis of grace; richness ought to depend upon the fabric itself, not upon the mass of trimming.

Cottons and muslins must be simple and dainty, easily washed and cleaned; their charm depends entirely upon the sensation of crispness and freshness they give to the beholder.

Bows and buttons ought to be put where they are wanted or where they might appear to be of use, and not unmeaningly scattered about in promiscuous places. The wonderful dignity and finish we admire in mediæval dress de-

pends mainly upon all the ornamentation being based upon necessity.

The German slashed sleeve in its hundred varieties is produced by the thrifty housewife slipping on and off the tight sleeve that impeded her in her work; and in all the older pictures and engravings the sleeves are invariably secured to the bodice by hooks, ribbons, or buttons. Albrecht Dürer and Cesare Vecelli are inexhaustible mines from which to adapt ideas, care being, however, taken not to indulge too freely in the flowing veils, ribbons, and draperies to which the former especially is partial. In real life long limp folds are uncomfortable and apt to look untidy.

We might derive many useful hints, too, from such galleries as that at Versailles, especially seen by the light of the numerous memoirs of that day. Dress after the sixteenth century begins to adapt itself to the exigencies of everyday life; it becomes less unwieldy from the moment that women walk in the streets and frequent public places. The great ladies of the court of Louis the Fourteenth, instead of having their trains attached to their dresses, used to put them on and off half a dozen times a day, if we are to believe La Grande Mademoiselle and St. Simon, because it was not etiquette to appear before Le Grand Monarque without them, and yet they could not move with them. We also gather from these memoirs that in those days and up to the French Revolution, which levelled good and bad, the dress of the old and young was quite distinct, thus insuring dignity and variety. In our days we see a frisky mother in tulle and daisies skipping alongside of a stately daughter in sombre cut-velvet folds.

The constantly revived fashion of trimming dresses in front arose in the first instance from wearing aprons to protect the skirt; these aprons soon became purely ornamental, and covered with masses of lace and embroidery till they in their turn were discarded for the decoration of the dress itself. Thus one fashion is the natural outcome of another when they are directed by ladies, for necessity generally gives the first impulse, and a certain harmony will follow. If left entirely in the hands of dressmakers, it is not unnat-

ural that in their own interest they should strive to invent something quite opposed to what went before. This is the history of many fashions as senseless as they are ephemeral.

Variety is the salt of life; the prettiest colors and most graceful shapes, if seen continually and in masses, will weary the eye. The reason why fashions change so rapidly now is because they at once spread through every stratum of society, and become deteriorated and common. But even this ought not to goad us on in a wild race of senseless and sometimes ugly experiments.

Be plain in dress and sober in thy diet, is advice on the side of which it is safe to err, and the excessive craving for something new is often bred by idleness. When the mind is occupied, outside objects assume their true value. What was beautiful yesterday is beautiful today, and remains so until some new necessity springs up to replace it. We ought ever to remember that repose of mind and body is a paramount charm; repose of mind is fascinating, repose of body is dignified; neither can exist without complete comfort and fitness in dress. To see a lady wildly struggling in rain and wind in a tight skirt with long train appears ridiculous to us; to her it is pain. A well-dressed woman will always look happy in her clothes. It is everybody's duty to appear as nice-looking as possible—

Still to be neat, still to be drest
As you were going to the feast.

We rarely catch a sight of ourselves

in the looking-glass, but others are constantly obliged to see us. We bestow care and thought upon our houses and gardens, then why not upon ourselves? A little thought, a little knowledge, and a little common-sense will help us far more than wasting time, money, and artifice. The smallest thing of beauty is a joy forever; beauty elevates our thoughts and lightens our troubles, and when brought up to it our children's minds take the impress, and are guided by a fitting sense of form and color, and learn easily to distinguish and appreciate what is good in art.

The organs of music can be formed and improved by constant cultivation through generations; why should it be impossible to obtain the same result as regards the sense of sight? At all events understanding and appreciation can always be secured.

Much has been done within these last twenty years to render all our daily surroundings beautiful and attractive; but with many it is still an effort instead of being, what it ought to be, an instinct.

Dress is too frivolous and futile a subject to warrant our going very deeply into all its bearings; but we ought to remember how constantly the world judges by appearances, and that an harmonious and pleasing exterior inclines us to presume a refined and well-balanced mind. Let us, therefore, not forget Polonius's warning to his son:

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy—rich not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

WORK AND OVERWORK.

BY J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

WORK, fairly proportioned to the powers, is good and healthy for the organism; no matter whether it be brain-work or body-work.

The full exercise of the powers, mental and bodily, is desirable and improves them; so long as the demand is not excessive. But when the powers are called upon too freely, then danger looms ahead. Bodily fatigue manifests itself in lassitude, in unfitness for exertion, compelling rest until the sense of vigor

is once more experienced. Certainly, so far so good. But these sensations are not always attended to, and too frequently are fought off by determination; and sometimes by resort to stimulants. Baron Justus von Liebig wrote thirty years ago about the workman who resorts to spirits in order to enable him to complete his task—"He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must be always renewed, because for want of means he cannot take it up; he con-

sumes his capital instead of his interest; and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body." The system contains a reserve fund of energy upon which we can draw in emergencies; and this is known by the term "physiological capital." The body-income is paid in daily from the food we eat; the body expenditure is the daily out-goings. The excess of income over expenditure is the body-capital. When the out-goings are less than the incomings an accumulation of capital takes place in the body-bank; just as is the case in the money-bank, when more is paid in than is taken out an accumulation follows. The excess is termed the balance. Now when business firms reduce their balance too far they are in danger of failure if any sudden and unforeseen demand be made upon them. In fact if their balance be unequal to the demand, they may become bankrupt. They usually meet the demand by drawing a bill payable at a certain date. In the meantime they set to work to provide the means to meet the bill when it falls due. If they succeed all is well. If their outgoings just equal their incomings such accumulation of means is impossible, and they become bankrupt unless they succeed in practically staving off payment by meeting the bill coming due by drawing another. Yet the debt remains; and bill-drawing is a costly device which means absolute ruin at no very distant period. But during all this time there is the grave danger of some new demand, for which no similar scheme will or can provide; for their credit is already mortgaged up to the hilt. Smash then they must. Bankruptcy is the natural end of trading upon fictitious capital.

Now this illustration will make clear to the reader what is here meant about physiological bankruptcy. It means the exhaustion of the body-capital, and collapse before some new demand. Daily we pay into the body-bank so much; and every day we draw out so much. Some days the paying in is far in excess of the withdrawal; then we feel energetic. Many persons so circumstanced feel a craving for something to do. A walk, a row in a boat, a game of tennis; anything that will safely take away the surplus energy is acceptable.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. XXXVII., No. 5

Animals are just the same. After a day or two in the kennel the dog delights in a long day's hunting. So with the horse; after a day or two in the stable he is "fresh," as it is termed, and quite frolicsome when first taken out. The cup is brimming over! On the other hand, man and animal alike enjoy a rest after severe and prolonged exertion. But when the horse must work every day, his owner feeds him up; gives him more stimulant food. This, however, cannot go on forever. The horse is at last found unequal to his work; the veterinary surgeon is called in, who pronounces him "used up," and prescribes a course of "grass." That is, the horse has to have a long holiday, a rest in the country until he is strong again. Plenty to eat and nothing to do enables the horse to reaccumulate a store of body-capital; which once more fits him for work. He is then taken into the stable, put on hay and corn, *i.e.*, a more liberal dietary to increase the body-income, and soon is at work again—a good serviceable horse.

Just the same occurs with man! Why do we hear so much nowadays about holidays? Some little time ago, not more than a generation, holidays were associated with school-children. Rarely did any one of adult years talk of a holiday. Such person was looked upon as quite luxurious; a holiday was a species of extravagance. Nowadays the autumn holiday is the rule with all who can afford it. The necessity for such holiday is now becoming quite imperative. Nay, longer periods of rest are becoming actually necessary. We inquire after an enterprising acquaintance. "How is Mr. Vigor?" we ask. "Oh, he is abroad. His doctor has ordered him away for a voyage to Australia." "How was that?" we inquire. "The old story—overwork. Beginning to tell here!" And the speaker taps his forehead significantly. "Could not sleep. Began to find business too much for him." Pondering the matter over, it seems at first odd, inexplicable, that Mr. Vigor, of all persons, should have had to seek rest. Always at work, fond of toil, never sparing himself, pushing, energetic, industrious, thrifty; whatever could have brought this about? The simile of the overworked horse

flashes upon the mental processes—Mr. Vigor is turned out to grass! That is what it is. After a good rest, plenty to eat, plenty of fresh air, and little to do on shipboard, with plenty of sleep, Mr. Vigor will come back with a new store of body-capital; and go to business again with the same sense of energy as of yore. A new man, indeed!

Now what has Mr. Vigor been doing to get into this condition of physiological bankruptcy, or an approach thereto? He has been working until he has reached the point of overwork. He has drawn upon his physiological capital until he can no longer accomplish his daily tale of work; and feels exhausted by the small amount he actually accomplishes. He is approaching a breakdown, in other words, becoming a body-bankrupt. If any sudden demand were to come he has no funds with which to meet it. So his medical man has ordered him away from business altogether for a protracted period. Probably small rests, short intervals of absence from business have been already tried, with good effect; but still are inadequate to complete restoration of the health; just as a few days' rest in the stable are tried for the overworked horse, till the device is no longer sufficient. A prolonged rest then becomes essential and imperative.

Some time ago, when talking with Mr. Duguid at the Brown Institution for Animals, at Vauxhall, he informed me that horses which had already had a number of years of work in London showed much less resistive power to disease than was manifested by other horses recently come from the country. The latter could fight successfully with the disease while the overworked town-horse soon succumbed. Mr. Duguid's observation fell like seed on ground prepared to receive it, for just then I had been studying the subjects of "Physiological Bankruptcy," and "Overwork," for two chapters thereupon in a work, "The Maintenance of Health;" and these identical effects upon the horse that were exhibited by man, were most suggestive and interesting to me.

Since then I have watched with heightened interest, yet with saddened feelings, how frequently this sudden col-

lapse occurs in overworked men before the impact of acute disease. Many men in the prime of life, in the midst of the greatest intellectual activity, are dead before their friends realize that they are seriously ill. It is rumored that Mr. So-and-so is ill; next, that there has been a consultation of several medical men, and that little hope is held out for recovery; then, before the sense of shock is almost realized, that the fatal event has occurred. This is very terrible, and creates intense interest on the part of his friends, who are stunned by the intelligence, and cannot comprehend how the disaster has happened. It turns out that early in the case asthenic symptoms showed themselves, and that the poor gentleman sank swiftly despite everything that could be done for him. Nor is such a history unknown among the medical profession. Several rude shocks of this kind have occurred within recent years. Two especially suggest themselves in conspicuous men, hospital physicians, and writers of eminence. First they were ill, but nothing sinister was apprehended. Then an asthenic type of disease was recognized of an erysipelatous character; a sense of apprehension was suddenly experienced, not without good and valid reason; and soon it was whispered that they were sinking, and the fears were quickly realized. Both had been systematically overworking themselves, trusting no sudden demand would come. It did come in each case in the form of blood-poisoning; and then the real condition was revealed, and the sufferers quickly sank. These medical men both succumbed to the onslaught of an acute condition against which they would, in all probability, have successfully struggled, had not both been physiologically bankrupt. Overwork, systematic and persistent, for good and praiseworthy objects, had sapped the powers in each case.

"Nature knows nothing of extenuating circumstances." Physiological bankruptcy is a physical fact which is in no way a matter of ethics. Whether a man is exhausted by labor of the most laudable character, or by a persistent course of drunkenness and debauchery, matters nothing as regards the conditions of physiological bankruptcy with its train

of dangers. Indeed such conditions are commonly associated with most praiseworthy efforts. But nature is pitiless ! It is a sad and sorrowful reflection that motives can exercise no influence, put in no plea of extenuating circumstances, when disease has laid its fell hand upon the organism ; and the scythe of death is including in its merciless sweep the hard-working husband, the self-denying widow's son, the loving father struggling hard to win a competency, and provide for his growing offspring.

Work then is healthful ; but overwork is destructive. It now remains to describe the effects of overwork : first, physical overwork ; then mental overwork.

Physical overwork is common, and met in a variety of forms. It may be the result of toil, in order to make a living, to provide for wife and children ; or it may be the result of self-imposed exertion, as in amateur rowers or runners and athletics of all sorts. It matters not what the motive for exertion ; if sufficiently severe and long sustained it will work its effects in time. Stealthily, unperceived, nay, unsuspected, the ruin is being accomplished. But not always in the same way, nor by identical means. In one case there is a general impairment of the health, a diminution of the physiological capital, only revealed by the collapse of the powers before the impact of some acute disease, as congestion of the lungs, pneumonia ; or it may be bronchitis, especially in elderly persons. Disease of the respiratory organs always tests the powers very severely. Bronchitis is comparatively free from danger, except at the extremes of life (when it is always serious), or in the invalid, or in persons with impaired powers. The embarrassed respiration requires extensive and sustained efforts to maintain life, and any cessation of the breathing for a few minutes is followed by death. It is a hard, cruel way of torturing a healthy man to artificially embarrass his breathing, as the pitiless Spanish Inquisitor well knew ; but when the constitution is broken or undermined then the effort soon exhausts the powers. I have been told by eminent medical men from the United States that pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) is

especially dreaded among their overworked population living continuously at high pressure. It is also a common cause of death amid the worn-out inmates of infirmaries and sick-asylums. The decayed organisms which drift into these refuges are the social failures, the waste products of our social workshop ; and their decadence is quickly manifested when disease of the respiratory organs fastens upon them. Decay has been instituted before death. They are literally worn out, while still alive !

Overwork may manifest itself in a totally different manner. It is a notorious fact that severe effort is liable to produce inflammation of the valves of the heart. Strain, as a cause of much disease of the circulatory apparatus, is now universally recognized. Some years ago a discussion took place in the public press as to the amount of heart disease among the crews of the university eights, past and present. The outcome of this discussion was such as rather to encourage rowing ; for the crews seemed as a body to be very hale individuals. But then it must be remembered that these crews consist of picked men, very carefully selected ; men who are as sound as any men in the world. It is when strain is thrown upon men chosen promiscuously as workmen are that the results are so different. Workmen choose an occupation because of some attraction for them, or because they must work at something, to make a livelihood, without regard to special fitness. See the bargeman laboring with his sweeps to propel or guide his lumbering, awkward craft on the Thames. For a time, during the ebb or flow of the tide, as the case may be, his efforts are veritable strains ; from his feet which are fixed, to his shoulders from which the arms pull on the oars. For six hours at a spell this general strain is maintained. A certain form of valvular disease of the heart, well recognized as constantly linked with strain, is notoriously common with these men. Go into a foundry and see the men wielding the "big" hammer ; "strikers" as they are called in the trade. During the time the red-hot iron is upon the anvil, the efforts of these men are most violent. Examine them at the end of a "heat," as it is technically termed, and they are

found to be bedewed with perspiration, blowing like a greyhound after a course, their hearts beating violently. They are very liable to the same form of inflammation of the heart's valves (aortic) as are the bargemen. It occurs in men given to violent effort in other occupations. Even one of these aortic valves may be actually torn down by violent effort. Overwork is, then, a common cause of grave organic disease of the heart. All men who work at occupations entailing violent effort, certainly do not perish from such disease of the heart. But that a very large proportion unfortunately do so perish is a well recognized fact in medicine.

Before the introduction of the Half-time Act the growing population of our industrial hives was notoriously deformed. Things are somewhat better now; but still the manufacturing population, along the back-bone of England, is seriously deteriorated as compared with the rural population of the English agricultural counties. In the black country and in the potteries the same degeneracy can be seen. True it is that improper food in infancy, the vices of manhood before growth is complete, are not without effect in the production of these deplorable results. Still, early toil beyond the powers has a great deal to answer for in the production of this degeneracy.

The consumption of ardent alcoholic drinks by such populations is notorious. The monotony of their labor is answerable to some extent for the craving after alcoholic stimulants; that must not be overlooked. But it is not the complete or full answer to the question—Why do these town-populations crave after spirits? Beer is the drink *par excellence* of rustics, of the inhabitants of small towns, and even of the Cockney who follows light pursuits. Liebig has something to say on this subject well worthy of deep consideration. "The use of spirits is not the cause but an effect of poverty. It is an exception from the rule when a well-fed man becomes a spirit drinker. On the other hand, when the laborer earns by his work less than is required to provide the amount of food which is indispensable in order to restore fully his working power, an unyielding, inexorable law or necessity

compels him to have recourse to spirits. He must work; but in consequence of insufficient food, a certain portion of his working power is daily wanting. Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up the deficient power *at the expense of his body*, to consume to-day that quantity which ought naturally to have been employed a day later." His physiological capital is clearly being exhausted; and it is no wonder that, under such circumstances, he dies comparatively early, and certainly prematurely. Not only is such a plan essentially and radically bad, but alcohol is a terribly dear form of food. Alcohol in such concentrated form is a potent aid to the already existing tendency to tissue-degeneration. When overwork calls in alcohol to its help the unholy alliance quickly works the most disastrous results, and brings the organism swiftly to general decay. Even when the evil results of the deadly combination are not so marked, general deterioration is manifest in impaired power of labor, in inferior work, in lessened hours of toil. The tendency is to saunter away working hours in the alehouse; partly because work is found so irksome that it is pleasant to do nothing—perhaps worse than nothing; partly because the capacity to labor has been undermined. Of course here again there is not uniformity; one organism yields more readily than another. Toil and alcohol, and sometimes the alcohol with very little toil, soon reduce one man to the condition of a social pariah; while in another case a hale old man will be found who works hard every day—"never misses any time," his fellow-workmen say—yet who drinks daily an amount of spirits which would soon tell sorely on an average person. But such a case does not militate against the general soundness of the statement that overwork, combined with alcohol, is a sure and certain road to body-ruin.

Now, it is time to consider mental overwork, a matter manifesting a rapid growth at the present time. Already the subject of holidays and of more prolonged periods of rest has been spoken of in relation to the high-pressure existence in recent times. In the present eager struggle for existence, still more in the ambitious race for pre-

eminence, overwork is manifesting itself on all sides, and in all positions in life. Overstudy is telling upon our students in this crazy age of examinations, when every young person has to be a perambulating encyclopædia; no matter what the state of the physique when the educational course has terminated. The number of cases of self-destruction from anxiety and nervousness among young men preparing for modern examinations is appalling. Of old the young man who had "overstudied" was a weak-minded youth, whose brain broke down before an ordinary commonplace educational course, easily surmounted by an average intellect. Now it is no uncommon thing to know young men who complain that they no longer feel an interest in their work, and that they cannot remember what they read; that their sleep is broken, and that they no longer possess the power of self-control they once enjoyed. When such loss of self-control is found along with periods of deep depression, then the temptation to suicide may become irresistible. Such breakdowns after a more or less brilliant scholastic career are unfortunately now no uncommon event. Indeed it may be laid down as a broad rule for the guidance of youthful students that so soon as the interest in their studies flags, or the memory is becoming less retentive, they are distinctly overworking. In athletics the terms used are to "train on," and to "train off." To "train on" indicates growing power and increasing fitness for exertion; in other words, "improvement." To "train off" signifies waning power, or "falling off" in capacity. So long then as study carries with it waxing capacity, it is "work;" when, on the other hand, the student feels "training off," then the boundary has been passed and the domain of "overwork" entered. Still more urgent does the case become when, along with a sense of waning power, the sleep is broken and unrefreshing, or the digestion is upset. The danger-signals have, indeed, been run through, in railway phraseology, when these things are experienced. Such are the usual phenomena of overwork, manifested along with symptoms peculiar to each case.

Very frequently great irritability of

temper is exhibited, which is merely a form of the loss of self-control just spoken of. It is very trying to the individual who is quite aware of it. This and the consciousness of impaired brain power are commonly found together. Da Costa, the eminent physician of Philadelphia, thus describes this condition at an early stage—"Its manifestations are a slight deterioration of memory and an inability to read or write, save for a very short period, although the power of thought and judgment is by no means perverted. Nor is the power of attention more than enfeebled; the sick man is fully capable of giving heed to any subject, but he soon tires of it, and is obliged from very fatigue to desist." This is brief and succinct. The condition is one of failing power, and is often surmised to be the commencement of the condition commonly spoken of as "softening of the brain." Betwixt the symptoms of brain exhaustion and those of the early stages of the actual organic change there is little to discriminate; and possibly the one, if neglected, may run on into the other.

Failure of the intellectual powers, when accompanied by a condition of sleeplessness, is a sufficiently serious matter to cause the sufferer therefrom to consult his medical man; and this he always certainly should do before resorting to the deadly chloral. When chloral hydrate was announced with a flourish of trumpets as a perfectly innocuous narcotic, the sleepless folk hailed its advent with eager acclamation. But a little experience soon demonstrated that the innocuous, harmless drug was far from the boon it was proclaimed! In fact, the impression of its harmlessness was the outcome of ignorance, and not of knowledge of its properties. That it brings sleep with it, is true, especially at first. But the poisoned chalice carries with it a whole train of evil consequences. The mind is further enfeebled by its use; the condition of sleeplessness becomes more pronounced, as a part of the increased irritability; the individual feels worse and weaker, further and further emasculated by resort to the enervating drug, to which he is fast becoming a slave. Death after death among medical men themselves,

as well as non-professional persons, have already resulted from the use, or rather misuse, of this narcotic agent; which is a valuable and potent medicine when used in its appropriate place and with proper precautions. Nor are these remarks on chloral hydrate out of place here. Sleeplessness is so marked a symptom of brain exhaustion and is now so common; and resort to chloral for its relief so universal, that these words of warning are absolutely called for at the present time. Over and beyond this exhaustion of the nervous system induced by overwork, there is the failure of the digestive and assimilative organs so often found accompanying it. The effects of mental toil or anxiety upon the digestion have long been known to physiologists and physicians, especially from the writings of Prof. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.; but there is not as yet any general familiarity therewith on the part of the public, who are liable to suffer therefrom. The consequence of this is that the mental condition is further aggravated. The brain is ill-fed, from impaired assimilation and a deficiency in the normal products of digestion. Beyond this, it is positively poisoned by the abnormal products formed by the deteriorated digestive organs. Between the two a condition of intense misery is established, until the patient is weary of life. The spectre of brain-softening is ever at hand

ready to present itself whenever the sense of depression is keen. The consciousness of present disablement is deepened by apprehension of coming evil. Between the two the patient is weary of life; and not rarely voluntarily puts an end to it.

It is not merely the effect of overwork telling upon the physique which we at present have to dread. A more serious and wide-spread evil is the impairment of the mental powers induced by overwork, or worry, which is even more destructive; especially when it is associated with the loss of sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," and with deterioration and perversion of the digestive organs, in consequence of which the body is at once ill-fed and poisoned. Such a complex condition is now becoming established, with every prospect of further spread, unless the public themselves can be induced to take the matter in hand in good earnest. To conceal the condition from one's self even, and to seek relief by secret resort to chloral, are the means at present largely pursued; and disasters overhang them, like vultures over a retreating army. Some acquaintance with the reality of the condition is essential to the adoption of wiser measures. The reader must know that what is written here is no alarmist or sensational picture of "overwork" as it actually exists among us.—*Good Words.*

MY LIBRARY.

ἔστιν θάλασσα, τίς δέ νιν καταβέσσει.—ÆSCH., *Agam.*

As one who pauses on a rock,
The bastion of some sea-nymph's home,
And feels the ripples round him flock,
Then cleaves the foam,

And glides through cool pellucid ways
Where creepers kiss each thrilling limb,
And hears, or thinks he hears low lays
Of Cherubim;

And marvels at the wondrous scene,
The ruins upon ruins hurled,
The moving hosts, the darkling sheen
The awful world;

Then rises, snatching first some gem,
 Some token of his sojourn there,
 And flings a dewy diadem
 From face and hair,

And in the sunlight, with the sigh
 Of sea-winds whistling in his ears,
 Views his found treasure, till his eye
 Is dim with tears—

So, where in lordly sweeping bays,
 In distant dark retiring nooks,
 Stretches before my eager gaze,
 This sea of books,

I pause, and draw one fervent breath,
 Then plunge, and seem to pass away
 Into deep waters still as death,
 Yet clear as day;

To move by boulders of the Past,
 By caves where falter dimly pure
 Gleams of the Future—all the Vast
 Of Literature;

Then to return to life above,
 From regions where but few have trod,
 Bearing a gem of larger love
 To man and God.

Blackwood's Magazine.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES.
 Vol. XLIII. The Science of Politics. By
 Sheldon Amos, M.A., Author of "The
 Science of Law," etc. Vol. XLIV. Animal
 Intelligence. By George J. Romanes,
 M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Ap-
 pleton & Co.

These two volumes form an excellent addition to the International Series, and from the nature of their contents and the method of treatment, will appeal to a wider interest than that of many of the more technical volumes of the series. The purpose of Mr. Sheldon Amos's work is to show that the methods of scientific investigation and construction can be applied to political action, and the administration of government, and with the same resulting advantages found in other fields of intellectual activity. He admits the inherent difficulties and the limitations of his subject, the complexity of the forces operative in politics, and the apparently hap-hazard character of political action, which seem to preclude the possibility of anything like system, law, or unity. But he believes that certain principles and theories can be established with scientific certitude,

which, if recognized and acted upon, would mitigate many evils in the chaos of politics. He does not attempt so much to build up a science of politics as to induce men to view politics from a scientific standpoint. "I have done my best," he says in his preface, "to avoid the temptation of constructing an ideal polity founded on mere guesses and hopes. That there is an ideal polity for each state, if not one for all states, I steadfastly believe. But it is only to be discovered in the paths of history and observation." One is inclined occasionally to suspect that the author consciously relaxes a little his rigid purpose to avoid such a temptation, but passages that bear a constructive look should undoubtedly be taken as tentative and suggestive, rather than positive. One of the most valuable of the twelve chapters is on "Political Terms," in which is shown the necessity of attaching definite and consistent meanings to such words as "legislation," "administrative," "state," "prerogative," and "liberty." There must always be a difficulty in the study of political sciences, since it does not, and cannot possess a separate terminology made up of technical

terms with definite and fixed meanings. These advantages are monopolized by the physical sciences. Other chapters, such as those on "The Primary Elements of Political Life and Action," "Local Government," "The Province of Government," and "Right and Wrong in Politics," are filled with careful reasoning and fruitful suggestion. Unfortunately Mr. Amos writes in a diffuse and ponderous style, which is exceedingly annoying at times. The most wary reader, we fear, while pursuing some attractive thought, will frequently find himself floundering in the amplitude of the author's Latin diction.

Mr. Romanes's work upon "Animal Intelligence" is a proof that science may sometimes be even more delightful reading than fiction or poetry. But its entertaining quality is only an accidental merit, for the purpose of the author is thoroughly scientific. It is the most systematic, comprehensive and complete presentation of the evidence relating to mind in the lower animals that has ever appeared. It is intended to serve as a kind of text-book of the facts of comparative psychology, "to which men of science, and also metaphysicians, may turn whenever they may have occasion to acquaint themselves with the level of intelligence to which this or that species of animal attains;" it is also intended to be introductory and fundamental to a future treatise on "Mental Evolution," which the author promises in about two years. The opening chapter is a preliminary inquiry into the nature of mind and mental operations, especially for the purpose of distinguishing between reflex-action, instinct, and reason. The distinction between instinct and reason is defined as follows: "Instinct is reflex-action into which there is imported the element of consciousness," while "reason or intelligence is the faculty which is concerned in the intentional adaptation of means to ends." Having established or indicated the fundamental principles and considerations that enter into the problem of animal intelligence, the author immediately begins to unfold his vast accumulation of evidence. The whole animal kingdom is passed under review by groups in ascending order, beginning with the lowest forms of life and ending with monkeys, apes, and baboons, and facts and incidents given to illustrate the psychology of each class, or order, and, in some cases, family, genus, or even species. There are, of course, marvellous stories, and in great number, of the reasoning power of ants, bees, fish, birds, elephants, cats, and dogs; but nothing has been admitted without first being subjected to the most rigid tests of verification. Whatever may be thought of the author's inferences, no one can lay down his book without feeling a profounder regard

for those innumerable beings which are called animals in distinction from men, but which have a much more substantial claim to fellowship with men than it is usual to accord to them.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, LATE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER. By George Granville Bradley, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

These sketches or sketchy lectures are somehow disappointing; chiefly, perhaps, because they fail to satisfy the impatient desire which every one must feel to know more thoroughly the life of Dean Stanley. Nevertheless they present a charming picture of a charming character. Dean Bradley writes from the fulness of love and admiration for his great teacher and friend. He speaks of Stanley simply "as a deeply attached and grateful friend, and as one who largely sympathized with his views." He disclaims all intention of offering his imperfect sketch as in any way a substitute for the complete biography, which all must look forward to with eagerness. Awaiting that, these reminiscences will find many grateful readers. The lectures contain recollections only, little regard being given even to the form or style of composition; but they present all the more vividly some of the most beautiful and noble of Dean Stanley's characteristics. We are made to feel and understand his tender sympathy with all conditions of life, his strong friendship bestowed so liberally everywhere, his broad and tolerant spirit, his lofty faith, and the remarkable force of his convictions and the fearlessness with which he would defend them. "He was never ashamed," says Dean Bradley, "of the title of 'liberal theologian,' not even 'if he were to be the last to bear the name,' and he was the first to give currency to the much used term 'Broad Church.' Liberal theology, he spoke of, in one of the very latest of his addresses, as being 'the backbone of the Church of England,' and he claimed for it an 'orthodoxy, a biblical, evangelical, catholic character which its opponents have never reached.'"

Throughout a life of busy labor, too often filled also with care, anxiety and bitterness, Dean Stanley was always true to the strong historic instinct which had early been awakened, the strongest instinct of his intellectual nature. He was a devoted student of history and one of the best travelled of Englishmen, and he has left masterpieces of historical and descriptive work. We cannot refrain from quoting a part of Dean Bradley's admirable comment upon the peculiar quality of his descriptive power: "Scenery in and for itself, the aspects of nature as viewed in their own light and for their own sake, he never, I think I am right in

saying, never once attempts to describe. In one of his letters to an old pupil, written at Canterbury in 1854, there is a passage which gives the key alike to the excellencies and the deficiencies of this great painter of nature. 'I cannot think,' he says, 'that mere effusions of emotion at the transient blushes of nature deserve an everlasting record. I feel about such effusions, almost as I feel about my present, oftentimes ineffectual, labors at reproducing scenes of my travels' (he was then at work at 'Sinai and Palestine'), 'that they are not worth publishing, *except as a frame-work to events or ideas of greater magnitude.*' Of nature, as studied for her own sake, in the spirit of Wordsworth, or of so many true poets in all ages, or of Mr. Ruskin among modern prose writers, there will be found, I venture to say, no trace in his published writings or in his letters since he grew to manhood. Whenever he becomes enthusiastic on the beauties of nature, we may feel sure that there is always at work a motive other than that of the artist—that behind nature lies some human or historical interest."

OLIVER CROMWELL. THE MAN AND HIS MISSION. By J. Allanson Picton. New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.

Like the veneration which is accorded to all great works of the past, hallowed by the sanctity of time, we profess a due reverence for the noble monument which Carlyle reared to the memory of the Lord Protector. But this profession is by no means incompatible with a sincere desire for some memorial of Cromwell less monumental and more generally appreciable. There has been a positive demand for a strictly popular life of Cromwell, and of the many who have attempted to furnish such a work, Mr. Picton is the first to make a complete success. He is far too modest when he describes himself as one of the "humbler students" who would write a commonplace narrative for commonplace readers; for he has produced a work that is not only eminently readable, but is sure to take its place among the very best works of its kind and become a permanent authority upon the subject. "Next to Carlyle as an interpreter of Oliver Cromwell," says the *London Academy*, "we must place the author of this remarkable volume. He tells the world honestly that 'he makes no pretension to original research,' that he has mainly depended on Carlyle and more recent investigators for his facts. We wish it had been otherwise, for there are some obscure periods in Oliver's career, notably that between Naseby and the execution of the king, which might be made brighter by any one who, with the knowledge Mr. Picton has, would devote himself to the subject. But, within the limita-

tions he has stated, he has studied the Protector's character with minute care; hardly a recorded word that fell from his lips, or a single letter that has come down to us, has been passed over without giving some little touch to the narrative. We imagine, indeed, from slight differences of style and varieties in word-selection, that his book has been written slowly, and that many of the details which careless people consider trivial have received long consideration. Mr. Picton is not so ignorant of human nature as to represent his hero as faultless; at the same time, he knows far too much of his life and surroundings not to feel that he was throughout a thoroughly honest human soul, striving after the right, but sorely hampered not only by the turmoil of outward forces, but by struggles within."

ICE-PACK AND TUNDRA. An Account of the Search for the Jeannette, and a Sledge Journey Through Siberia. By William H. Gilder. Author of "Schwatzka's Search." New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have here another chapter of the doleful story of the Jeannette, and it forms a fitting conclusion to the testimony of the survivors of that terrible expedition. Mr. Gilder was the correspondent of the *New York Herald* with the Rogers' Relief Expedition, sent out in search of the Jeannette in the summer of 1881. The first part of his book is a detailed account of the searching operations carried on in the vicinity of Wrangel Island, off the north-east coast of Siberia, about latitude 72° north. This work was brought to a sudden and lamentable close by the burning of the ship Rogers in December, in St. Lawrence Bay, Behring's Strait. The author was then sent to the nearest telegraph station in Siberia to despatch news of the disaster to the Secretary of the Navy, with orders to continue his journey through Siberia and Europe, and thence to Washington, with Captain Berry's full written report. A large map accompanying the volume, traces the author's route from Behring's Strait to London. It was a journey fraught with danger and suffering, and nothing in recent literature of travel and adventure possesses a more thrilling interest than Mr. Gilder's narrative. While passing through northern Siberia he came into possession of the diary of De Long, and other relics of the lost Jeannette party. Copious extracts are given from this diary, containing the horrible and sickening details of the lingering death by starvation, of De Long and his heroic followers. An account is also given of the finding of the bodies by Engineer Melville's party, as well as the personal narrative received by the author from Ninderman and Noros, the two men who were sent by Captain De Long to obtain relief from

the natives. Mr. Gilder's book is thus both a record of personal adventure and a sufficiently complete history of the Jeannette affair, and as such it has a twofold interest and permanent value. The volume is published in a sumptuous manner, containing many full-page illustrations and numerous maps, all executed most beautifully.

HYGIENE FOR GIRLS. By Irenæus P. Davis, M.D. New York: *D. Appleton & Co.*

It is to be earnestly hoped that the instructions of this little treatise may reach a large number of the mothers of the next generation, to whom it is especially addressed. It is not often that a book of this kind is so worthy of unqualified recommendation. Its advice is authoritative and sensible, its directions simple and clear in statement, and no young woman will object to its restrictions as being "unreasonably severe." Even the institutions of society and the ordinances of fashion, which are so admirably adapted for the destruction of a woman's health, are treated by the author in a very liberal and tolerant spirit. There are chapters on "Nerves and Nervousness," "Sympathy and Imagination," "Feminine Employments," "Amusements," and "Social Customs," in each of which numerous hints and suggestions will be found as to matters of every-day experience by which every intelligent girl will profit who reads the book. The untold misery resulting from common, and apparently unimportant mistakes, is due probably not so much to indifference as to ignorance of a few simple facts and laws, such as Dr. Davis explains. Moreover, it is not to the daughters alone that he addresses his instruction. It were well for every mother to read and ponder most seriously what he has written about the results of the inflexible law of inherited tendency in the chapter entitled "Habit and Association." Parents cannot afford to be ignorant of facts which justify such a summary as the following: "There is not a command in the decalogue that children are not made to break, not a grace of mind nor a power of body that they are not made to suffer the want of, through the transmission of habit from parents." This little book should be in the hands of every mother and daughter in the land.

FAMOUS WOMEN: GEORGE ELIOT. By Mathilde Blind. Boston: *Roberts Brothers.*

With three or four "Men of Letters Series," why should we not have a distinctive Women of Letters Series? A few such names as Mrs. Browning, Miss Martineau, Jane Austen, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, and Alice Carey are sufficient to confirm the famous aphorism of Mme. de Staël, "*Le génie n'a pas de sexe*;" and no more need be mentioned to in-

dicate the splendid possibilities of such a series of biographies. Our hopes may be realized in this promised series of "Famous Women," although the title chosen leaves some doubt as to the real intention of the editor. Certainly if the standard of the present volume be maintained and a judicious selection be made, it will be a success. The subject for the initial volume was happily chosen. The genius of George Eliot has long been, and will continue long to be one of the strongest forces in modern literature, and yet, of her personality, outside of her books, we have known hitherto almost as little as of Chaucer's or Shakespeare's. The author has had special opportunities for adding to this little, and she presents a fairly complete and satisfactory biography. She has visited the places connected with George Eliot's early life, gleaned many valuable facts from the old people of the neighborhood, has enjoyed the privilege of knowing her brother, Isaac Evans, and has met some of those who were permitted to know the great novelist intimately during the later years of her life. Also, what is even more valuable, she has been able to quote extensively from private correspondence that has never before appeared in print. The newly discovered facts throw much light upon the leading characters of some of the novels, making it possible to trace many of them to their sources among George Eliot's family and early associates.

We wish by the way, that the publishers had not found it necessary to discard the much better title for this series selected in England. The next volume will be a monograph on Emily Brontë, by Miss Robinson.

LEADING MEN OF JAPAN. With an Historical Summary of the Empire. By Charles Lanman, Author of "The Japanese in America," etc. Boston: *D. Lothrop & Co.*

This book possesses the undisputed merit of novelty, which alone will doubtless attract many readers; for who is not interested in the lives of the distinguished statesmen, authors, scientists, and poets of the Island Empire of the Pacific? We have here the biographies of such notables as Arisugawa Taruhito, Enouye Yoshikatsu, Higashi Fushimi, Yanagiwara Sakimitsu, Narushima Kinboku, and of fifty-three others with equally euphonious names. These are the creators and preservers of the new civilization in Japan. Some are now dead, but most of them are still struggling with the political and social difficulties which their rapid reforms precipitated. There are fifty-eight sketches, ranging in length from one to twenty pages. The second part of the book contains a bird's-eye view of the history of Japan, together with several chapters upon the outlying dependencies of the empire. A chapter

is given to Corea, the last of the Hermit Nations to open its gates to civilization; another chapter contains an account of the origin of the American expedition to Japan; and to the whole is added an extended bibliography. Such an account of the men and events in Japan of recent importance was well worth writing, and deserved even to be much better written. Mr. Lanman possesses an intimate knowledge of the subjects of which he writes, having been for several years a resident of Japan, and, as it seems to us, might have made his excellent material much more attractive. His book is scrappy and often written with the scissors; but its extensive information has been gathered with scrupulous care, and it will be read with interest and profit so long as it enjoys the distinction of being the only work of its kind in existence.

THE YEARLY MOONS. By Joseph H. Young. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is an arrangement in cream-color and gold. A parchment paper binding, stamped with gilt and daintily tied with white satin ribbon, incloses about twenty leaves of laid and tinted paper of the most delicate quality, among which are artistically interspersed thirteen sonnets, one for each month of the year, and an extra one as a final or tail-piece. The sentiments of the poetry are generally appropriate, the poetic intention praiseworthy, and if there be a rather conspicuous absence of the "faculty divine," it is easily forgotten in the contemplation of the mechanical excellence of the little volume. Almost any one could be forgiven for perpetrating poetry, if we were sure of getting it embalmed in such beautiful ceremonies as these. It remains to be added that the whole is neatly wrapped in tissue paper and inclosed in a gilt-edged box.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY has in preparation "A Child's History of our Times."

A REVISED edition of Col. H. W. Lumsden's rhymed translation of "Beowulf" is now in the press.

M. HENRI CORDIER, the well-known Chinese scholar, has in the press a bibliography of Beaumarchais.

A STUDY of Tennyson's "Princess," has appeared in Montreal, explaining the allusions and meaning of the poem, by Mr. S. E. Dawson.

THE last volume (the sixteenth) of the Russian translation of Heine's complete works has just appeared. This edition was commenced as far back as 1862.

THE Italian papers report the discovery in the Vatican of a codex of the ninth century, of which the existence was hitherto unknown, containing fragments of Cicero.

THE English translation of Professor Dunker's "History of Greece" is now in the hands of the printers, and the first volume will probably be published early in the summer.

DR. E. ENGEL, author of a *Geschichte der französischen Litteratur* has just issued (Leipzig: Friedrich) the first instalment of a *Geschichte der englischen Litteratur*, to be completed in eight or nine parts.

DR. EINENKEL's edition of the Anglo-Saxon poem of "St. Katherine," with its Latin original and a modern English translation, will probably be issued this year by the Early-English Text Society in its Original Series.

MR. SIDNEY JERROLD has translated from the Russian two of M. Tourguénief's tales, entitled "First Love" and "Pinin and Baburin." The translation, which is made with the author's sanction, will be published shortly with a biographical and critical essay.

THE first volume has appeared (Stuttgart and Leipzig: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) of the great illustrated edition of Goethe edited by Professor Heinrich Düntzer. It contains "Hermann and Dorothea;" the more important wood-cuts are by Herr Lossow.

In a pamphlet entitled "Treitschke's deutsche Geschichte," Professor Baumgarten of Strassburg, strongly criticises the work of that writer, and maintains that his character is that of a strong party writer who can have little weight as a historian.

DON ADOLFO LLANOS has been publishing a series of articles in the *Revista de España* on "The Present State of Literature in Mexico," which, though ill arranged and uncritical, contain a great many interesting extracts from books not easily accessible. One of the papers has been devoted to Guillermo Prieto, the writer who stands at the head of Mexican *belles-lettres*, and for whom a young Mexican poet seems to have much the same sort of feeling as his French contemporary for Victor Hugo.

IT has hitherto been stated that the earliest representation of Shakespeare in Germany was in 1626. But Herr Karl Trautmann publishes in the *Archiv für Literaturgeschichte* a document from the records of the old free imperial city of Nördlingen, dated January 20th, 1604. This is a petition to the town council from a company of actors (possibly English actors) begging permission to play, among other pieces, *Romeo vndt Julitha*, which they state that they have already played at Ulm, Heilbronn, and

elsewhere "mit sonnderm wohlgefallen der Zuhörer."

THE Town Council of Stratford-on-Avon have adopted a suggestion made by Mr. J.O. Halliwell Phillips, that the Corporation records should be reproduced by means of the autotype process and given to the world. Mr. Halliwell Phillips undertook to superintend the reproduction, and to defray the whole cost of the work, merely stipulating that the Council should, when the copies were delivered into their hands, arrange for their sale at Stratford, the proceeds to be placed at the disposal of the Corporation. It is stated that the records date almost from the time of the Conquest.

MR. C. E. WILSON'S translation of the Sixth Book of Jami's Baháristán, to be entitled "Persian Wit and Humor," may be expected in a few days. Jami takes a line commonly followed by Oriental satirists, and is particularly severe upon unskilful physicians, bad poets, presumption, imposture, avarice, and covetousness. Some of the stories would appear to have been adapted from Arab sources, especially those which show up the humorously naïve side of the Beduin character. Persian students will welcome this translation as a literal version of a classic work, and general readers as a genuine specimen of Eastern wit and humor, for the first time given in an English dress.

THE Clarendon Press will shortly publish, in quarto form, under the editorship of the Rev. F. E. Warren, "The Leofric Missal," one of the chief liturgical and palæographical treasures of the Bodleian Library. This volume was once the property of Leofric, the last Bishop of Crediton and first Bishop of Exeter, and was in use in the latter cathedral before the Conquest. It is one of a very few extant MSS. Sacramentaries of the Anglo-Saxon Church, none of which have been hitherto published; but it has been long known to, and frequently quoted from, by Liturgical writers. A complete tenth-century Kalendar is prefixed to the volume; and there are various entries of historical interest scattered up and down its pages, including manumissions of slaves, letters of distinguished personages, a list of relics at Exeter Cathedral, statements with reference to the early history of the Abbey of Exeter and the sees of Devonshire and Cornwall.

AT last the first instalment is ready of Gen. Forlong's long-expected work upon the evolution of religious thought, from the rudest symbolisms to the latest spiritual developments. This instalment will consist of two massive quarto volumes, each of about six hundred pages, with maps, plates, and numerous engravings. As an Appendix will be issued sep-

arately a colored chart, seven feet by two, showing in a tabular and pictorial form the author's theory of the genesis of the religions and superstitions of the world. The first volume is mainly introductory, being devoted to a general view of the six principal sources of religious belief—the worship of trees, of serpents, of the *linga*, of fire, of the sun, and of ancestors. The second volume has three chapters, dealing with the early faiths of Babylonia, of the aborigines of other parts of Asia, and of the aborigines of Europe. Subsequent volumes will treat of the historical religions of the world. A large portion, we may add, of Gen. Forlong's materials are derived from his own personal experience in India, where he served for thirty years in different parts of the country, always intimately associated with the natives. The work is entitled "Rivers of Life," and is published by Mr. Quaritch.

SCIENCE AND ART.

FIREPROOF BALLOONS.—An improvement has just been made in the construction of balloons, which, if it had been adopted a hundred years ago, would have prevented that catastrophe with which the inauguration of aeronautics as a practical science was signalized. It is curious that the hundredth anniversary of the tragic fate of the unfortunate Montgolfier should see the introduction of a new material in balloon construction which, after the efforts of a century to discover the best means of supplying a gas to supersede hot air as the lifting agent, enables aeronauts to revert directly to the first, and at the same time the least costly and most readily available, of all the means of giving buoyancy to a balloon. The happy idea of constructing a balloon of a fabric made of asbestos has been tested by a series of experiments which have conclusively shown that in this fireproof material may be found a solution of all the difficulties which have attended the employment of these "aeronautical machines." A simple spirit lamp, placed at the mouth, is sufficient to inflate a balloon with a capacity of 30,000 cubic feet in five minutes, whereas to fill the same sized holder with gas would be a work of some hours. The expense of the spirit consumed, again, is infinitesimal compared with the cost of gas, while, being easily portable, it would be available at any place and at any moment. The manufacture of hydrogen as a substitute for coal gas is a long and costly operation, involving somewhat extensive apparatus, but all this difficulty would be obviated by the use of a lamp for heating the atmosphere contained in the balloon. Another great advantage, again, lies in the fact that with a lamp the supply of

hot air could be regulated at pleasure for an almost indefinite period, while a balloon filled with gas must carry a large quantity of ballast, which is thrown out to enable it to rise and the gas is allowed to escape to enable it to descend, so that when once the supply of ballast is exhausted, or the gas reduced below a certain quantity, the balloon must finally descend. But, furthermore, the danger of asphyxiation by the escaping gas is obviated by the use of hot air, while it is possible that, with a properly constructed lamp, easily regulated, the necessity for a valve would be avoided. It is not even necessary that a balloon should be constructed entirely of asbestos. To coat an ordinary balloon with fireproof asbestos varnish or paint would be sufficient to secure it against all danger of such a catastrophe as that which befell the pioneer fire-balloon of Montgolfier. A distinct advance in aeronautics generally, and particularly in the possibility of employing balloons in war, is made by this important invention.

CHILLS, THEIR CAUSES AND CONSEQUENCES.—Catarrhs should receive careful consideration, instead of the neglect which they generally meet with, until they have fastened on the part affected so much as to excite the attention, and perhaps alarm, of the sufferer. Here, however, we propose to say a few words about the causes of chills. A person in good health, with fair play, easily resists cold. But when the health flags a little, and liberties are taken with the stomach or the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold, or pneumonia, or it may be a jaundice. Of all causes of "cold" probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A jaded man coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours' sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily "doing the season," young children at this festive season overfed and with a short allowance of sleep, are common instances of the victims of "cold." Luxury is favorable to chills; very hot rooms, soft chairs, feather beds create a sensitiveness that leads to catarrhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the antecedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds" happen to those who do not leave their house or even their bed, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing, and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation. Probably many chills are contracted at night or at the fag end of the day, when tired people get the equilibrium of their circulation disturbed by either over-

heated sitting-rooms or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In such cases the mischief is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days, or even weeks. It thus appears that "taking cold" is not by any means a simple result of a lower temperature, but depends largely on personal conditions and habits, affecting especially the nervous and muscular energy of the body.—*Lancel.*

AËRIAL NAVIGATION BY ELECTRICITY.—The trial of the electro-magnetic engine, aerial screw, and bichromate elements constructed by MM. Tissandier for their directing balloon took place in their aeronautical workshop at Point du Tour, on January 26th, before a large number of electricians and aeronauts. It was shown that the twenty-four elements, each of which weighs about six kilogrammes, give during almost three hours a current which rotates a screw of 2'85m. diameter, and about 5 metres of path, with a velocity of 150 turns in a minute. The motive power really developed may be estimated at that of four horses per hour. The weight of all the machinery and elements is a little less than 250 kilogrammes. The real effect on the air can only be found by experiments in the air, but according to measurements taken with a dynamometre of the horizontal tendency to motion, it is about the same as in the experiment tried by Dupuy de Lome. The motive power of Dupuy de Lome having been obtained with eight men working his large screw, whose diameter was 9 metres, it may be inferred that the results in the present case will be more advantageous in the ratio of two and a half to one. These results are not very powerful when compared with the immense power of aerial currents. But MM. Tissandier have no intention of directing their balloon against strong winds. Their object is to organize an apparatus with which rational experiments may be made in the air, and they have taken advantage of the most recent improvements of science. If their elongated balloon answer their wishes, a real advance will be registered in the history of aeronautics.

AN ARTIFICIAL AURORA.—A telegram has been received by the Finnish Academy of Sciences from Professor S. Lemström, chief of the Finnish Meteorological Observatory at Sodankylä. He states that, having placed a galvanic battery with conductors covering an area of 900 square metres on the hill of Oratunturi, he found the cone to be generally surrounded by a halo, yellow-white in color, which faintly but perfectly yields the spectrum of the aurora borealis. This, he states, furnishes a direct proof of the electrical nature of the

aurora, and opens a new field in the study of the physical condition of the earth. A further telegram has been received, in which Professor Lemström states that experiments with the aurora borealis made December 29th, in Enare, near Kultala, on the hill of Pietarintunturi, confirm the results of those at Oratunturi. On that date a straight beam of aurora was seen over the galvanic apparatus. It also appears from the magnetic observations that the terrestrial current ceases below the aurora arc, while the atmospheric current rapidly increases but depends on the area of the galvanic apparatus to which it seems to be proportional. The professor regrets that with the means at his disposal further experiments cannot be made, and that he intended, on the 13th ult. to withdraw the apparatus.

THE SOLAR CORONA.—In the accounts of the result of scientific researches during the year 1882 a very important discovery by Dr. Huggins, of Tulse Hill, has been unanimously omitted. The zealous observer informed the members of the Royal Society, at the last meeting, that he had succeeded in photographing the solar corona, which has hitherto proved a bar to the extension of our knowledge of solar physics, as it was only visible during total eclipses. Professor Young, in his work, "The Sun," says: "Unless some means be found for bringing out the structures round the sun, which are hidden by the glare of our atmosphere, the progress of our knowledge must be very slow, for the corona is visible for only about eight days in a century in the aggregate, and then only over narrow strips of the earth's surface, and but from one to five minutes at a time to any one observer." It will be seen, therefore, how valuable is Dr. Huggins's discovery, for there is every probability that the corona will be observed daily, as have the rosy prominences on the sun's edge since Messrs. Janssen and Lockyer found, in 1868, that they were observable without the intervention of an eclipse. It will be remembered that during the solar eclipse of May 17th last the observers stationed near Thebes succeeded in obtaining a photograph of the spectrum of the corona; this photograph showed that the coronal light was most intense in the violet part of the spectrum between G and H; hence, Dr. Huggins considered that, by absorbing all but this portion, the glare of sunlight could be subdued and the corona observed. Previous experience caused him not to attempt eye observations, but to rely solely on photography, "on account of its extreme sensitiveness in the discrimination of minute differences of illumination, and also the enormous value of permanent records of the most complex forms from instantaneous exposure." With a

Newtonian reflector, using violet glass, he obtained a series of twenty photographs extending from June to September 20th, in all of which the characteristic rays and structure of the corona are apparent, and in the most successful plates the definition is sufficiently clear to admit of measurement and drawing from. In the plates taken with a short exposure only the inner corona is visible, but its outline is clearly traceable; in those exposed for a longer period the inner corona is lost in the outer, which shows the distinctly curved rifts and rays peculiar to it. When the plate was exposed longer still the images of the sun and corona are reversed. In this case the corona is white and is more readily distinguished than where the sun only is reversed and the corona appears dark. Professor Stokes, on seeing Dr. Huggins's plates, expressed the opinion that the corona had been photographed and not the glare round the sun. This opinion has since been confirmed by comparison with the photographs of the corona obtained in Egypt during the eclipse, for the agreement as to the details of the rifts and streamers is very marked. Dr. Huggins believes that, with an elevated sky and pure atmosphere, daily photographs may be obtained; this will enable scientists to extend their knowledge of the physical conditions of the sun, and will also allow the valuable moments at totality of an eclipse to be devoted to other important observations.—*Daily Telegraph*.

SULPHUR AND MALARIA.—At the Paris Academy lately, some curious and interesting notes relative to sulphur-fumes as a preventive of malaria were read by M. d'Abbadie. He stated that some elephant-hunters, from plateaux with comparatively cool climate can go into the hottest and most deleterious Ethiopian regions without being attacked by fever, and that they attribute their safety to the daily practice of fumigating their naked bodies with sulphur. He also quoted cases where sulphur-mines were free from disease, while the inhabitants of villages near at hand were constantly attacked by fever.

LOCUSTS IN CYPRUS.—The island of Cyprus has the unenviable possession of a description of locust found nowhere else. Its vast numbers raise it to the position of a plague, which, like that of old Egypt, would eat up every green thing in the land, if measures were not taken for its destruction. The government reward of what would be in our currency one halfpenny a pound for locust eggs, which was trebled as the eggs became scarcer, resulted in the collection of nearly fourteen hundred tons in seven months. The payment of these rewards, together with the expense of constructing traps

and screens to intercept the insect army, cost altogether more than one fifth the total revenue of the island.

MISCELLANY.

THE OCTOPUS AND ITS ENEMIES.—“It is a not uncommon occurrence,” says Mr. Henry Lee, “that when an octopus is caught, it is found to have one or more of its arms shorter than the rest, and showing marks of having been amputated, and of the formation of a new growth from the old cicatrix. Several such specimens have been brought to the Brighton Aquarium, one of which was particularly interesting. Two of its arms had evidently been bitten off about four inches from their base; and out from the end of each healed stump grew a slender little piece of newly-formed arm, about as large as a lady’s stiletto, or a small button-hook—in fact, just the equivalent of worthy Captain Cuttle’s iron hook, which did duty for his lost hand. There lingers still among the fishermen of the Mediterranean a very ancient belief that the octopus, when pushed by hunger, will gnaw and devour portions of its own arm. Aristotle knew of this, and positively contradicted it; but a fallacy once planted is hard to eradicate. The fact is, that the larger predatory fishes regard the octopus as very acceptable food, and there is no better bait for many of them than a portion of one of its arms. Among the worst enemies of the octopus in British waters is the conger. They are both rock-dwellers, and if the voracious fish come upon his cephalopod neighbor unseen, he makes a meal of him, or, failing to drag him from his hold, bites off as much of one or two of his arms as he can conveniently obtain. The conger, therefore, is generally the author of the injury which the octopus has been unfairly accused of inflicting on itself. The curator of the Havre Aquarium describes an attack by congers on an octopus which he had thrown into their tank. As soon as the latter touched the bottom it examined every corner of the stonework. The moment it perceived a conger it seemed to feel instinctively the danger which menaced it, and endeavored to conceal its presence by stretching itself along a rock, the color of which it immediately assumed. Finding this useless, and seeing that it was discovered, it changed its tactics, and shot backward, in quick retreat, leaving behind it a long black trail of turbid water, formed by the discharge of its ink. Then it fixed itself to a rock, with all its arms surrounding and protecting its body, and presenting on all exposed sides a surface furnished with suckers. In this position it awaited the attack of its enemies. A conger approached,

searched with its snout for a vulnerable place, and having found one, seized with its teeth a mouthful of the living flesh. Then, straightening itself out in the water, it turned round and round with giddy rapidity until the arm was, with a violent wrench, torn away from the body of the victim. Each bite of the conger cost the unfortunate creature a limb, and, at length, nothing remained but its dismembered body, which was finally devoured, some dog-fishes, attracted by the fray, partaking of the feast. An octopus was once placed in the Brighton Aquarium with some ‘nursehounds,’ or ‘larger spotted dog-fishes’ (*Scyllium stellare*); for a while, they seemed to dwell together as peaceably as the ‘happy family’ of animals that used to be exhibited in a travelling cage at the foot of Waterloo Bridge, the octopus usually remaining within the ‘cottage-by-the-sea’ which he had built for himself in the form of a grotto of living oysters, and the dog-fish apparently taking no notice of him. But one fatal day the ‘devil-fish’ was missing, and it was seen that one of the ‘companions of his solitude’ was inordinately distended. A thrill of horror ran through the corridors. There was suspicion of crime and dire disaster. The corpulent nursehound was taken into custody, lynched and disembowelled, and his guilt made manifest. For there, within his capacious stomach, un mutilated and entire, lay the poor octopus who had delighted thousands during the Christmas holidays. It had been swallowed whole, and very recently, but life was extinct.—*Cassell’s Natural History*.

EGYPTIAN WOMEN.—The women of Egypt are, perhaps, as well bred and as busy as the women of Europe. It is absurd to contrast an average Englishwoman with the favorites of a pasha’s harem, but a middle-class Egyptian wife does very much the same thing that the wife of an ordinary Englishman of business does. In Egypt there is cooking, washing, mending, housekeeping, to be done as well as elsewhere, and it is the wife who has to do or direct it all. . . . A good deal of her time is spent in needlework, embroidery, and spinning; and these domestic employments are deemed the most praiseworthy for a woman: “an hour at the distaff,” said the Prophet, “is better than a year’s worship.” She has her amusements, too, and can sing and play and dance sometimes; she is fond of gossip, and makes and receives prodigious calls. The women of a set have their private *réunions*, to which no husband dare enter; and the proceedings are childishly boisterous and joyous. . . . The children naturally learn little work, learning from the women among whom their early years are spent. In truth, it is little of any kind they learn at home, except favorites and

the rudiments of religion. . . . In manners, the Egyptian boy of the middle and upper classes is singularly graceful and courteous, and his deference to his father and elders is a striking feature in Egyptian family life. . . . In spite of a certain formality in their relations, parents and children are generally strongly bound together in love, and no parent fears poverty or an infirm old age while there is a son to work for him.—*Month*.

THE COW-TREE.—Sir Joseph Hooker, in his report on Kew Gardens, gives a sketch of a most interesting botanical curiosity, the *Palo de vaca*, or cow tree. This tree grows in forests at the foot of certain mountain ranges in Venezuela, and attains a height of 100 feet, and frequently the trunk reaches to 70 feet without a branch. The remarkable characteristic of the tree is the milk which exudes from the trunk when an incision is made. The flavor is of sweet cream with a slightly balsamic taste, but it is very wholesome and nourishing, the composition being said to approach very near the milk of the cow. From the fact that the milk is somewhat glutinous it would seem that the tree is of the caoutchouc order. Seeds which have been sent to Bombay and the Colonies are said to be thriving well. It is noteworthy, as an example of the law of compensation traceable in nature generally, that this cow-tree seems originally to have been a native of a country where milk-giving animals were formerly totally unknown.

BALFE'S "MAID OF ARTOIS."—In June, 1836, appeared *The Maid of Artois*, the bare announcement of which, coupled with the promise of Malibran's appearance in it, created an immense sensation. This opera, although inferior to *The Siege of Rochelle*, was received with the greatest delight and enthusiasm. Special praise was awarded to Malibran's aria, "With rapture dwelling," of which an amusing anecdote is told. The present *rondo finale* did not appear originally, but was added as an improvement upon the first, the notes of the new air having suggested themselves to Balfe as he lay awake thinking of it in the middle of the night. He committed them to paper, and by eight o'clock in the morning, as Mr. Kenney tells, Balfe, all impatience, reached Conduit Street, where Malibran and her husband then resided. De Beriot was practising on his violin, his wife was in bed and asleep in her carefully-darkened room. Balfe played the new air to him, and he was delighted. Malibran was awakened and refused to rise. The old *rondo* was, she said, in every way satisfactory, and not to be improved. In vain her husband urged her to rise, and lauded the superiority of the new

rondo. She was obstinate, and not to be convinced. But De Beriot was determined. Since the mountain would not come, etc. (you know the old, old saying). Between them Balfe and De Beriot carried upstairs, from the drawing-room into the lady's bedchamber, a small cottage piano. The window shutters and curtains were thrown open; the bed-curtains drawn aside, despite the great vocalist's angry and indignant protests; and amid her vehement utterance the air was commenced, and she was compelled to listen. It conquered, and she gave in her adherence with as much eager glee as she had just before expressed indignant anger. This was the air Balfe heard the Grand Duchess Constantine whistling so charmingly when he was the guest of the Russian Emperor at St. Petersburg.—*Tinsley's Magazine*.

THE CAUSES AND CURE OF OLD AGE.—L. Langer has recently been engaged in the comparative analysis of human fat at different ages. He finds that infant fat is harder than that of adults or old men, that there are oil globules in our fat but none in that of babies; the microscope shows one or two oil globules in every fat cell of the adult, while very few have fat crystals. The fat cells of the infant contain no oil globules, and nearly every cell contains fat crystals. "Infant fat forms a homogeneous, white, solid, tallow-like mass, and melts at 45 deg. C., white adult fat standing in a warm room separates into two layers; the lighter and larger is a transparent yellow liquid which solidifies below the freezing-point of water, the lower layer is a granular crystalline mass melting at 36 deg. C. Infant fat contains 67.75 per cent. of oleic acid, adult fat 89.80. Infant fat contains 28.97 per cent. of palmitic acid, against 8.16 in the adult, and 3.28 of stearic acid against 2.04. These latter, the palmitic and stearic acids, are the harder and less fusible, while the oleic acid is the softer and more fusible, constituent of fats. No attempt is made to explain the reason of these differences, or to suggest any means by which we may reharden or repalmitize our fat, and thus regain our infantine chubbiness. Old age is evidently due to changes of this kind, not only of the fat, but also of the other materials of the body. The first step toward the discovery of the elixir of life, the "*aurum potabile*" of the alchemist, is to determine the nature of these changes, the next to ascertain their causes, and then to remove them. If, as we are so often told, there can be no effect without a cause, there must be causes for the organic changes constituting decay and old age. Remove these, and we live forever. The theory is beautifully simple.—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

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BELLS.

IN making bells loudness rather than pitch is the object, as the sound can be conveyed to a much farther extent. This accounts for the enormous weight of some of the largest bells. St. Paul's, London, weighs 13,000 pounds, and the bell at Antwerp 16,000 pounds; Oxford, 17,000 pounds; the bell at Rome, 19,000 pounds; Mechlin, 20,000 pounds; Burgess, 23,000 pounds; York, 24,000 pounds; Cologne, 25,000 pounds; Montreal, 29,000 pounds; Erfurt, 30,000 pounds; "Big Ben," at the House of Parliament, 31,000 pounds; Sens, 34,000 pounds; Vienna, 40,000 pounds; Novgorod, 69,000 pounds; Pekin, 139,000 pounds; Moscow, 141,000 pounds. But as yet, the greatest bell ever known is another famous Moscow bell which was never hung. It was cast by the order of Empress Anne in 1653. It lies broken on the ground, and is estimated to weigh 443,872 pounds. It is 19 feet high, and measures around the margin 64 feet.

RUSSIAN NEWSPAPERS.—The total number of periodicals published in Russia last year was 776, of which 197 appeared in St. Petersburg and 75 in Moscow; then followed Warsaw with 79, Helsingfors 36, Riga 23, Tiflis 21, Kieff 20, Odessa 19, Kazan and Kharkoff 11 each, Revel 9. Of the 272 published at St. Petersburg and Moscow, 249 are printed in Russian, 9 in German, 4 in French, 2 each in Latin and in Hebrew, 1 each in English, in Polish, in Finnish, and in Armenian. Of these, again, only 131 are entirely free from official supervision; the remaining 141 are permanently subject to "preliminary censure." St. Petersburg has 19 dailies, 15 weeklies, and 63 monthlies. The largest circulation of all is said to be 71,000 copies; the second largest only 25,000. As a contrast to these figures, Paris alone boasts of 1291 periodicals, of which 67 are political dailies.

LARGEST REVENUE STAMPS.—The stamps of the largest denomination used under the internal revenue system, which is pretty well broken up by the tariff bill, were for \$5000, and they were used to stamp \$10,000,000 railroad bonds. Of course they were not called for every day, but there was an actual demand for them. The \$5000 stamp was two inches wide and three inches long.

NEW LIGHTHOUSE LANTERN.—A remarkable lighthouse lantern was placed in position at the National Exhibition in Dublin, but owing to its size it had to be removed into the open air. It is intended for Mew Island, an important point near Belfast, and at its full capacity is expected to give a light equal to 2,500,000 candles, visible at a distance of forty miles if placed at the proper elevation. The illuminating agent is gas, consumed in specially constructed ring burners (without glass chimneys), which are said to be so arranged that by the aid of lenses the power can be increased in murky or foggy weather from an ordinary light of the first-class to the most penetrating beam that has ever been thrown from a lighthouse tower. The light requires no attention, and the changes in its intensity with the character of the weather are made in the simplest manner, without labor or trouble on the part of the lighthouse keepers.

PASSENGER ELEVATORS.—Vertical travel, by means of passenger elevators, is rapidly increasing throughout the United States. The first one went into operation less than twenty-five years ago, and now between 45,000 and 50,000 are in constant use, New York alone having 15,000. It is estimated that for every new mile of railway which is constructed, a passenger elevator is built. The travel on them is enormous. The eight elevators in the Equitable Life Building, in New York, carry up and down a daily average of 20,000 people, while several thousand per diem is not an unusual number for large stores and hotels in our great cities.

A SMART WOMAN.—A London woman recently set an example to the rest of the world. Her pocket-book was stolen in a crowd, and instead of calling a policeman she called a cab, drove to the nearest telegraph office, stopped payment of a check for £10, which, with some small change, was all that the purse contained, and drove at once to the bank. When she arrived there she found a policeman explaining to an astonished looking young man that he must wait there awhile, as they expected a lady. He will wait for three years in prison.

LORD HOUGHTON is interested in sugar plantations in Jamaica, and his Florida estate contains sixty thousand acres in oranges.

AN INSTANTANEOUS LIGHTER.—Such in a word is the unique apparatus on exhibition at the rooms of the Portable Electric Light Co., 22 Water Street Boston. It occupies the space of only five square inches and weighs but five pounds, and can be carried with ease. The light, or more properly lighter, requires no extra power, wires or connections, and is so constructed that any part can be replaced at small cost. The chemicals are placed in a glass retort; a carbon and zinc apparatus, with a spiral platinum attachment, is then adjusted so as to form a battery, and the light is ready. The pressure on a little knob produces an electric current by which the spiral of platinum is heated to incandescence. The Portable Electric Light Company was recently incorporated, with a capital of \$100,000, under the laws of Massachusetts. The usefulness of the apparatus and the low price (\$5) will no doubt result in its general adoption. Some of the prominent business men of the State are identified with this enterprise. In addition to its use as a lighter, the apparatus can also be used in connection with a burglar alarm and galvanic-battery.—*Boston Transcript.*

In the early days of California, when the drinking-water was very poor and scarce, Henry L. Goodwin, of East Hartford, Connecticut, angry at being charged half a dollar for a drink for his oxen, bored eighty feet into his own town lot, and established a free drinking-fountain for all passers-by. For other uses he sold the water, which proved to be the best on the coast, for a cent a gallon, and realized a fine fortune from it.

MARSHAL BAZAINE.—Ex-Marshall Bazaine's name is once more in the mouths of the French people. Mlle. Regnier, who was supposed to be his sister, died recently, leaving some records to show that Bazaine was the son of a custom-house officer by the name of Regnier. He was born in 1810, and in 1818 ran off with a detachment of Russian soldiers and remained in Russia until he was seventeen, during which time he had been carefully trained for the priesthood. On his return to Alsace his father wanted him to join the army, but he ran off and travelled with a German circus for several years. He next went to Africa and enlisted in the foreign legion. After that his fortune was quickly made. It was at the time of his enlistment that he changed his name from Regnier to Bazaine.

—TEN years ago Rev. George A. Gordon, of the Old South Church, Boston, who now has a salary of eight thousand dollars, was learning a mechanic's trade. He is not quite thirty.

MR. WINAN'S MANSION.—Two hundred men have for a year past been busy building the new mansion for Mr. Ross R. Winans and family, of Baltimore, which is said to resemble a French chateau, is five stories high, and cost nearly five hundred thousand dollars.

PLANTING PINE TREES.—Four acres of pasture-land were sowed with pine cones by Asabel Jewett, of Winchester, New Hampshire, twenty-five years ago, which has resulted in the only cultivated forest in New Hampshire, and contains some twenty-five thousand trees, measuring from eight to twenty inches in diameter.

MEISSONIER.—A picture by Meissonier, measuring only six by four inches, "Polichinelle," was lately bought by M. Secretan, a Parisian amateur, for \$10,000. He is to receive \$10,000 for his "Les Derniers Moments de la Vie de Sainte Geneviève," which is in hand for the Pantheon.

OIL LANDS.—The Tarr farm, in Venango county, Pa., has been sold for \$6000. During the oil excitement in 1865, this farm was valued at \$5,000,000.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

A Story of Carnival. (Leisure Moment Series, No. 4.) By M. A. M. HOPKINS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, paper, 304 pp. Price, 40 cents.

The Admiral's Ward. (Leisure Moment Series, No. 3.) By Mrs. ALEXANDER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, 478 pp. Price, 40 cents.

Home Gymnastics: Art of Swimming, etc. By Prof. T. J. HARTELIUS, M.D. Translated and adapted from the Swedish original, by special permission of the author, by C. SORVING. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo, cloth, 94 pp. Price, 60 cents.

Gatherings from an Artist's Portfolio in Rome. By JAMES E. FREEMAN. Boston: Roberts Bros. Large 12mo, cloth, 357 pp. Price, \$1.50.

The Navy in the Civil War: The Blockade and the Cruisers. By J. R. SOLEY. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. Large 12mo, cloth, 257 pp. Price, \$1.

Works of F. Huidekoper. 2 vols. New York: David G. Francis. 8vo, cloth. Price, \$4.50.

Popular Science Monthly Index, 1872-1882. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Large 8vo, 169 pp. Price, \$1.

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A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.

[From the Boston Globe.]



Messrs. Editors:—

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy as release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

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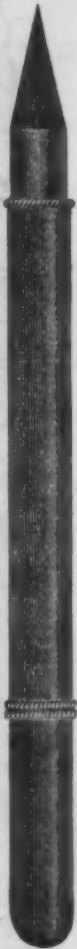
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"Class II. *Cases deemed as POSSIBLY curable*: 1. Deranged several years, excessive nervousness; much improved. 2 and 3. Bronchial consumption; one nearly cured, the other greatly helped, but the disease rendered fatal by an accident. 4. Bronchitis, one lung useless; cured. 5. Constitutional debility, life-long; improved. 6. Consumption; cured. 7. Confirmed and increasing hallucinations; cured. 8. Neuralgia of optic nerve, gastric irritation, great nervous prostration; abandoned for want of proper instruction while at a distance.

"Class III. *Cases deemed probably curable*: 1. Bronchitis and hay fever; bronchitis cured. 2. Gastric fever and prostration, inability to recuperate; cured. 3 and 4. General debility; greatly benefited. 5. Kidney disease and nervous debility; 'life saved.' 6. Persistent and harassing cough; cured. 7. Cough of twelve years' standing; cured. 8. Lung and heart disease; lungs cured and heart much improved. 9. Obstinate cough; cured. 10. Consumptive tendencies and cough; cured. 11. Cough and spermator-

rhoea; cough cured. 12. Nervous debility; cured. 13. Sciatic neuralgia, nervous prostration (life despaired of); cured. 14. Consumptive decline; 'saved.' 15. Bronchial and gastric irritation and extreme nervous prostration (life despaired of—could only take oxygen three seconds); cured. 16. Nervous debility and uterine troubles; greatly relieved. 17-20. Over-work; all helped immediately, though continuing the work. 21. Uterine difficulties, extreme nervousness and hallucinations; appetite improved immediately, but treatment unwisely abandoned lest it should increase stoutness. 22-24. Treatment not properly used. 25. Nervous debility from overstudy; helped. 26. Debility, difficulty of breathing; strong hereditary consumptive tendencies; debility partly overcome, difficulty of breathing cured (still under treatment). 27. Liver complaint of many years, and nervous derangement; liver decidedly better. 28. Lung disease and dyspepsia; improved, but frequent absence from home interferes with the treatment.

"It should be observed—

"1st. *Most of these were cases in which physicians and other remedies had failed.*

"2d. *Many of them were chronic.*

"3d. *In thirty-eight of the forty-one cases only one Treatment (two months) was used, and in no case more than two.*

"4th. *Many of the cases reported relieved or helped would undoubtedly have been cured by further treatment, but financial reasons prevented. A number are still under treatment.*

"5th. *This statement of results is accurate to our personal knowledge.*

"6th. *These embrace all the cases under our own direction instead of being culled, as ordinary testimonials are, from hundreds or thousands of experiments.*

"Knowing these facts, and knowing, moreover, that, according to the reports of a large Life Insurance Company of *causes of death* of its members during six months of the present year, every fourth person died of lung disease (and these, too, all selected lives), we should deem ourselves false to the interest of our readers, and traitors to humanity, if we failed to make known such a boon for the suffering.

"Now, if the Baltimore Methodist or The Pioneer can produce from the records of any physician of any school or from the history of any proprietary remedy, achievements equal to these, we proffer our columns for a like publicity; still the fact will remain, that they have maligned this agency of cure without adequate investigation of its merits. Prejudice and prejudgments are as poor helps to editorial consistency as elsewhere in life."

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